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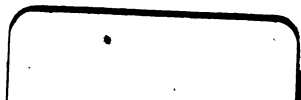
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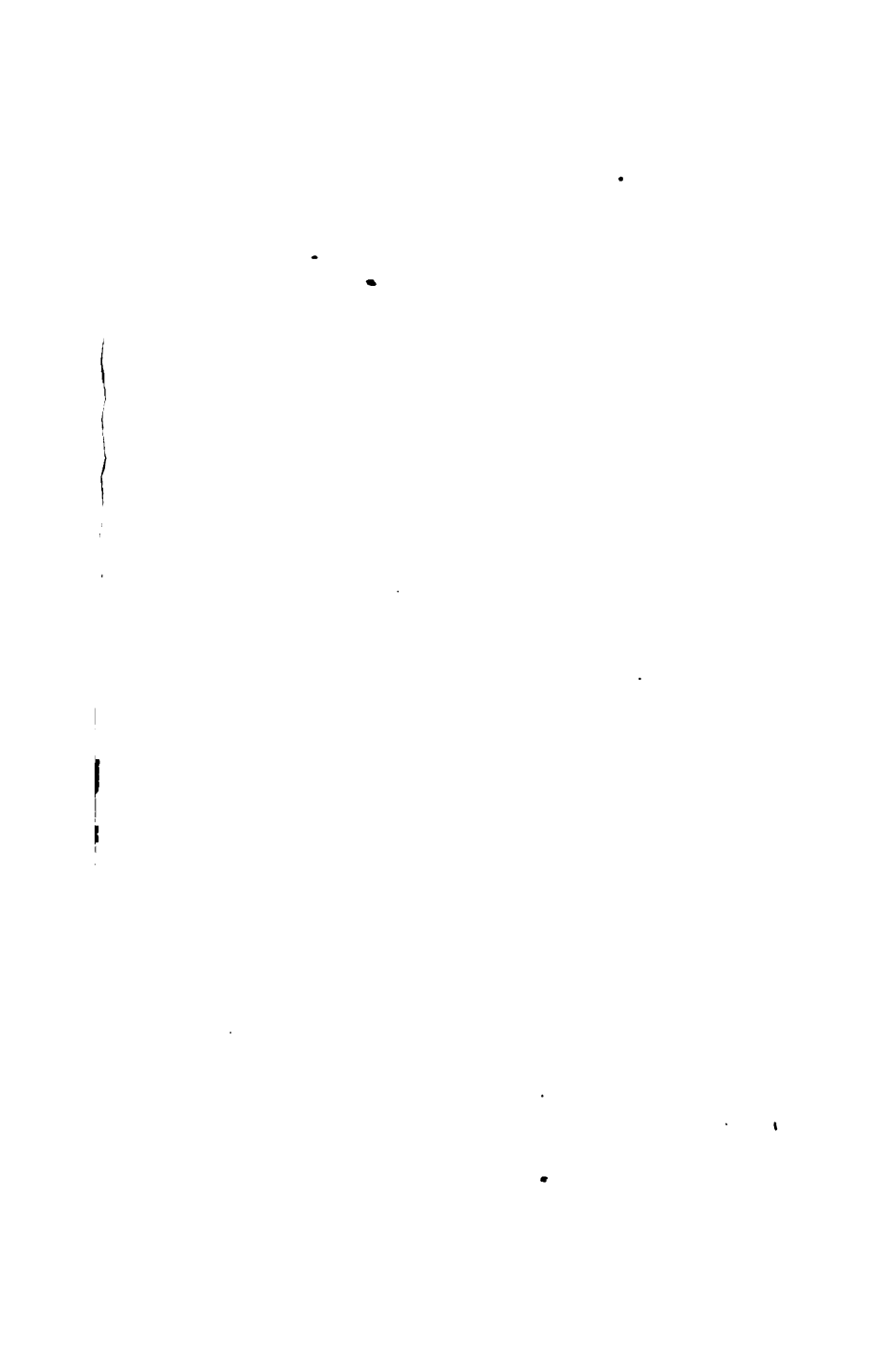
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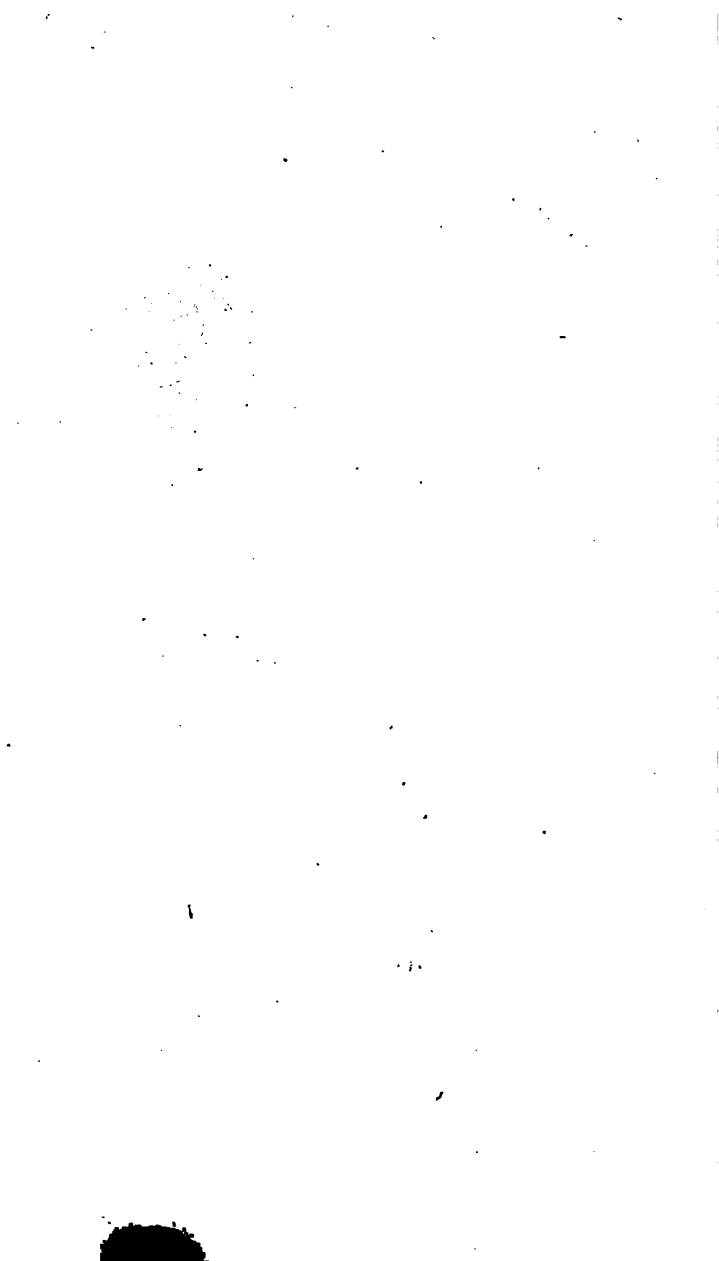




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THE  
**THREE BROTHERS:**  
A  
*ROMANCE.*

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THE  
**THREE BROTHERS:**  
A  
*ROMANCE*



BY

JOSHUA PICKERSGILL, JUN. Esq.

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A Tale of Horror! which but to hear it told,  
Shall freeze the youngest blood to aged cold;  
Appal the soul, like to the Author's when  
He paus'd, and fear'd the daring of his pen.  
In dim'ft attire Mystery leads the song,  
Inventive Arts protract the issue long;  
Hatred, blasphemy, and the viler love,  
Gleamless of virtue, are depict above.  
Youths of Passion! forth! denounce my page!  
For clear revealing all your passions rage!  
But ye of gentler souls! some plaudings vent,  
For justly dooming Passion's punishment.

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THE  
THREE BROTHERS.

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CHAPTER X.

'Twas night, the west wind sigh'd, the night-bird trill'd,  
Through the broad sky array'd,  
Roll'd hosts of stars in fiery cars  
Around the lunar maid:  
'Twas night, when martial Ardolph fondly will'd  
To leave the camp behind,  
His wife surprize, whose wistful sighs  
He fancied in the wind  
Arriv'd, he vaults all bound, the garden treads,  
Embower'd, O horror and dismay!  
His Sabra's charms a false friend's arms  
Enclos'd in am'rous play  
He speaks, his sword unsheath'd, shook o'er their heads  
To spare's worst enmity;  
Of love take fill, I draw to kill  
Who makes it adultery.

.....  
JUST as the Cavalier had narrated  
the period of his abode in Africa, the  
loud voice of the helmsman was heard  
to proclaim their approach within eye-  
shot of the town di Garda; and in less  
than the fourth of an hour, the barque  
was safely moored within a confined bay,



that represented an harbour in miniature. The landing place was thronged with the townspeople, who, anxious to learn the event of the siege, persecuted the crew with numberless enquiries. When they were informed, and at last persuaded, that the power of Julian was completely dissolved, they demonstrated a joy proportionable to their interest; for it long had been an undetected custom with the former, to embark his condottieri on nocturnal piracies along the shores of the lake, which vicinities were so filled with consternation by an unknown enemy. Soon as it was communicated that the passengers were Gallic noblemen delivered from the dungeons of the tyrant, an unanimous offer of service was made; and an easy litter being brought for the accommodation of the enervated Marquis, by a suite including all the plebeians of the place, he was conveyed to the residence of the commandant, who invited

and welcomed him with respectful hospitality. The whole town was in a commotion of triumph; and as the procession passed, the lattices were beautified with spectatresses. To his own chivalric appearance Henri conceitedly ascribed the pleasure that really emanated from their humanity. To one lady in particular, whose eyes shone with gaiety as they approached, he was endeavouring to exhibit tokens of his admiration, when Claudio, who rode beside him, saluted her affectionately; and then Henri recollected that he was wasting his expressions on Camilla. This was but a momentary mortification, for he longed to communicate to some fair female his romantic adventures in the castle, of which he conceived the history of his endurance must make him irresistibly captivating. He was inconsiderate that the hero he so earnestly wished to denote himself, could be but faintly admired in a body

emaciated and debilitated far beneath the standard of feminine approbation.

Had the change been only in his exterior, it would have been happy for him. To the preceding interesting narrative, he had attended with emotions of greater vigor than delicacy. The expedition with which it commenced, had exceedingly entertained him; but the subterranean occurrences that ensued, disquieted him with envy of the prowess of Claudio; from whose subsequent detail he was often abstracted in the reflection, whether he could have delivered himself from the negroes as ingeniously as the Cavalier had done. The discovery of Camilla effaced these considerations, and his natural presumption felt humbled before the grandeur of Orasmyn: the craft of Hildebrand he found to be fathomless by conjecture, consequently he was obliged to await in patience the progress of the tale for its elucidation. But Claudio's delicacy

with regard to Jemilly, was what he neither could conceive or credit ; infomuch that he practised an hundred insidious arts to inveigle the Cavalier into a confession of the truth, which Henri imagined he might have concealed in shame for its criminality. But Claudio's perfect innocence frustrated those arts, and also blinded him to the drift of the youth, which, otherwise, he would have reprimanded. Thus variously did he hear the latter part of those misfortunes, of which the first account had melted him to pity and condolence ; but the valor of the Cavalier now filled him with envy, his continence with contempt.

But his curiosity was still predominant, and as the awakening of the Marquis had interrupted the Cavalier's detail of what had befallen him since his return to Christendom, Henri rather indecorously abandoned his father to the urbanity of strangers, and ac-

accompanied Claudio to the lodgings of Camillo.

On their way thither, Claudio communicated, that soon as he landed in Spain, and a priest could be procured, he was indissolubly connected to Camilla. As there were no bonds of kindred sufficiently strong to detain them in Spain, they forthwith journeyed for Italy, for the purpose of precisely ascertaining the fate of Camilla's vast patrimony. In their passage through the Venetian State, Claudio reminded Henri that they had compassed his relief from the Officers of Justice ; but ever since that occurrence, which happened about a month back, they had vainly labored to recover any of the property, which was all gone to endow the Carthusian Monastery.

" Ay, the monastery to which Hildebrand belonged ? " Henri remarked. Claudio merely answered affirmatively, but to the other's inquiries about

Hildebrand himself he gave an account—That the enmity betwixt him and the Monk, had so divided the crew into factions, that, in a moment of general repentance, they resolved to compose their differences by transferring the acrimonious priest to another vessel; which step was easily taken, as a numerous shipping were day and night in fight and hearing. For the transports, in which the soldiers of the expedition were reimbarcked, had been so severely rebuffed by the winds into the various harbours along the coast of Barbary, that therein they were weather-bound all the time of his abode in Africa, which, notwithstanding the vicissitudes and complicateness of his adventures, was only a few weeks. The same change of weather that favored him, favored the fleet; consequently the voyage was made in company, till a stormy renewal again dispersed and blew them separately on the shores of

Europe, where the Emperor himself did not arrive earlier than he, Claudio, did.

Henri then asked whether Claudio had ever heard more of Hildebrand. The Cavalier replied, That he had not heard definitively of him, but that, shocked lest he should return and impose on the Monks of his Monastery, he had piously acquitted himself, by disclosing to them the detestable truth of his apostacy. Continued Claudio, Their astonishment was excessive, for so highly did they respect the rigid austerity of Hildebrand, that all tendered him a tacit, though in many it was an involuntary submission. That he, whom they had cautiously elected to represent and glorify the Order in foreign scenes of tumult and infidelity, should himself degenerate into the latter crime, was so heinous an instance of the imperfection of their habits of life, of his individual frailty of principle, and their

general frailty of judgement, that they felt humiliated in my eyes, and so differently from making me acknowledgements, they became the more disinclined from granting in any degree my main suit.

They now turned from the causeway, and ascended the steps that led to a house; which represented that medium between poverty and richness, which is styled creditable. As they were passing through the porch, Claudio told Henri, that thither he and Camilla had removed about a fortnight before, at the frustration of their hopes to withdraw from the avarice of the Priests a slight proportion of what too likely had been gained by their craft. That they preferred a habitation so near the Lake, as each was interested to gain intelligence concerning his condition in the Castle di Fiascano; Concluded Claudio, "Our chief entertainment has been the contrivance of a correspon-



“ dence with you, and, latterly, we  
“ had furthered our plan almost to  
“ completion. But the news of the  
“ siege put it aside; and thanks to  
“ God! all solicitude is now briefly  
“ concluded in my fortunate rescue of  
“ you and your noble father.” The  
particulars of this event were minutely  
detailed to Camilla, by whom they  
were more than cordially welcomed.  
She harkened to the account with feelings  
of a warmth that left a some-time  
glow of animation on her languid features.  
Henri stedfastly regarded her  
while she was engrossed by the story-  
telling Claudio, and after he was satisfied  
that she was rather below than  
above the middle size, and her figure  
less majestic than alluring; that her  
features were pretty when settled, but  
charming when active in expression;  
that she had unblemished eyes, polished  
teeth, ornamental hair; and that  
her whole person was brought into

play by a demeanor of graceful frankness ; he then began to debate on that, which in woman is most dubious and delicate—age. But in Camilla this subject was more than ordinarily abstruse ; and Henri's talents and experience were equally unfitted to encounter difficulties. At one moment, he would have sworn that she was a girl not yet of age ; but a second observation instructed him, that it was the transient youthfulness which the delivery of a good sentiment can spread over the countenance ; for when it was withdrawn, the uncolored paleness that remained, perplexed him anew with conjecture. According to the variation of these expressions, he subtracted, or multiplied her years. His mind at length, was so fatigued by the rapidity of its passage up and down, from twenty to thirty, from thirty to twenty, without being stationary at any one of the intervening ages for three minutes together, that he relin-

quished his purpose in despair of its success. He was unversed in those infallible signs, by which a man of the world would have been guided in his opinion, that Camilla was but a birthday more or less than four and twenty. But a pallid despondency disguised her youth, for naturally she was of that kind of women, whose sprightliness ever resists the stigmas of time.

But that Claudio secretly warned Henri from any allusions to the misfortunes in Africa, the latter would have spoken openly about them. By so doing he would bitterly have injured Camilla, who, as it was, did not appear to disapprove his company: yet, soon as the ceremony of a collation was relaxed, she retired, and, a few minutes afterwards, came an apology to the gentlemen, but a request to Claudio, that he would excuse her re-appearance.

Claudio sighed as he gave it, and turned to Henri, whose aspect was ri-

diculous from surprise and mortification. "Then we shall not see her again to night?" said the Cavalier. "I thought," replied Claudio, "that pleasure at your delivery, for which she has proposed so friendly an interest, could have kept her with us at the first meeting. But her former spiritedness can but faintly shew itself amid the horrors those last scenes among the Moors have left on her mind. I often hear her in her sleep call out the names of Jermilly, Philipppo, Orasmyn: but; alas! my friend, my name she often couples with that of the Monk; and sometimes she places epithets before it, which awake she would sooner die than utter;

Henri was so amazed at the difference to what he expected, that he could not help exclaiming, "Then, after all the torments of your separation, you really are not happy

"together?" Claudio attempted to  
 smile off his indignation, while he ex-  
 plained, that the like sensibility that was  
 essential to their happiness, at present  
 interrupted it. Said he, "I cannot from  
 "my heart reprove those tears, which  
 "I almost daily see my sweet Camilla  
 "shed to the memory of a dead man,  
 "whose last act of life was to give her to  
 "me, even when in her bridal dress."  
 "And all its jewels too?" cried Henri.  
 "Yes," said Claudio, "with her he  
 "bestowed what have proved to be  
 "the only means of her support. Some  
 "of those jewels I have already ex-  
 "changed, and the rest will provide  
 "for a long future. Every time she  
 "beholds them, Camilla weeps; and  
 "there is a little sun-burnt child, born  
 "of the proprietors of the house, whose  
 "appearance continually torments her  
 "with the memory of Philipppo. I  
 "once surprised her nourishing it as a  
 "mother. Indeed, though it poig-

"nantly pains me to oppose her affections, yet I have thought it proper, secretly to interdict the child being brought where she may see it."

"Well," said Henri, "the time may not be distant, when she may be consoled for the loss of her first child, by the birth of a second."

Claudio shrunk from the indelicacy of the other's sprightliness, and gravely replied, that that time must be distant, as, as yet, they hardly had been married six weeks. They then parted for the night, with each a promise to see the other early the ensuing day.

On his return, Henri found the Marquis restored to a conversable state. A brief discourse arose between them relative to their recent deliverance, which the elder ascribed to providence, the younger to the Cavalier; to whom Henri besought his father to compensate for his unjust and inhospitable reception at Chateau Rivemont, by in-

viting him to make that place his residence at pleasure. The Marquis, aware how fatally he had mistaken the truth in that transaction, was mentally acquiescent in his son's request ; but still he resisted it because another urged it, and indulged in all those scruples of opposition, by which he ever studied to enhance the favor of a tardy compliance. Henri at length ceased his importunity, and then his desire was granted. Warranted by the Marquis to act just as he pleased with regard to his friend, he retired to the bed, where Claudio and Camilla occupied his thoughts till they slept. When he dreamed, that as he was embracing Larina, she suddenly was transformed into Camilla, and Camilla, a moment afterwards, into a skeleton of death : the latter loathsome presence awoke him in dismay.

This vision much discomposed him, and arising betimes, he repaired to the habitation of the Cavalier, to whom

he communicated it. Claudio would have ridiculed it, but the junction of Camilla with death was so frightful to his love, and the junction of Camilla with Lavina so degrading to his pride, that he seriously enjoined Henri, never for the future to mention them together in his hearing. The latter was somewhat ruffled by this reproof, and his manner of giving the forementioned invitation was ungracious, or the Cavalier would not have hesitated to accept it. Henri, much afraid it should be refused, after he so confidently had spoken to his father of its acceptance, used much persuasion, whereas but little was requisite.

He enumerated to the Cavalier the various disadvantages of his condition, and expatiated on their effects in Camilla. How uncomfortably she must feel the transition from a capacious splendid palace to a confined undecorated abode ; from trains of agile slaves



to two or three awkward hirelings. He argued, that this falling off was alone sufficient to dispirit her ; and that as he, the Cavalier, had not a fortune to remedy it, it was the more incumbent on him to accept the offer of a friend who had. That her residence in Languedoc would be cheered by the chief images of that magnificence, to which she had been accustomed ; consequently, hereyes would no longer be pained by a plebeian contrast. He finished by a hint, that he hoped, through his father, to recompence for the fatigues of Claudio's journey, by procuring him a commission in the French service.

This kindness excused to the Cavalier the freedom of the foregoing arguments, which from no other would he have endured ; as it was, he wished to interrupt them twice or thrice, and yet Henri, he allowed, was entitled to speak his sentiments openly, on account of the friendship that dictated them.

He now no longer declined to accept the invitation, for his heart was really with the Chevalier. But Camilla was still to be gained ; and when she appeared, Henri, careless of the morning salutations or other introduction, repeated the invitation to her ; which he urged with much eloquence, and enforced by mentioning her husband's approbation of it. Whether Camilla was pleased with his request, or amused by his manner, was dubious ; but she heard him with complacency, and answered with gratitude.

The same day his new guests were presented to the Marquis, who received them with a stately politeness, which denoted the difference he made in his own mind, between his friends and the friends of his son. He neither greeted Claudio with gratitude for his late conduct, nor repentance of his former ill treatment. The Cavalier was hurt at the omission, which he could only at-

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tribute to the pain that any colloquial exertion might occasion to the debilitated Marquis: meantime Henri seemed to have exchanged his reason for his friends.

It was now meditated by the Marquis to commence his journey homeward. The conviction that his estates were disordered by the intrigues of Julian, urged him to be the announcer of his own preservation and the others overthrow; so might he surprise the emissaries of the latter, and discriminate among his vassals the faithful from the faithless. Speed being the object, Claudio advised a journey through Switzerland, as the less circuitous tract. But the Marquis and the Chevalier were averse from that course, as they dreaded the possibility of an encounter with Julian, who had fled towards those parts. Julian's profession of kindred to Claudio, had diminished in the latter that poignant horror, which pos-

feared the others; so that he thought did they encounter him, which, though it was not impossible, was of all incidents the most improbable, even then his fraternal ties to one of the company, would cause him to spare the whole. The Cavalier's private wishes to pass over Switzerland, endued his recommendations with such energy, that his timorous opponents were redargued; and Camilla's composure in discussing a measure they so much feared, shamed them to a compliance. Accordingly preparations for a mountainous journey were immediately agitated.

In a few days they departed the hospitable town di Garda, and directed their progress towards the Vallais. As the Marquis absolutely refused to voyage over the lake, they were obliged to double it: in so doing, they recrossed the skirts of the estate di Fiascano. While compassing the base of a mountain, Camilla awoke from her reverie

to point out the various nurseries of her childhood with an interest that moistened her eyes. Henri relented while she addressed him ; but the proud Marquis endeavoured to cast on his son an upbraiding eye-shot, for having involved him in an ignoble society. His malevolence was more felt than expressed, for it passed unnoticed by Claudio, who was unoccupied by the scenery around, his thoughts being intent on what Henri had once mentioned, which was, that, although his father had commanded in Italy, he was ever unwilling to discourse on that warfare. As Claudio was experimentally versed in the last Italian wars, and studiously read in those preceding, he was reasonable in his hopes to reduce the Marquis to discourse on those subjects. But the Marquis seemed destitute of that amiable tendency to talk over past exploits, which characterises the worthy soldier. He perfectly confirmed his son's com-

plaint, by resisting all the arts of the Cavalier, whose disappointment was allayed by wonder at the unaccountableness of the Marquis's aversion from the topic, as the few remarks he was induced to make, were not merely applicable, but erudite. It being evident that deficiency of knowledge was not his restraint, the suspicion was warranted, that allied to that knowledge were some tenderesses of conscience, which bled afresh when touched by memory.

The party were now startled by a clangor of neighbouring trumpets, of which the remote breathings had charmed Claudio's thoughts to war almost without he himself being aware of it. The carriage and its escort stopped, for close before the horseheads, and athwart the road, were marching the besieging troops. They were returning from the Castle, which already was chiefly demolished, for Claudio glanced his eyes

around that part of the upper horizon, without discovery of its tall and numerous turrets, which, formerly, when beheld from a distance, gave you the idea of their being dependent from the clouds, rather than that their foundations were in earth. His undivided attention therefore, was engrossed by the successful army, which displayed itself with every attraction of music, standards, and equestrian officers. While the van was sharpening, according to the caprice of the ways, into long files, that writhed like the windings of a serpent through the country, the rearward companies were blended by the distance in one refulgent mass of arms and armor, which represented an earthly sun, and vied with that above. The soldiers were laden with individual plunder, and they joyfully pursued their track in obedience to the signals, that were waved or sounded to them, by those, who, for that purpose, were

advanced on the forward eminences, whence might be distinguished the province : their countenances brightened, and their strides lengthened, as they passed in this accidental review. The ostentatious display of the captive banners, and the succession of waggons laden with spoil, to which the officers and state had claims, together with the careful order of the march, which was intended to awe the provinces with the fate of Julian, and to warn them from the like to his misdeeds, more resembled the triumph of a national army, than the return of a petty brigade from the overthrow of a robber, which they affected to style Julian. Claudio considered, that a man is perhaps less glorified by an unclouded prosperity, than by an unreasonable joy in his enemies, when he is cast down.

The commander, who was riding along the lines, observant of the detention of the travellers, and instructed



whom they were, dispatched one of the numerous officers, by whom he was surrounded, to express his greetings to the Marquis. The same officer commanded the ranks, to disclose, which being done, they passed through ; but the track taking an abrupt turning, carried them close along the line towards the rear. As they drove on, Camilla shrunk from the impolite gaze of the officers, while to Claudio, whose hat was dignified with the military plume, the military salute was often repeated. But his regard was caught by the appearance of a carriage, which, except a few stragglers, concluded the march. The impediments and narrowness of the way, caused the two vehicles to linger when met ; in consequence, Claudio had a long opportunity to recognize Larina, whose looks of incorrigible wantonness were intent on the juvenile and really handsome features of the volunteer nobleman, to whose

services she was consigned. They were by themselves; he closely seated beside her, and their inner arms twisted into one. Yet was she on the way to Venice, where her estate was to be confiscated, her nobility abolished, her husband proscribed, and herself abandoned to fortune. But how unconquerable were her spirits, was presently instanced; for when aroused by the parley of the drivers, she partially raised her lids, and caught a view of Henri, the half-shut tenderness of her eyes expanded to emit a lightning of wrath, which blasted the Chevalier into a corner of the carriage. Claudio too was struck, and he mentally exclaimed, though unhappy for herself, how happy is it for mankind in general, that this woman, of so superior a creation, confines her ambition and powers to man individually! He followed her carriage with his eyes, and he guessed that she was apprising her companion, against whom her

glances were levelled ; for the latter projected half out of the window, and looked back with an angry countenance, which denoted how impetuous he was to wage the battles of his mistress, even with her quondam lover, to whose desertion he was indebted for his present happiness.

The indirection of the road deprived the Cavalier of further prospect of the Inamorato, at whom he could not help smiling. But when he drew in his head, on account of some peevish disapprobation from the Marquis, and regarded the embarrassment of Henri, pity supplanted mirth, and he endeavoured by conversation to relieve him. Henri felt the obligation, and supported his part with tolerable collection. The discourse, from a few remarks on the recent military objects, matured to a discussion of some principles of war. The Marquis's decisive objection to these topics overcame his complaisance,

and he angrily enjoined his son to be silent on them ; which injunction implied a rebuke to the Cavalier for starting them.

As they went onwards, they found the whole region rejoicing in the fate of Julian. The mere mention of their sufferings by, and antipathy to Julian, was sufficient to attract more tenders of service than they could employ. The carriage was assisted up the acclivities, provender was brought to the horses, refreshments to the attendants, while the superiors were presented with the choicest fruits, for which no other compensation was desired or asked, than a curse on Julian, and a shout at his destruction. Claudio neither cursed, shouted, or ate ; and he half disputed with Henri, who did all three.

As they approached the Vallais, all these tumults abated ; and when they left Italy they got without the sphere of Julian's renown, and of his detestation.

It was now that the Marquis felt the true value of Claudio's company ; particularly in surmounting the Gemmi, a range of mountain which partly defend the canton of Berne to the south. The terrors of his mind and the debilities of his body were alike soothed and assisted by the Cavalier, to whose tranquil stability was contrasted the instable impetuosity of Henri.

When advanced on the heights of Switzerland, they were at liberty to enjoy the sublime nature of the scenery, unallayed by other feelings of danger, than those of the imagination ; for the Mountaineers conducted them through the secure tracts, which generally were concealed in places of a contrary appearance. To the resistance which Providence hath every where opposed 'gainst the current of invasion, Claudio well knew the Helvetic independence was attributable ; for had not their mountains, their rocks, and their

rugged ways, taken a share in their battles, it was improbable that a few patriots could have conquered in, or even survived the contest with Austrian science and Austrian multitudes. Still did not the advantages of situation subtract from the heroism of the Swiss. In the face of Europe they had exhibited that their prowess was not local. In despite of the equestrian chivalry of France, they had retained their rank on the plains of Marignano during a two-day conflict. Till then deemed invincible, they lost but that fame; for, like the heroes of Homer, they retired with their fronts to the enemy, the temerity of whose pursuit was punished by death. While Claudio considered thus, he allowed his admiring eyes an uncircumscribed expatiation over the wonders of a country, which stood insular amid an overgrown continent. Exalted above the atmosphere of the popular valleys, he imbibed the una-

dulterated breezes on the mountain tops, and he reflected how much more energetic had proved their effects on patriotic minds, than had the intoxicating cordials been effectual in their mercenary opponents, who fatally exchanged their sobriety and fears, for presumption and death. His fancy caught fire, and peopled the surrounding prospect with the visions of champions and their deeds, then only to be remembered. William Tell, Arnold de Winkebried, and Nicholas de Flue, glanced successively before him, while his enthusiasm incorporated the transient clouds into the imagery of an extensive combat. Where they were intercepted by the heights, and the lighter vapours curled in fleecy whiteness about the summits, there he figured the simple unadorned native; but where the denser mists descended the declivities, and exhibited the various tints they caught in their passage, there he

rejoiced over the flying Austrians, whose inferiority of valor had been as notable as their superiority in all kinds of military equipment.

But often he was captiously interrupted by the elderly Marquis, who, unversed in intellectual abstraction, was surprised and disgusted to remark how intensely his helpmate would gaze on places, where he could discern nothing more strange than the volatile chamois, whose retirement was where might be expected, the eyries of birds, rather than the haunts of beasts. Indeed, Claudio was half abashed when he awoke from these day-trances; but shame brightened to joy as he contrasted the pacific quietude around, with the hostile tumult he had conjured: for the blasts of war his ears had conceived, he heard but the horns of the hunters; for the ardent combatants his eyes had imagined, he really beheld but the phenomena of heights externally wintry.



Then did his foul's tongue pray, that should any future tyranny aggress that spot of liberty, and revive the impieties of war so near the regions of heaven, that heaven itself would become the avenger, and give some signal proof of its judgement, that a whole nation cannot innocently perpetrate what would be heinous in an individual.\*

\* The French Government recently have disproved Claudio's assurance of the invincibleness of the Swiss in their own country, for, alas, they, many of them, fell at their own thresholds. Although the Cavalier is mistaken in that presumption, every honest man will breathe an amen to his prayer, that the French may rue the violation of a treaty, nearly four hundred years existent. With regard to how deeply the vices of a government may criminate those, who act beneath it, that is a question doomsday can only decide. It will then be seen, whether Lucifer be or be not a gainer by a revolution which has denied his existence.

The above note was written some months previous to the late occurrences in Switzerland. The Swiss are now unworthy a prayer.

Meantime Camilla, escorted by Henri, deviated to whatsoever attracted her interest or her curiosity. Claudio with delight noted the improvement of her looks, and the vivacity of her spirits. While engaged with the Marquis, who upbraided a momentary absence, his eyes would anxiously accompany her, while, hand in hand with the Chevalier, she ascended the eminences; but as they sported correspondently with the scene, his sight would dim with involuntary tears, that had source in his memory, how similar at Henri's age had been his pastimes. But mingled with that memory of the past was a present pleasure, to see the Chevalier resuming the primitive simplicities, which had formed the alluring part of his character, when first he was known to Claudio. It must be understood, that the latter had accepted Henri's invitation less on account of its intrinsic advantages, than from his own motives

of the noblest friendship. Persuaded that the Chevalier's heart was uncorrupted, he hoped it would not be difficult to obliterate from his mind those improper sentiments, with which he feared it was stigmatized by the precepts or examples of Julian and Larina. That moral expostulations were inappropriate to his design Claudio well knew; Henri being naturally obdurate to them: wherefore it was, that throughout the journey he instructed Camilla to invite the Chevalier to those innocent familiarities, which, more than any thing, tend to purify guilt. Camilla Claudio esteemed another name for virtue, and loving her as he did, it seemed to him impossible that any one could partake her company without imbibing her sentiments, and imitating her manners. He was persuaded that she would work the Chevalier's conversion, and that the latter's choice of a wife would be regulated

By a just appretiation of her virtuous and amiable qualities. Thus confident, he joyfully anticipated the future, when Henri would shew himself an honorable, as well as an honored member of society, destitute of other traces of his past crimes, than the memory which warned from their repetition.

In the course of this work it before has been remarked, that a heart of integrity generally is circumscribed in its conceptions of depravity in others; it not being a more genuine characteristic of virtue to abhor vice yourself, than to discredit its existence in your fellows. Wherefore it was, that Claudio judged the Chevalier so leniently as to imagine that his heart were uncorrupted. Indeed, if vileness can be excusable, it is in men of abject intellect, like to Henri, whose whole life is doomed to be a slavish imitation of others. Then was Julian, who indi-

vidually had more to answer for than any man, likewise responsible for the criminality of Henri, in whose eyes he had dignified vice beyond the rivalry of virtue. And no wonder that the youth was deceived, for hundreds of superior endowments were so much dazzled by Julian's glory, as, to be unable for a long time to discriminate whether its emanations were wholesome, like those of the sun, or pestiferous, like those of the comet. As presumption was latterly become the basis of the Chevalier's character, whom he dreaded, he had aspired to liken himself to, that similarly by others he might be dreaded. It has been seen how miserably it was proved, than an Henri could never be a Julian; his nature not being empowered to rise to grandeur, though it might to wickedness: still did his presumption beguile him into an exalted estimation of himself, for wickedness was

synonymous with grandeur in the eyes of his folly. The wretched catastrophe of the other's greatness had destroyed his ambition to become a Julian, since even he was not invincible by circumstances; but the relics of that ambition were a chain of principles, that bound his mind to his passions. Of what nature were those passions is intelligible enough, when it is told, that in every woman he fancied a Larina. Though that enchantress was dispossessed of his person, she was not so of his mind; which of the two she the more effectually had debauched.

That abrupt transition from the castle di Fiascano to a society so virtuously the reverse to those with whom he had domesticated, produced an issue quite contrary to what the amiable Claudio looked for. So sensible was the Chevalier of the change, that he felt like a man, who voyaging from

a torrid climate, conceives one that is temperate to be inclement : as such an one would additionally dress himself, so Henri, fearing the exposure of his naked sentiments, clothed them with deceit. Shame, the divine bond, by which man is to the last attached to goodness, was thus counteracted by that most infernal of all vices, hypocrisy, in the use of which a culprit confirms himself in guilt by enlarging his bounds of trespass, and irredeemably criminales his soul by so exposing its frailty to temptations, by which it would be unassailed, did men really know whom they were trusting. Hypocrisy is the sepulchre of every principle, religious or manly, to which the worst effrontery of impudence is preferable ; for he ceases to be a pirate who fights under his own ensigns, and so virtuous is candor, that, as subterranean vapors are refreshed by their disclosure to the air,

so vice is purified in its own declaration. Guilt gave the first idea of indecency in the body, and it is a horrid guilt that feels an indecency in the mind. Heaven, shameless of its work, hath created both without the least shadow of concealment: thence if it be concluded, that the absoluteness of human perfection is innocently to be, as the Scythian expressed it, all face, Henri was immeasurably distant from innocence; for the vestments he assumed against the hill-top blasts, were less impenetrable than the dissimulations by which he cloaked his disposition. Thus was he included within himself, and his passions abandoned to their own putrefaction. He now became a member of those miserable debauchees, whose vices are incorrigible by other than their indulgence to satiety.

Every day of the journey recovered him to health of body, which, in



wanton constitutions, is directly incompatible with health of soul. The buffoonery he formerly had used to deceive the robbers, was exchanged for an affected naivetè, which warranted conceits in idea and expression, that seriously uttered, must have induced a suspicious attention. Camilla treated him with a sisterly indulgence, that in a delicate mind could have chilled an improper passion for her, as being in some degree incestuous. But Henri was ungifted with such scruples.

However, it soon appeared that he had lost that romantic valor, which, though allied to temerity, could not exist without some portion of virtue. The sun was set, while yet they were remote from the hamlet where they intended to spend the night. Henri, impatient to arrive thither, was advanced in front of the equipage, which consisted of the Marquis and Camilla in distinct litters, him and Claudio on the backs of mules ;

the escort were similarly mounted, but the guides were on foot. The moon had just begun to bleach the rock-hewn track, along which, they were winding, when Henri descried close before him, the dimensions of a gigantic form, darkly shadowed athwart the road. His memory instantly possessed him with a conceit of its resembling the shadow of Julian, as formerly seen from the recesses of the cavern. His hand relaxed the rein and he stopped the mule ; but his fears were inarticulate to Claudio, whose eyes were alarmed earlier than his ears. As he had no greater terror than of robbers, he boldly rode past the projection which concealed the person, who was really a Bandit, that providently had posted himself where he and his purpose were so betrayed. On finding himself discovered, he savagely discharged a pistol at the Cavalier, and then fled over the cliffs with the fleetness that defied pursuit, or even a

return of shot. Claudio experienced no other injury than the horror of nearly plunging in consequence of the animal's start, down a precipice unfathomable by the rays of the moon. The explosion was succeeded by exclamations from the rearward company, in which his name was so clamorously united with that of the Chevalier, that it was dubious which had the honor to be the prior object of Camilla's inquiry. It was certain, that her gladness to find them both safe was the only flattering part of the adventure to Henri, who gave to Claudio an explanation of his fears, as if he were defending them from an accuser, rather than confiding them to a friend. The Cavalier, so contrary from harbouring any contempt for his conduct, was extremely rejoiced to find its former temerity abated. He hoped that fear was the most faulty of the impressions, with which Julian had branded Henri's mind.

Without further mishap they reached the hamlet, and, in the course of the two or three following days, they departed the Swiss Republic, and entered the realm of France.

Without cessation, they journeyed over the interjacent provinces, and arrived at upper Languedoc. It was evening when they approached the precincts of the Marquisate de Souvricour. It continuing their resolution to surprise the Chateau, they conducted themselves with a caution that restrained any fame of their rank from going abroad, and prevented their being thought much more important than the generality of travellers. Still, they thought proper to secure some followers, more brave than numerous. So provided in case of resistance, the Marquis, his son, and his guests, entered the Marquisate beneath the disguise of twilight. A melancholy silence reigned within the carriage and without. The com-

pany were severally engrossed with their private feelings. Claudio contrasted his former journey with the one present : Henri enjoyed the finishing of the journey, and wished it was safe over ; so did Camilla : as for the Marquis, illness had entirely erased from his countenance any vestige of intelligence, by which might be solved the mystery of his thoughts. The country was entirely unenlivened by the sound of pastoral instruments, although it was the middle of summer, and a season not only of the year, but of the day, most congenial to the sports of the peasantry. As their former cheerfulness was not attributable to the presence of their lord, their present dejection could not be ascribed to regret for his departure : it was more likely that some unusual tyranny had succeeded him, and prohibited all exercises but those of labor.

Meantime the darkness thickened, and obscured the surrounding objects :

the travellers were befriended by it, inasmuch as it made them less obvious to detection: yet were they often perplexed, and generally unable to decide whether or not, figures were in motion around them. They carefully avoided the most populous parts, and unmolested came on the plain which fronted the Chateau. The hour was verging on midnight, and all the domestic lights, that had illuminated the windows, and directed the company, were extinguished in rapid succession, but the kind moon, by silvering the numerous spires of the fabric, lit up a score of beacons for the disappearance of one. It now was proposed that the carriage should halt with Camilla and the Marquis within, while Henri, Claudio, and the majority of the armed men, proceeded to the portal.

This was agreed to, except the Chevalier's accompaniment, which was pathetically opposed by the father, who

interested Camilla to enforce his suit. As Claudio had anticipated her exhortations with regard to himself, by taking an essential part in the affair, Henri was ashamed to recede, though he had a sufficient excuse in the dissuasions that were used. Besides, the certainty of danger was but faint, as the utmost of knowledge their diffidence of discovery would permit them to glean, only represented the estate to be changed of late in its steward. The two friends hastened to the threshold, where arrived, they knocked boldly at the gate. Some minutes expired before any notice was deigned to their summons. At length, they heard the warder issue from the lodge, and approach the portal. He was murmuring oaths of wrath at being untimely disquieted, and they were prepared to give him additional offence, by overthrowing him immediately he should unclosethe the gate ; but this project was disconcerted by his suspiciously

demanding through the iron grating, who they were, and what was their purpose? They craftily replied with a piteous invention of their being benighted travellers, who entreated shelter and entertainment. The fellow appeared averse to their admission, although they assured him a lady needed it; and Claudio was bethinking him of the private way, which, as it had afforded him an unknown escape, might likewise afford them an unknown entrance. But a pecuniary temptation made covetousness hospitable, and they were granted ingress into the outward court, where the fellow desired them to wait, while he would repair to his master, whose sanction was previously requisite to their introduction into the house, or the stabling of the carriage and horses they spoke of. Both Henri and Claudio saw that he was not the warder of the Marquis's appointment; but from the uncertainty of the light,



and the disorder of his dress, they could not ascertain whether he wore the Marquis's livery. The latter inspected his features with the livelier interest, as his memory compared them with those of one of Julian's ruffians, to which they bore a resemblance a man only can bear to himself. Claudio decided that this fellow was the fiercer of the two, that had escorted him from the priory after the extortion of his oath: however, he concealed his recognition; though it determined him not to hazard an immediate scuffle, as the man possessing the frame of a gladiator, might resist till his fellows were alarmed from within. Accordingly, they had recourse to another of their preconcertions, and no farther endeavoured at his detention, than while they inquired in what quarter of the Chateau his master reposed. As they excused this curiosity by pleading its motive to be impatience for his return, he, to their surprise, replied in the state bed-chamber of the northern suite.

Their resolution was immediately taken, and they distantly followed the man into the first hall; while he, unsuspecting of their neighbourhood, ascended one flight of steps, they ascended those opposite, and, under the guidance of Henri, sped by private ways towards the same destination. The Chevalier's intimacy with the building required but little assistance in light, of which a sufficiency was provided by the moon that shone through the windows. They proceeded unseen by any of the domestics, whose soundness of sleep was accounted for by the traces of a debauch, which littered one of the menial halls. In a little while they entered that end of the corridor contrary to where the warder just then appeared. The lamp he carried, alike was his revelation and their restraint, until he turned into the chamber, which door he unceremoniously opened. Then it was that an unreasonable idea of Ju-

lian occurred to Henri, whose terror increased as he listened to the voices that spake from within, of which one he fain would have persuaded himself was Julian's. But Claudio, either inferior in his motives of dread, or more tenacious in his memory of former tones, did not fall into this mistake, though he was equally interested by the same voice. A sudden conviction was the reason of his temerity in the outstripping his companions, rushing into the chamber, abandoning the warder to those who followed, while he himself encountered and overcame that perjured impostor Pierre. The chamber he had usurped, was immediately exchanged for a dungeon, wherefrom was released poor Geoffery, who ever since had endured the imprisonment, which originated in his being accused by Julian, of having aided the Cavalier's former escape.

Thus quietly reinstated in his Cha-

teau, the Marquis proceeded to the conviction and punishment of those creatures of Julian, whom Pierre had appointed officially in the household: also of those among his vassals, that had defected from their allegiance. It was in vain that Pierre endeavoured to defend his usurpation of the stewardship: still less could he the embezzlements he had committed; of which the chief was the paying the revenue into the hands of Julian, from whom he received the papers extorted from the Marquis, in order to give a validity to the exorbitant demands he made on the vassals. In reply to the few murmurs these had dared to vent, when they saw their favorite steward, whom the Marquis, when on the eve of his departure for Genoa, had ceremoniously confirmed, all of a sudden supplanted, and confined by Pierre, the latter had amused them with a falsehood of his being so promoted, as a reward for his fidelity to

Henri. The speciousness of this answer allayed their suspicion, though it did not their sorrow, for Pierre exacted from them the homage attributable to the Marquis, and tyrannised over them the more if they resisted his arrogance. Those domestic offices, which were the objects of their honest ambition, were bestowed on strangers, and only they retained their places, who sacrificed their principles.

Pierre was beyond controversy convicted of each circumstance of perfidy, and nearly an hecatomb of victims was involved in his crimination. Vengeance decided that their deaths should be preceded by such poignancies of torture as should make them welcome. When this decision was communicated to Camilla, she would not repress her detestation of its inhumanity. Although she dreaded that Henri approved and even instigated it, yet so clearly she understood her ascendancy over him, that to

him she directed her intercession for its repeal. Her assurance was not presumptuous ; for the Chevalier instantly deserted his opinion for hers, and acquiesced, though insincerely, in her argument, that the more summary the more just a punishment. To erase any suspicion he feared she might harbor, of the exceptionable part of the sentence being authorised by him, he affected to labor in its revocation, as though that point depended on other than himself. Whether Camilla was or was not deceived by him, is undeterminable ; but while the ingenious executioners thought themselves defrauded, she had the melancholy satisfaction to know, that no worse infliction was used on the condemned, than what was indispensable in the termination of their existence.

Meantime, the Chateau was put in the first style of arrangement ; for the Marquis permitted Henri the complete indulgence of his appetite for

magnificence. It must be denoted that the latter was attentive to his friends, as much as they could wish ; for he submitted to their selection of whatever apartments they preferred for their abode ; and appropriated to their exclusive use, a handsome equipage, and a respectable retinue. Claudio directed Camilla in her choice of that suite of rooms on the western wing, which formerly was allotted to him. While sitting there, a strange kind of pleasure diffused throughout his frame, for he was altogether undecided on the cause ; whether it proceeded from the tapestry that depicted many of those scenes, wherewith his infancy had been familiar, or from his memory of the unfortunate artist, of whom Geoffery had discoursed. Whenever he recovered from his reveries so far as coolly to investigate their employment, he was surprised to find that one of these was the argument of his thoughts ; or ra-

ther be it said that both were; for so kindred were the subjects, that it was difficult to affix their boundaries of independence; or to consider one inattentively to the other, though either awhile might predominate. His nature appeared inclined to these reflections without the guidance, or even concurrence of his reason; for they were the first that presented themselves when he ruminated alone, and the last he could dismiss when his return to company necessitated freedom of mind. He began to fear that, being destitute of professional employment, he might habituate himself to that inactive thinking, which in no wise differs from visionary sleep, except that the eyes are unclosed. But this apprehension was calmed by the Chevalier, who represented that his father was exercising his utmost interest to procure him a commission in the French army, worthy the giver and the gifted.



Henri, at liberty to distinguish himself by splendor, carried it to an excess truly absurd ; for, on no occasion, would he move about the Marquisate without a cavalcade of attendants, that imparted to an excursion of health or entertainment, the formal stateliness of a procession. To be sure the vassals gaped at his grandeur, and admired and homaged it : the warlike display he made, was likewise delightful to the young man himself : but then he gradually lost all genuine military relish in the study of its parade ; and it early was apparent to every person, but himself, that he had conceived a disgust for the realities of war, at the time he found that he could enjoy all its pomps in peace. So pacific a change should have been welcomed in any other, but, as Henri ever was in the extremes, it was no better than evil metamorphosed ; from being ferocious, he was become vo-

luptuous ; in short a decided libertine. Julian had villanized his mind ; Larina had contaminated his person ; it remained for himself to debauch his constitution. He began to epicurize with a heartiness that soon made him a proficient in that plan of life : his gratifications at table were prolonged till any one, but Claudio, would have perceived the motive to be gluttonous, not hospitable : at least the desert might have possessed him of the truth, for Henri accustomed himself to an unreasonable and unwholesome superfluity of wine, of which the injurious effects were evidenced by his discourses, that turned on the fame of the Metropolis for its public spectacles and entertainments, its private revels and intrigues. But what he particularly affected, was to exhibit himself with Camilla by his side in some novel equipage of those times, in which invention having ful-

filled necessaries, exercised itself on superfluities. Her beauty, wit, and good sense, were enhanced in his eyes by the general admiration they gained ; and the familiarity wherewith she distinguished him, was the more flattering to his vanity, because he conceived himself to be the envy of others. Under the pretence of shewing her some beauty of the country, he often would drive in a kind of triumph round the province ; and thus detain her the entire day, when she had stipulated to return in two or three hours. So it happened, that Claudio seldom partook these excursions.

That Camilla was pleased it is no wonder. Independent of a woman's nature to approve whosoever homages her qualities, and dedicates himself to her amusement, she was inclined by her persuasion of having fulfilled Henri's reformation, to welcome his

attentions as effusions of gratitude for her instructions. Such being her motives, it may be asked, who then had a right to defame her for permitting him in fraternal liberties? as supporting her in his arms, retaining her hand in his, encompassing her waist on occasion; as she had a husband's sanction, and a fortitude of principle? Be it answered, that every person who abhors vice, and dreads its contagious nature, is justifiable in decrying what in the least is resemblant to it. The welfare of society absolutely requires that no one move in disguise, for it is owing to what may be styled the masquerading of virtue, that vice so speciously imitates it's exterior: thus the good through imprudence, and the evil through art, being confounded together, are viewed with an indiscriminate suspicion. Therefore, if man or woman do practise some virtue of an ambiguous aspect, it be-

moves them both to publish the motives. How many disreputable actions might be purified by this candor? But more particularly in woman is this conduct requisite, for she is natured similarly to flowers, that enclose themselves as the night shuts in; the beauties of either being intended for the sun. Ingenuofness is the metaphorical sun of a female mind; if, therefore, she adventure abroad in the twilight of equivocation, let her motives borne ostensibly before her, as credentials of her integrity. How applicable is this reasoning to Camilla, will be calamitously shewn.

It was true that the magnificence of the Chevalier was grateful to the taste she had imbibed for it, when resident with Orasimyn, whose African grandeur was rivalled in ceremony and richness, by the almost regal parade in which Henri carried her about. But sentiment was so essential to Camil-

Is's delight, that when thus abroad, she would fancy that in Henri was Orasmyn revived. Then would she imagine herself to be re-enduring the like temptations of personal affection, love and homage, of wealth, of dignity, and precedence; her memory would cause her to re-act all the delicacies of her former situation; she would palpitate between pity for Henri and love to Claudio; till, in the end, the latter again would triumph, and when returned to him, she would feel as if again she relinquished much that was valuable for his sake. These strange fancies were repeated often as the opportunity; and each time she rode in the private company of Henri, she seemed to pass an ordeal of seduction, and victoriously to repeat her generous preference of the Cavalier. Though innocently on her part, there gradually became a trial of skill between her and the Chevalier, whether

he best should tempt, or she best resist. May such a woman be incorruptible?

Meantime, the Cavalier was so frequently assured by Henri that his father was making great exertions in his behalf; that he no longer would observe his friend's injunction of silence, but availed himself of a tête-a-tête with the Marquis, to thank him gratefully for his kindness. The Marquis was much surprised, and his answer made that surprise mutual. He disclaimed any right to the Cavalier's gratitude, as he had done nothing to deserve it. His and his wife's hospitable treatment, he said, was attributable to the young Marquis, whose guests they were, not his. That certainly he was much; very much obliged to the Cavalier for his services during the journey; but that till that moment it had never occurred to him a French Commission would be a welcome re-

compence. He was glad the Cavalier had hinted so, as he would now take some opportunity to try what might be done to that effect. Though he considered that his being an alien by birth, and a long-time enemy in arms, were circumstances which, in case they did not make him quite inadmissible, yet they would prevent his appointment to those offices of importance, on which he might have fixed his expectations.

His frigid delivery thawed to accents of irony as he concluded, when he abruptly arose, and left the Cavalier in a painful confusion of mind. To be at once deceived by the son, and despised by the father, was too much to bear with equanimity : consequently, resentment hurried him to Henri. He found him in the saloon, seated beside Camilla, with whom he was chatting, and regaling on some fruitage of superior appearance and flavor



A momentary sorrow affected Claudio, as he considered how much he had been deceived in his idea that Henri was corrigible; and he half repented that he had enjoined Camilla so unprofitable a task as his reformation. With no further preface than what was requisite to pacify Camilla's alarm at his visible trepidation, he demanded a conference of the Chevalier. The latter acquiesced with an affected composure.

During Claudio's representations Henri's aspect underwent changes, which the other imagined to proceed from guilt and shame. This idea embittered his upbraidings the more, but when they were finished, Henri's countenance became disembarrassed, and he indignantly replied—That his calm endurance of Claudio's reproaches sufficiently disproved the charge of his violating their friendship, as to no other

man would he have forborne to answer such severities with his sword.

Claudio smiled at this bravado with a contempt, that was disedged by sorrow ; so much so that Henri felt it not, but with a softened voice continued,—“ That all the exertions of  
“ which I repeatedly have told you,  
“ are facts, I will prove by other than  
“ words. The only deceit I have  
“ been guilty in practising towards  
“ you, is ascribing to my father what,  
“ in truth, has been done by my-  
“ self.”

With a promise of an immediate return, he then disappeared, while Claudio remained amazed at his serenity. The Chevalier re-entered with a parchment in his hand, which he presented to Claudio, who therein read himself commissioned to the second rank in the regiment, of which the commands were hereditary in the fa-

mily de Souvricour, as it was levied on the Marquisate.

Said Henri, "I will not apologize  
" that it is inferior to the chief com-  
" mand, because that may be pos-  
" sessed by the reigning Marquis or  
" his successor only. Did not my  
" father intend to resign his colonel-  
" ship in kindness to me, who am  
" entitled by my approaching major-  
" ity to assume it, I should be un-  
" able to invest you with a rank of  
" such importance as a secondary  
" command, which is generally re-  
" tained by the heir till his succession.  
" You know that I have held it for  
" long, and that my father neglecting  
" all the functions of his rank, the  
" entire conduct of the regiment has  
" devolved on me. I remind you  
" of the circumstance of your cap-  
" tivity, because it enhances the value  
" of the regiment, which I know to

“ be as valiant and expert as any  
 “ association of men that ever marched  
 “ to field : and as it deserves, so will  
 “ it be honoured by your introduc-  
 “ tion.”

The Cavalier was so confused with Henri's generosity, and so full of self reproach for, having doubted and censured him, that he was unable to interrupt him, or even to fill the present pause.

The Chevalier resumed: “ Though  
 “ I have had the commission made out  
 “ with the requisite formality, it was  
 “ neither my intention to apprise you  
 “ thus early, or to have claimed the  
 “ merit of your appointment at all, had  
 “ not your gross misjudgement of me  
 “ necessitated my standing up in self  
 “ defence. My reasons are as easily  
 “ as innocently to be explained. My  
 “ dear Claudio, as a son who has the  
 “ honor of his father at heart, it is not  
 “ in the least surprising, that I should  
 “ wish to disguise from you how little

“ delicate he is, either in repenting your  
“ former mistreatment here, or in re-  
“ compensing your subsequent excel-  
“ lent services. I feared that his hu-  
“ morfome deportment might disgust  
“ you with your residence, and even  
“ shorten it: a misfortune I was sedu-  
“ lous to prevent. Therefore, I de-  
“ signed to impose on you, by pretend-  
“ ing the commission to be a gift from  
“ my father, and I hoped to have be-  
“ guiled you into a good opinion of  
“ him. Your precipitate gratitude has  
“ entirely deranged my little artifice;  
“ wherefore you must be content to re-  
“ ceive from my hands, what, I trust,  
“ cannot heighten your friendship for  
“ me. Still you must be resigned to a  
“ short procrastination, for till I come  
“ of age, which will be the case in a  
“ very few days, I neither can resign  
“ my rank, or assume my father's. The  
“ commissions are yet at his disposal;  
“ but of this be assured, the moment

" they are at mine, that moment, my  
 " friend, (and he laughed) you shall be  
 " under my command." To communi-  
 cate the succession of Claudio's thoughts  
 and feelings on an occasion so generative  
 of both, would be to analyze the human  
 mind, at least, that part of it which is  
 most susceptible of love for a friend, and  
 repentance of his accusal, of gratitude  
 for benefactions, and scrupulousness in  
 accepting them. At length, one con-  
 sideration only remained in Claudio's  
 breast, that was independent of  
 admiration of Henri, and inclination to  
 accept an offer which could bind them  
 so closely together. " But why my Hen-  
 " ri," the Chevalier asked, have you  
 " not tried your father on this subject?"  
 " Because," was replied, that very con-  
 " duct would have made the cause  
 " hopeless. From what you report to  
 " be just past between you, it is not  
 " impossible that he himself may make  
 " the proposal, as supposing it his

“own conception ; but had I impart-  
“ed such an idea to him, his nature of  
“contradiction would instantly have  
“negated it. Now I do not see any  
“reason that I should run the hazard  
“of a refusal by consulting him, since,  
“in a very short time, I can establish  
“you with or without his concurrence.”

Claudio liberally declared, that he would not suffer himself to be the cause of any unfilial behaviour ; at the same time, as he thought it would be unreasonable to forbear his own benefit, and what was an hundred times more estimable to him, Henri's friendship, on the account of an unamiable father, he yielded to the Chevalier's importunity. It was stipulated that if the Marquis did not previously present him with the commission, he should receive it from Henri the day on which was celebrated the æra of his majority. The procedure being in a few minutes arranged, they rejoined Camilla, whose

anxiety at their absence was changed into joy, when she was apprised of what had passed ; so that a livelier trio could not be in existence.

They loaded Henri with caresses, in-  
somuch, that had not he felt more than  
an ordinary attachment to Camilla, he  
would have been surfeited with her  
bounty in them. Indeed she was delight-  
ed with his behavior, as, with a natural  
vanity, she ascribed it to the sentiments  
she had wrought in his mind. When he  
retired, she spent the interval before bed,  
in lauding to the height the delicacy he  
had discovered in seeking to be a se-  
cret benefactor to Claudio, by investing  
his father with the reputation of the  
deed. Claudio included her in the en-  
comiums he passed on Henri, and blef-  
sed the fate that had given him a wife  
capable of reforming a beloved friend.  
So it is, that a man sincerely honest may  
easily be deceived.

The Chateau was now tumultuous  
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with the numerous workmen, who labored day and night to perfect the preparations for the impending solemnity. All was resigned to the choice and superintendence of Henri, who calling into his assistance the inventive taste of Camilla, projected an entertainment that should attract and amaze the surrounding nobility; to whom the Marquis was so lavish of invitations, and otherwise so anxious for the best completion of the business, that a shrewd observer would have pronounced him to be labouring under an apprehension that his son might have a competitor in his rights. If such were his apprehension, and on account of his mysterious connection with Julian, it is impossible to say what he might not have reason to dread from that being, it ceases to be surprising that he should warrant, and even stimulate the very prodigal expenditure which Henri squandered away, in order to celebrate

his inauguration in a style of magnificence inferior only to royalty. A profusion of ornaments, devices, and spectacles for the rooms, and of delicacies for the table, were provided ; while fingers, and musicians, players and mimes, dancers, jugglers, and a dozen other species of public performers, were in continual arrival. Henri and Camilla were so entirely engrossed by their arrangements, that Claudio was little else than solitary during all this time : as he saw that the Marquis likewise was much engaged, he patiently waited the expected offer of the commission : but when the day came round without that occurrence, he resolved to abide by the advice of Henri.

The ceremonies of the morning commenced with Henri's receiving homage from all the vassals ; after which religious services, adapted to the occasion, were solemnized in the chapel, which was as brilliant as a congregation com-

posed of the first nobles and beauties of the vicinity, could make it. Though very much interested in what was going on, Claudio could not restrain his contemplation from the mausoleum, wherein was interred the miserable concubine. So lively was his memory of Julian's posture of attention before her statue, that he more than once started at the idea of his present appearance. Still more were the Marquis's eyes fascinated by the sepulchre, from which he almost feared a resurrection of the mother to assert her cause, or that the marvellous Julian would start forth the champion of her offspring.

Meantime, the regiment being assembled from all parts, was marshalled on the plain that fronted the Chateau. The soldiers were all new clothed at the Marquis's expence, and the officers likewise uniformly distinguished by habits superb the more they were characteristic. The Marquis being come

from the chapel, presented himself at their head, and was greeted in the mode prescribed for an officer of transcendent rank. He then with due formality relinquished the command, and invested Henri with the succession. In the interim, Claudio had dressed himself in the regimental habit, and assumed the distinctions of the rank vacated by Henri, by whom he was ceremoniously appointed. Whatever were the feelings of the officers and of the spectators, they were not at liberty to express them: the senior Marquis, indeed, vented an involuntary murmur of disapprobation, but it escaped unheard by those in his company, among whom it probably would have been contagious.

When the military evolutions were over, the numerous company moved to the Chateau, where they were entertained in one of the courts with the faithful imitation of a tournament. They who jousted, were swordsmen of, cele-

brity hired for the exhibition ; and they omitted nothing resembling to the reality, except those injurious assaults which often had mournfully changed the games of chivalry to sanguinary rivalries. Each formality was observed in defiance, combat, and conquest : they who were fortunate in the last, were rewarded with prizes of distinction and value by Camilla, who was persuaded by Henri to undertake so prominent a part. The drolls who succeeded, turned into ridicule each feat of the foregoing combatants with a skill that highly amused the spectators. But when the immediate contrast was passed away, those of superior quality quitted the shew, and mixing together, reciprocated the courtesies of society.

Henri so perfectly was the hero of the day, and so entirely engrossed the attention of his guests, that if any one conceived himself to be neglected, to him was attributable the chagrin. As Clau-

dio's present uneasiness neither sprung from desire of peculiar distinction, or envy of Henri, to what then was it ascribable? Why, he conceived that the company, differently from including him in that disregard which was inoffensive as it was general, rather selected him for the object of a disdainful pride, which, though it did not proceed to such a length as to be remarkable in any individual, was discoverable in all. He observed that this behaviour in the guests, varied proportionately to the gradations of their dignity. Those of the highest rank repulsed his advances with a deliberate reserve, while those less exalted, listened to whatever he said with a grin, impertinent as it was unintelligible. At one time Claudio was half persuaded, that Henri had been disrespectful in his style of introducing him; at another he reflected on the unamiable disposition of Frenchmen to slight whatsoever be foreign, even be it a fel-

low creature. The more he was uncertain of the cause, the more he was discomposed by the effect; so that, at length, he intruded the circle that encompassed the Chevalier, and endeavoured to gain his notice sufficiently to recommend him to that of others. The sprightliness of Camilla, who shared Henri's arm in their progress through the rooms, was calculated to enliven his melancholy, had he not discerned how frigid were the manners of many noble ladies towards her. In his partial opinion this was accounted for by the particularly handsome appearance of Camilla, and the undisguised preference shewn her by the Chevalier: motives, however, which could not sway with regard to him; yet it appeared, that most strangely he was blended with his wife in the same mistreatment.

The banquet suspended these cares, for the company fared so deliciously on viands of the first quality and cookery,

that good humour began to bind them together. The dessert surpassed their expectations, and it was late in the evening before they quitted the table. It was then that each retired to equip for the masquerade, which was preferred to all other nocturnal entertainments, as every one might actively participate in it.

The rooms dedicated to that purpose, were no sooner opened for their reception, than a concourse of masks, who did not chuse to assume characters, dispersed themselves as their curiosity directed them. Camilla and Henri having exhausted their invention to decorate these apartments, it is not easy to conceive their delight when they heard the general admiration. Being undistinguished by character, they were the more secretly gratified. So splendid and appropriate was every thing, that an unfavourable remark would have been highly unjust. For that the scene might be correspondent with the actors,



they had disguised the rooms in masquerade, so that each character could find his appropriate place of action.

In one part was pitched an artificial camp, whither repaired all those in martial habits : so strange a confederation of warriors dressed in the military costume of all nations and ages, was at once instructive and delightful. Suddenly tones of female distress were audible, and suppliant to them came maidens from a pastoral country, who complained how causelessly they were aggressed by the barbarians of a gloomy cavern. The warriors with well affected compassion, professed themselves the champions of the shepherdesses, and commenced a contest with the barbarians ; during which much characteristic merit was evinced on either side, for the principal parts were sustained by men engaged for that purpose.

In another part was seen a tribe of Amazons, who with the battle-axe

and round shield opposed the intrusion of all masculine masks: a perfection of character that both amused and chagrined the latter, as several of the women were very handsome. There was one person, who having taken great pains to make himself known for an Alexander, insisted on historical precedent as his right of admission to the Queen. But the fictitious Thalestris, not being situated for such a consummation of character, put him on some exploits, which terminated in the disgrace of poor Alexander, whose dress was his only merit.

The other groupes that found compatible accommodations, were the Naides, whose grotto was so excellently planned, that it appeared to consist of the most beautiful shell-work, which constantly distilled drops of pellucid water. The majority of them were skilful musicians, and those instruments which are affected by the breath, they

ingeniously had concealed in the shape of conches and other marine shells. Near to them was the unpleasant neighbourhood of a shadowy forest, inhabited by satyrs and fauns, so well represented that they were offensive to the place, so continual were the shrieks that issued from the recesses, to which they hurried every female that came in their way. In the end these were expelled the forest, in which were replaced the goddess Diana and her suite of nymphs. There now occurred an excellent opportunity for the celestial Duenna to play her part, as many of the heathen gods soon made their appearance, who were not deficient in those impassioned attributes which were essential to their characters. For a time the daughter of Latona was a very virago towards their divinities, but so importunate were the courtships of the latter, and so frequent the desertions of her nymphs, that being personated by a sprightly

young woman of five and twenty, she became disgusted with a prudery she did not feel. Gradually her energy to defend and reclaim her nymphs was so enfeebled, that temptations were proffered to herself; and at length the goddess of chastity was seduced from her retirement by an Endymion, whose only science in astronomy was to affirm the stars of heaven to be less brilliant than her eyes. This incontinence was immediately pleaded by every Nymph, Naide, Nereid, or Shepherdess, as an excuse for her own; which effects so delighted the celestials, that Diana's frailty was applauded by them all, except her brother Apollo, who, when he casually met her, turned his back with scorn; an action which some one shrewdly attributed to his just then descrying Daphne, among the transient throng.

Meantime Claudio, being in a domino, hoped to enjoy the entertainment

without contributing to it ; but he was molested by the impertinences of the characters, who, not content with displaying themselves, involved all around them in the same story. One, an Agamemnon, saluted him graciously by the name of Menelaus, and was particularly inquisitive as to where he had deposited Helen. Another, who was an errant Mercury, called to him by the name of Amphytrion, and bade him to beware of Jupiter. A third advanced with the antlers of a stag, and asking him if he was the intended Actæon, requested permission to affix them on his temples. Though these witticisms were accompanied by a laughter from the persons around, they were unintelligible to the Cavalier, who endeavoured to solve how they could be applicable to him, or meritorious of even a smile of approbation. He imagined himself to be sufficiently disguised, but he was undeceived by a domino, who

saluting him by his name, proposed they both should absent themselves to assume characteristic dresses.

Claudio ingenuously replied, that he considered his abilities to be inferior to those requisite for the support of a character. Ha! exclaimed the domino, the difficulty in these times is not how to act in masquerade, but how to act out of it. What clothes wear you beneath your domino? My regimentals, answered Claudio. Then put off your domino, said the intruder, for every one will confess those regimentals to be as perfect a masquerade as any in the Chateau. To this insulting irony Claudio would have adjoined a deed of chastisement, but the utterer, less valiant than impudent, vanished in the crowd.

The strictness of character was now so relaxed, that an indecorous disorder took place, in which was observable no other distinction than that of sex. Every part of the performance suffered,

save the orgies of the bacchanalians, and the libertinisms of the gods and their satellites, which each moment the more audaciously rivalled the originals. It seemed as if the uncontrollable profligacies of the ancient French masquerades, were on the point of being re-acted. An inattention to character made the masquerade, what at best it is resèmbtant of, a babel of vocal and active discord, in which the ghosts of preceding times seem raised to perfect the present confusion. At length, the company were in spirits that required but some bold example to burst into outrage.

But Henri and Camilla had provided for this extremity. Consequently the company, while in a pause of indecision respecting subsequent amusements, were suddenly called off to one they did not expect. It was about an hour short of midnight when, the signal being fired, the numerous windows were

instantaneously and invisibly divested of their exterior blinds; and a prospect let in, of all which the art of man can devise, the most beautiful and impressive. The gardens appeared in a blaze of illumination, glorious as though the stars were descended from the firmament to constellate in one spot. No one was contented to take a second view of so magnificent a scene from the windows; accordingly rooms were forsaken for this more novel spectacle.

Already the aerial fireworks were discharged from twenty different quarters in the awful style of a bombardment; multitudes encountering in mid-air: those of the first distinction mounted like meteors with fiery trains; changed to globes of particolored fire, they hovered awhile in the air, and then with inward explosions, split into a thousand sparks, that speckled the night. But this inflammation of



the atmosphere was terrific as well as splendid. The women were much better pleased with a sight against one of the wings of the building, where the windows being blocked up, that the more even and the less combustible might be the surface, exhibition was made of an incessant deluge of fire, which was showered from the summits by indiscernible firemen. All the time was gradually disclosed a crescent of lamps, which, for a while, the spectators did not understand, but, as it perfected, to their great delight they found it represented an artificial rainbow of the exactest figure and hues, involved as it were in clouds of flame, that gave it an interminable appearance. This was loudly applauded, though some objected at it as a profane allusion to the Almighty Covenant with Noah, that he would never repeat the destruction of the world by water, in which case fire is

reserved to be the instrument of its future doom.

However, the exceptions were few, for very few were they who acquiesced so much in the reformation of the times, as to venture a perusal of scripture: neither could any scruple to approve the neighbouring spectacle to which all hurried. It bore no other allusion than to the heathenish legends, which form so rich and copious a treasury of subjects, on which to exercise the fancy; that his christianity must entirely have absorbed his taste, who can with the obliteration of every relic of paganism.

Now was represented a volcanic mountain, supposed to be Mount Etna, for beneath was figured the gigantic and monstrous Ægeon with the fifty heads and the hundred hands that are allotted him by the poets. He was seen to be bound by red hot chains as the punishment of his rebellion

against Jupiter, and ever as he writhed to get free, an eruption was the event. Still more subterranean was visible the smithery of Vulcan, where some curious operations were performed in the forges by the Cyclops, who more particularly distinguished their skill by the formation of thunder. This part of the exhibition was ingeniously planned, for the bolts they affected to make, being hurled into the air, burst into flashes resembling to lightning, and immediately was echoed around an artificial thunder, which was the remote explosion of ordnance posted with that design.

These entertainments were temporary, and the company penetrated the interior, where was displayed a scene of extensive splendor surpassing all they had seen. Art was heightened by nature, for among the leafy branches of the trees were hung lamps, shaped and colored to represent various

fruits not only native but exotic : around the trunks of the trees were twisted the most beautiful imitations of serpents, which so artfully were disposed, as apparently to mount towards the fruitage above. Others of a larger species were concealed among the darksome underwood, whence they frequently spat fire against those, who approached too familiarly.

The Chef d'œuvre was an illuminated canal, over which the skeleton of a bridge was thrown, and the most beautiful styles of architecture perfected in the pontifice, were expressed by lamps compatibly invented. The construction was so frail and so darkly painted, it seemed that the lights themselves were the only materials used ; and had an uneducated barbarian just then been introduced, he might have pronounced from the reflections in the water, that the arches were illumined beneath its surface

down to their deepest foundations. The two elements of all the most irreconcilable, appeared to be allied in mutual joy; for up and down the unruffled stream sailed barques grotesquely figured, as sea-lions, sea-horses, alligators, and other amphibious monsters; likewise profusely decorated with lamps, transparencies, &c. Within were many musicians whose wind instruments required no such exertions as might disturb ornaments so delicate. Every one's fancy was so exhilarated, that common observations were disdained as unjust to the beauties around. The musicians attributed to their melodies the calmness of the current on which they glided insensible of any motion, while the spectators on shore, beholding the barques inverted in the waters beneath, complimented Henri by saying, that the antipodes were met to celebrate his birth-day.

Along the borders of the canal were

placed different bands of music, by which were executed the favorite dances of the day. Near to them were laid for the accommodation of those of the company who chose to dance, wide and elastic floorings, that were no detractions from the scene, as they were painted to resemble a bright moss: besides, they doubly assisted the skill of the dancers, who, similarly to Virgil's Amazon, tript over the flowers depicted below without crushing them. Others dispersed themselves throughout the gardens, and paced the remote walks, where many a lover deplored the brightness of an illumination, unwarranted by which his mistress would have refused to accompany him.

Claudio was of those who retired, but he was solitary in person and mood: recumbent on the bank before a fictitious hermitage, he gazed on the busy prospect he had deserted. Though distance enabled his eye to centre all

at one glance, like the focus of many rays, yet could not his heart be heated to pleasure. He reflected on the undeserved insults he had received, when the evidence of persons was heard from the interior of the hermitage. As Claudio fronted the chief entrance, he knew there must be other inlets. His suspicions injured his modesty, and he arose to depart, had not the tones of Henri reached his ears. They were amorous, and were succeeded by the clash of lips. Claudio was not ignorant how many are the tempters of a handsome, rich, and youthful nobleman, and he feared a second Larina was about to undo the reformation so laboriously wrought by Camilla. He approached the hermitage, and inattentive to the scuffle within, he loudly called on Henri. A female shriek responded, which immediately subsided in murmurs as if stifled by force, while the Chevalier's voice re-

plied; Approach, whoever you be, and, by the Almighty of heaven! I'll poinard your heart! Answered Claudio, It is not, Henri! that I dread your poniard, but that I will not put a female to the blush. He crossed the gardens, and retired to his chamber.

He had been in bed some little time before Camilla appeared. He was so entirely engrossed by his own thoughts, that he did not speak to her till she laid herself by his side. He then communicated to her his fears for Henri, founded on what had passed at the hermitage, Camilla chilled from head to foot; and as he tenderly drew her to his arms with inquiry if she were unwell, he felt her limbs vibrate against his. To his solicitude to know if she were well or unwell, she replied, that she was the former. Did you then know of this before? he asked. N-o-o! Ye-e-es! prevaricated



Camilla. At length, she decisively answered, Yes! And pray by what means? and who is the frail female? said Claudio. These interrogations renewed her disquietude to so alarming a degree, that the Cavalier neglected every concern that was not kindred to her welfare. Raising himself on the pillow, he half leant over her, and perceived by the moonlight, that her countenance was pale as ashes, and her eyes wet with tears. If sickness do not ail you, said he, you too deeply lament that Henri would in the least degenerate from the examples you have given him. Ah, returned she, you truly have guessed my complaint. Any one beside Claudio, would have suspected that he did not know it to its full extent; and that there existed some improper reservation on Camilla's side. As he was above deserving suspicion, so he was above suspecting; and persuaded how un-

grateful was the present subject to her he doated on, he silenced, and pressed her to his heart.

Many of the chief nobles being detained as guests in the Chateau, a multiplicity of entertainments occupied the three or four ensuing days. But the glories of the first day surpassed competition, and contrasted with them; what followed seemed insipid; wherefore, the visitors separated from their hosts with little regret on either part. Neither Claudio or Camilla participated much in these amusements. The latter confined herself sorrowfully to her chamber, whence her husband could with difficulty allure her, though he repeated the assurance that Henri inquired after her with an unceasing earnestness, that disproved his capability of ever conceiving a serious attachment to any female, who did not, in great measure, resemble her.

Camilla's face, neck, and even her arms, were scorched with blushes often as she was thus addressed, until Claudio on that account discontinued the defence of his friend, on whom he secretly thought she was unreasonably, though amiably severe. He was convinced that her sequestration from the latter part of the festivity, was the chief cause of its early dissolution; for Henri being quite spiritless during her absence, the visitors resented his neglect to them by an abrupt departure: his not opposing it was an incontestible proof in Claudio's opinion, that no woman among them possessed his real affections. Claudio therefore spared him on the affair at the hermitage, to which he never alluded without Henri's disclosing a terror, that conquered every effort to disguise it.

It was now decided that the Chevalier must make the tour of his various estates; a custom never omitted

by the heir de Souvricour on coming of age. When apprised how soon he would commence his journey, Camilla permitted his more frequent introduction into her company; but as neither of them could tolerate the other's glances, the moment of their separation seemed that of mutual relief. Claudio grieved to see them thus detached, and drawing Henri privately aside, he spoke to him what follows.

My dearest friend, as every human creature has indelible failings, I will not reprehend you, who are so young in wisdom, for that indecorum I discovered in the hermitage. Nay, do not fear that I will. But I have wished to tell you, that by some unlucky means, which I displease her by inquiring into, Camilla has from the first known of it. To her, therefore, must your submissions be made, for so warmly she has your welfare at heart, that your manifestation of the merest foible

pains her proportionably to the censure she testifies towards you. At present go; it is no unmanly derogation to humble yourself before a female. I will meantime draw off the attention of the Marquis, so that he do not remark your absence.

Claudio remained in this manner to entertain the Marquis three or four deserts successively, while Henri retired to Camilla's chamber in order to make his peace with her. Though their former amity was apparently restored, there subsisted symptoms in either of great disturbances of mind; for whenever Claudio met them after these interviews, he saw them to be much agitated, and their eyes galled with tears. Alas! he considered, How miserable is it for humanity, that its joys and its afflictions are growths of the same root! What could promise to produce better issues than my plan of Camilla educating Henri in

virtue? Yet does it now prove a source of disquietude to her, which no one might foresee; for so solicitous she is become in the undertaking, that I fear her happiness depends on its success. If thus sensibly she feel a slight infringement of her precepts, may she not be fatally affected by any of more importance? Alas! it requires no great shrewdness to prophecy, that unless Henri be happy, Camilla never will be contented, unless he be virtuous, she never will be blest. In this state are her dispositions at the very time when he is to be withdrawn from her care, and launched among parasites, whose interest it shall be to excite, and wantons, whose pleasure it will be to gratify his passions. This ominous journey now took place. Henri departed with a brilliant train that half depopulated the Chateau; and during his absence the command of the regiment devolved on Claudio.

Camilla gradually became so uncheerful and humorfome, that it required all Claudio's pity for the first to bear with the other. He perceived that she was unhappy, and soon he became hardly less so, for as the cause was secreted from him, he much feared that he were involved in it. Any idea was preferable to this, wherefore he considered whether the departure of Henri with his rich equipages, might not be so regretted by Camilla. Her disinclination to accompany him when he went abroad in so inferior a style, at first encouraged this conception; but he quickly dismissed it as injurious to that good sense he knew she possessed.

However, Claudio somewhat repented his acceptance of Henri's invitation, by which she was habituated to a mode of life he could not be able to support when abandoned to his own resources. He would not

permit himself to see that his comparative insignificance in the dignities of birth and fortune, dwindled him into a state of dependence, which, however it were unfelt by him, or unintended by the Chevalier, did not escape the worse than contempt of others. Yet he was much offended with the Marquis, whose haughtiness was ludicrously imitated by the different classes of domestics.

Letters were received from Henri, which stated his arrival at the eastern estate; a disobedience of which the Marquis heavily complained, though it appeared that the reasons of his prohibition were vague, if they proceeded from apprehension of his injury. Henri mentioned, that having apprised the hospitable Curé how bitterly Pierre's villany had caused him to repent the neglect of his advice on the last year's visit, the old man had told him, that that advice partly arose from his



suspicious of Pierre, whom he imagined was the same fellow that had formerly been pointed out to him, as the colleague of two disreputable men, who ostensibly subsisted by working a ferry on the neighbouring river; but whom report so far scandalized as to say, that although passengers might conveniently get across, yet their baggage was generally lightened by the way. Continued the Curé, I was not ignorant that a miscreant of that stamp often contrives to introduce himself into the retinue of a gentleman with some bad design: still as I saw that Pierre had gained a portion of your esteem, I did not feel justified by a mere surmise to dispossess him of it. Certainly, I could not conjecture that at that time he was meditating your destruction. Henri then resumed, that from what the Curé said, he ordered the two ferrymen to be apprehended. The severe in-

quisition they underwent, extorted from them the mystery of their connexion with the solitary Chateau ; which, according to their instructions, was easily rid of it's vile inmates, who combined with some spectral legends, had rendered it an object of terror to the surrounding country. On the clearest conviction of their unpardonable offences, he then directed the ferryman and his son to be executed with the rest. His letter concluded with mentioning that of Julian no tidings of any nature could be gained.

It was soon evidenced that Henri's exertions were not entirely of the tendency he described ; for four days ensuing his letter came one from the Curé, in which he respectfully represented to the Marquis, that the vassals at that estate were unanimously so enraged against Henri for his debaucheries among their wives and daughters, that unless he voluntarily and betimes

withdrew, it was probable that the issue of his visit would be unpleasant, perhaps dangerous. He likewise censured the Chevalier for giving entertainment to an itinerant Friar, who already had attained an ascendancy in his retinue, which might be used to evil designs. In consequence of this the Marquis dispatched a mandate of recall to his son. To Claudio the miserable father returned for confidence and comfort, of which his wants increased proportionably to the daily decline of his own energies. Though the Cavalier respected him as an elder, he little affected him as a friend, with which title he never endued any man beside Henri, of whose faultiness he now heard with a regret so sincere, that it disabled him from consoling the Marquis. His consideration too was much engrossed by his study how to conceal all from Camilla: yet he had cause to fear that the infamy eluded his

prevention, for Camilla visibly matured in that dolor, which originated in Henri's first defection from her examples. So unsocial was she become, and so dispirited the Marquis, that from his regiment could the Cavalier only hope to derive the least entertainment. The bitterer was his disappointment when he proved the officers bent on thwarting him in every step he took. As all of them were gentlemen of the Marquisate, who prided themselves on their feudal kindred to the family de Souvricour, the lowest was esteemed a more respectable competitor for the commission, than the Cavalier, whom they affected to despise as an ignoble Italian, once their captive ; while the sincere motive of their hatred was his introduction over all their heads, at a time they were assured of a general promotion. So unseasonable an incorporation turned out unhappily to Claudio, for although he possessed too

much gallantry is there avowed aggression, yet, in the present case, the officers being all conjunctive in the mortification, were so in its revenge: wherefore, at table, he was often reduced to the disagreeable necessity of individually flaming a torrent of provocation, which howsoever he would wish, he dared not chastize, as it came disguised in hints, allusions, jests, and other warranted treacheries, by which a man feels himself stabbed in a hundred sensibilities, yet refrains from challenging the poinard of his antagonist, on account of the derision attached to a confession that he is touched. But when another is so resolute in this kind of intellectual assassination, that on every occasion he sophisticates the style of genteel raillery to the purposes of malice and provocation, it shall prove that, in a short time, he will so far overstep the protecting limits of courtesy, as to incur the due punish-

ment. This was early the case with the offenders of Claudio, who throughout was injured by their ill manners more than by their meanings, which were incomprehensible to him, although they appeared to exult in the audacious frankness of their expression.

It was at dinner one day, that an unreigned malevolence urged the conversation subsequently described. A young officer mentioned his receipt of letters from Paris : he detailed much of their intelligence, of which the chief was a near prospect of an imperial war. Thence it happened that military concerns were discussed ; especially the purchases of commissions. A superior officer was quite inflated with the insolence he meditated to utter, for directing him to the young subaltern, " Ha," said he, " did not your letters tell how whimsical is the new coin for which commissions are to be vended ? " hey Ravillion !" " Not a syllable,"

was replied with a surprise which, unless sincere, was inimitably affected. "On my honour that is strange as the thing itself, said the first; which of all the things I ever knew is the strangest. Surely it is matter of fact what I will now tell you; which you will know for such when I sharpen your apprehension. Empty your glasses then, and hearken! Well, I am informed, that it only requires a mutual understanding between the feller and the buyer in these affairs, to dispense entirely with money of gold, or silver, and to make a mint of nature, by substituting her productions of flesh and blood!" "Excellent!" was exclaimed by all. "Ay," resumed the other, "but then to insure a currency, it must be stamped with dark eyes and shady lids, hair with roguish curls, lips that pout, teeth that shine, dimpled cheeks and chin; in short an effigy, complete

" in all points, of a charming woman.  
 " Such is the price some men pay for  
 " their commissions, which, tho' pri-  
 " vately obtained, are publicly scanda-  
 " lous." " Pshaw," adjoined another;  
 " let us be more merciful in allowing,  
 " that, in this case, a woman must be  
 " her husband's only estate." " And  
 " who the devil would desire a better?"  
 cried a third. " Sincerely as I abhor  
 " the springes of matrimony, I'd noose  
 " myself without the hesitation of an  
 " instant, could I hope to discover in  
 " my wife a mine of wealth and dig-  
 " nity. Gad, I'd from her to adven-  
 " tures, as are foreign mines : I'd make  
 " her current : I'd put her out to inter-  
 " est with a most usurious ambition of  
 " Captaincies, Colonelships, and Gene-  
 " rals' truncheons. Be these ever the  
 " children she brought to me ! for a  
 " thousand fold are they preferable to  
 " brats of boys, who becoming men a  
 " father hates to see, or mawks of girls, .



" who till they are women are good for  
 " nothing but to look on. Where be  
 " the scruples? a soldier on becom-  
 " ing one weds himself to fortune, and  
 " whatsoever wife he thereafter takes,  
 " is no other than a harlot. What say  
 " you, Colonel, to this?

" I disagree from your argument,"  
 said Claudio; " which I do not think  
 " can too severely be reprobated."

" No marvel," was returned; " for  
 " being previously wedded to Donna  
 " Camilla, thence it may be inferred  
 " that your union with our army is  
 " adulterous, therefore illegitimate.  
 " True!" replied the superior officer,  
 " 'tis arrant bigamy, by which we  
 " are made panders to a military whore-  
 " dom. I beseech then you will ac-  
 " quiesce with me in divorcing this  
 " gentleman from our society." " We  
 " all do!" was unanimously exclaim-  
 ed. " Henceforth," said the officer,  
 " be his presence indifferent to us, as

" is his absence. No longer we will  
" be commanded by Colonel Camilla."

After a farewell glance of scornful defiance, he averted his head from Claudio, on whom the rest likewise turned their backs. This contumely broke through any pretence of mirth or humor; so that Claudio shocked and exasperated to the highest pitch, no longer abstained from vengeance on the principal perpetrator. Snatching his sword, he bounded from his seat, and met him face to face. The officer was allowed no longer a time than what sufficed for his disposition in a posture of defence: half a dozen thrusts were then exchanged in a rapid celerity that prevented interference before the latter received Claudio's blade through his sword arm. By the extraordinary effusion of blood of the deepest die, it was undoubted that some material vein was pierced. It really was the case; for the sufferer was

soon mortified by surgical intelligence, that his arm were stiffened in its functions for life. Claudio felt that it was his duty to order the mutinous officer under arrest; which was accordingly done; for the other officers, although they never could have a greater will, were too much awed to oppose it. After this assertion of his authority, he addressed a general reprimand, and quitted the place resolute never to re-enter it.

As the Chevalier was abroad, he forthwith repaired to the Marquis; before whom he exposed the writings of his commission, and requested him to witness his solemn abdication of it, in consequence of the envy that was induced by its possession. As the old man only cared for Claudio when he needed his services, his present wish to mortify him was not under any moral restraint. He ironically praised his prudence in relinquishing a rank,

which he had all along thought it was a pity that he had ever been persuaded to accept, as it was evident the greatest abilities could not atone for penury and plebeianism in the opinions of the officers of the regiment. He concluded—"The officer, Don Claudio, whom you have imprisoned, is a gentleman of birth and fortune; reasons why you should submit to his humour, as, I am sorry to remark, you are undistinguished in either. As you have resigned all power or interest in the concerns of the regiment, it should not offend you that my care for its prosperity move me to order his freedom. Your commission justly descends to him, and for too long a time he has been debarred from his right: but the investiture shall be delayed no longer than till my son's arrival."

The Marquis acted up to his word,

while Claudio mustered spirits to defend his state, and censure its reproach. A discourse, bordering on disputation, sprung up between them; in the course of which the Cavalier was hurried by his indignation into predicaments, at which the Marquis levelled so much contempt, that he found himself obligated in the issue to clear his hints by candidly avowing the ambiguity of that ignoble parentage so much contemned. This produced the long concealed circumstance of his possible kindred to Julian. The Marquis sat statue-like during the revelation, his only sign of animation a spontaneous effusion of tears. Having concluded, the Cavalier was much affrighted to behold him silent and motionless, with no other evidences of life than those which, usually, are symptomatic of its termination: as a laborious respiration, unfixed features damp and various, eyes in a prominent stare, yet

senseless of intelligence or sight. He loudly invoked assistance, and stretched forth his hand critically to preserve the Marquis from the floor, on which he was declining with many tokens of an apoplectic fit.

Without delay he was transported to his chamber, and instant remedies administered to him by Geoffrey, who, among his other qualifications for confidential servitude, possessed some medical knowledge. He was zealously obeyed by the servants, in whose esteem he held a high distinction, which was insured by his mildness and integrity, although the intimacy with his lord, from which it had originated, apparently was in the wane. But there were reasons why it could never expire ; wherefore, in these exigences, Geoffrey became paramount over the household. Applications suitable and incessant restored the Marquis to his senses ; but when he opened his eyes it seemed as

though a monstrous vision shocked them, for they reclosed to exclude it. It was supposed the concourse around tended to his discomposure; accordingly they were ordered to retire, except two or three of requisite attendance. But the subsequent emotions of the Marquis apprised Claudio that he was the odious object; he therefore quitted the chamber, mentally deploring an animosity, so strong as to declare itself amid the pains of sickness.

The more he lamented the present division with the Marquis, as he had hoped to obtain by him that insight into the extraction of Julian, which might serve to solve the mystery of his own. But it appeared that eternal ignorance was his fate, since his mere confession that Julian had asserted their consanguinity, involved him a partner in that abhorrence with which the Marquis regarded the former. The apprehension of this consequence hi-

thereto had silenced his tongue on the subject; perhaps ever would, had he not so grossly been provoked. If his disposition had been vindictive, it were now gratified, for palpable 'twas that he had shocked some passion, on which the very existence of the Marquis was hinged: as the latter had been valetudinarian for long, it was most likely that he was now in extreme danger.

While Claudio thus reflected, there crossed him one of the domestics he had left behind in the sick room. He answered the Cavalier that Geoffery was individually chambered with the Marquis, who had commanded the absence of every other person. Claudio regretted his exclusion from the privacy of what was discoursed between them, as he doubted not that, in the contrary case, he could have heard the elucidation of those circumstances, as yet inscrutable to his keenest shrewdness. With this lamentation he paced the



hall; for from Geoffery he had little hope to extract the secret, as the old man latterly had conducted himself in a cold and distant manner, altogether dissimilar from the attachment he aforetime manifested. This versatility Claudio attributed to humorfome old age, and studied to indulge it, howsoever it hurt him.

The Cavalier heard footsteps unsteadily approaching; and turning his eyes whither they came, he beheld the subject of his reverie. Geoffery's exterior bore the signs of affliction mingled with horror; and soon as he spake, it appeared that his mind was even more perturbed. After regarding the Cavalier as if he were undeterminate whether he were human or spectral, he succeeded in articulating, "Alas! "Signor! the Chateau no longer is a "residence for you."

"Hath the Marquis so decided?" said Claudio angrily.

Geoffery sighed and answered, "Heaven hath: and Heaven you venture, if here you stay."

Claudio repeated, "But the Marquis, hath he"—He was interrupted by the old man, who half knelt to persuade him to leave the Chateau. The Chevalier was amazed at his importunate entreaties, and asked, Wherefore should he leave the Chateau? "I dare not answer: indeed! indeed! I dare not," replied Geoffery. "To answer would be to perjure me, and distract you. On my knees, I beseech you to go: a curse, a damning curse, falls on your head, each moment that you stay: on Donna Camilla's too, the worst of curses, if ever again she is seen by the Chevalier."

"Base deceit!" cried Claudio. "I see how much the Marquis apprehends my possession of his son's esteem, since he be thus politic to part us. Answer him for me, No!

"I will not sacrifice a friend to his caprice. Nor will I go, till so it will please me; being his son's guest, not his."

"Ah, me!" continued Geoffery, "Tis not that the Marquis thus commands; I left him entranced betwixt life and death. 'Tis not that any one commands you; you have too great a right to abide in this Chateau: yet 'tis that right, that wondrous shocking right, necessitates your departure."

"I am not to be juggled," said Claudio. "Give me your reasons for this advice: perhaps they may become mine for following it."

Geoffery appeared to toil with agony: cried he, "Oh, that God would deign to convince you by a miracle! for more plainly speak I neither can, nor dare, nor will. Yet is not this miracle evident in me? Can you still think my tongue and limbs could

" falter, my eyes half heave from their  
" sockets, these few grey hairs rise  
" with the strength of youth, were all  
" the cause my craft directed by the  
" Marquis's adversity? Oh, fatal mis-  
" take of me, your first of friends!  
" who step forth to rescue you from  
" what you know not; from what you  
" never may suspect; unless becoming  
" criminal to Heaven, Heaven punish  
" you with the discovery. Do not  
" turn from me; although the past  
" cannot be undone, the future may  
" be prevented. Obey me then! obey  
" your Saviour who speaks through me.  
" I presently do dispatch couriers to  
" the Chevalier, and likewise to a  
" celebrated physician. Await not the  
" arrival of the former—he is—ah!  
" what shall I say?—Henri"  
" Well, what is Henri?  
" Your chief evil, whereas he should  
" be your chief good."  
" Impious calumniator!"

Geoffery positively yelled the following words:—"Your incredulity makes me frantic. Hear me once again! I swear by all that is holy and divine! 'tis more than fit you go! I call the blessed Jesus to witness, that 'tis more than fit you go!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Chevalier; "the Marquis could not have appointed a more accomplished ambassador."

"Do you deride me? imagine me a player with the names of the Omnipotent and his Messiah? Call to them, yourself, a few days hence; as I am a sinner, they'll not hearken to you, who are deaf to me. You are in hell, yet believe it not! How many hath disbelief brought to the same pass? I shriek it to your ears. You are in hell, yet believe it not! You are lost to Heaven and earth! You'll ail, you'll die, you'll burn; burn you shall, and then you'll think on me."

The consequence of this passionate extravagance was a violent hæmorrhage from the nostrils, which much alarmed the servants, who were collected by the last exclamations. Notwithstanding his fortitude Claudio was so much deranged by this interview, that the servants, judging by his discomposure, attributed Geoffery's bleeding nose to an angry blow from him. Nor were they undeceived by the sufferer himself; for soon as he was enabled by styptics to speak without imbibing his own blood, he positively directed them, by force, if necessary, to banish that Italian from the Chateau. To the executors of this presumptive command the Cavalier opposed a sword so skilfully handled, that they were glad to refrain, and let him walk at liberty into the garden, near which vestibule the foregoing scene occurred. Claudio's amazement was so great, as, for a time to absorb his indignation; for while he reflected on the mysteries

that befel him.—Camillas mental indisposition—the Marquis's bodily one—the audacity of the officers—and the madness of Geoffery—while he reflected that each of these misfortunes seemed to spring from some circumstance in his own person, he began to dread himself for his worst enemy ; yet was he unconscious of any crime, or any demerit, that could induce such mis-treatment. Wherefore he resolved, notwithstanding Geoffery's prayers, to stay till Henri arrived ; before whom he would then represent his wrongs and his wrongers, and require that satisfaction, which is the duty of an host responsible for the welfare of his guest.

It was evening, when a noise in the court yard gave Claudio some surprise, which was considerably increased when he learned that the Chevalier was come. Submissive to the Marquis's recall, he was nearly at the end of his journey homeward, when met by the dispatch

from Geoffery ; in consequence he outstripped the majority of his suite, and shortly arrived at the Chateau. Before the Cavalier could descend to greet him, he passed to his father's chamber ; wherein, after a short discourse with Geoffery, he inclosed himself without a companion. As Claudio wished to see his dear friend, he walked up and down the corridor to which the chamber communicated, vigilant that Henri might not come out unobserved. In a little time, issued shrieks mixed with incomprehensible speech of the Marquis's utterance. The Cavalier chilled with horror ; when, a minute or two afterwards, forth rushed Henri, his aspect pale, and his limbs nerveless, Claudio advanced to support him, but shrunk soon as he descried drops of blood on his hands. Henri stayed him from entering the room, and with much trepidation avowed that he had been affrighted from it by the Marquis, who



had suddenly awoke in convulsions so outrageous, that from the quantity of blood he vomited, it was to be supposed a blood vessel was fractured. The terror so manifest in Henri, awed Claudio from entering, more than any detention by force; until the name of Julian, among other outcries from the Marquis, was an irresistible inducement, as he thought it possible, that a single word, or hint, might hit the spring of the concealment in which were his fortunes hid, and bare them at once to his view.

With this idea he intruded the chamber, but quickly repented his temerity, for, half risen on the bed, appeared the Marquis, so covered with blood that he looked all one wound. His contest with death was personified by attitudes and gesticulations, that denoted how dreadful was the strife; and he could not have battled harder had he possessed a youthful tenacity to life. But much

as his body endured, his soul seemed to suffer more ; for additional cares and pains to those attending the separation tortured it. He acted as though all the horrors of his former experience were congregated in that extremity, to make their farewell trial on him ; as though Julian, who had prevented his happy life, likewise prevented his peaceable death ; by past impressions less than by present action, for he called on his name, pointed him out, followed him with his eyes so confidently, that Claudio grew infected with Henri's terror, that all was not a vacuity whither the Marquis so gazed ; it being traditional that the approach of death relieves the sight, and gifts it to behold what is else imperceptible. This superstition so powerfully operated upon his fancy, that when he wished to disbelieve that a being substantial, although invisible, hovered about him, he suffered himself to be persuaded of it by the direction of

the dying man's looks. He flunk from the scene, of which he was convinced all the horrors were not apparent ; and left the poor Marquis addressing prayers to God, and deprecations to Julian.

Already were the household alarmed by these exclamations, among which murder was heard, gathered around Henri, who interdicted their entrance, and opposed the positive Geoffery. Just as the Cavalier hurried forth with looks of contagious fear, appeared a servant to announce the physician sent for by Geoffery. Henri severely reprimanded the old man's officiousness, and prohibited the physician's entrance, for he said, I have a friend coming of so much skill, that he will administer to my father devotionally and medicinally as his extremity requires. At that critical moment a friar was said to be arrived, whom Henri acknowledged to be that friend, and whom Claudio apprehended to be the same decried by the

Curé in his letter of complaint. He was retiring, when there ascended the steps down which he was going, the Benedictine, in whose features, as far as a close drawn scapulary would permit observation, he identified much resemblance to the apostate Hildebrand. The sight of a spectre could not produce more amazement than did this living man ; from whom Claudio, at first, was prompt to run, and warn the Chevalier, as from an insidious villain : but a hope that he might be mistaken, restrained him, and directed him to his own chamber, where he passed the night in sleepless reflection. In early morning he was apprised of the death of the Marquis, for which Henri and the religionist had prepared him with all the formalities prescribed in the Romish ritual. They had spent the night in his chamber, to which Claudio hastened that he might console his friend. He found him busied about the body with a filial exclu-

quietude. This concurring with his heartfelt unwillingness to go, retained him more effectually than all the temptations and arguments of Henri, who, shocked at his mention of departure, the surer to prevent it, refused to confirm his abdication of the commission : a step, however, in which Claudio was so sincere, that he declined to prosecute the mutinous Officer, which was his indispensable duty, did he adhere to the regiment. Neither, in this instance, did Henri shew himself an advocate for severity ; though, with regard to the domestics, he was very liberal in his offers of their punishment. But Claudio entreated silence on the subject, for he felt ashamed to debate on afflicting others, justly though it were, in a house hung with funeral ensigns : he likewise was aware, that as the officer would pass unpunished, how plausibly the scandalous and the malignant might accuse him of delighting in an inferior revenge.

He gave his anger time to blow over, and soon became inconsiderate of all respecting Geoffery, but his former services; and of the others, except to despise them.

His suspicions of the Monk, were not equally conquerable: accordingly, he communicated them to Henri. The latter did not attend to them with his usual complacency, he depreciated them as unreasonable, and resented them as grounded on a supposition that he could be so completely imposed on. Though Claudio saw that the idea offended him, yet, persuaded how important was the case, he particularly urged it, till the petulant Henri, resolved to convince him of his error, ordered Father Anselm to be called. When he was entered, the Chevalier, as if nothing had passed, but in a careless manner, several times questioned him concerning his former life; to which the Priest replied with an ingenuous

assurance, that totally discredited the Cavalier's apprehension, whose only resource was to accuse him of inimitable effrontery.

Well then, cried Henri, there only remains for me to have him cast from the Chateau, that he may starve, hang, or drown, because nature hath given him a face, to which that of a villain is not unlike. This seasonable passion was effectual on Claudio, who objected to its fulfillment; for being uncertain of the imposture, his humanity could not allow the expulsion of a man possibly innocent. In more instances than one, these passionate eruptions overcame the arguments of the Cavalier, who peaceably resigned his cause on condition that Henri would his anger. Thus by degrees he sunk beneath the tyranny of the Chevalier, which was the more sure, as it was unexercised till resisted; and it then oftentimes assumed the form of upbraidings, lamentations, and other

signs of injured friendship. Although unamiable qualities were developed by Henri each succeeding day, Claudio was not at liberty to remark them, being entirely engrossed by Camilla, whose sentiments, habits, and appearance, were so marvelously changed, that the whole Chateau was struck with amazement. It was a constant theme of discourse among the domestics; but seldom with their masters; for Henri feeling a consciousness of guilty implication in the mysterious cause, retired whenever it was discussed: even if her name were mentioned before him, he appeared to be forsaken by his native confidence.

No more would Camilla ride abroad with him in state; unto the delightful garden she ceased to descend; a terrace that ran before her apartments being the confine of her exercise, from whence she punctually retired, were any one of the domestics impertinent enough



to gaze on her. It was generally allowed that her person having run through all the graceful degrees of *en bon point*, had buried its chief symmetries in a lustiness acquired by sloth and inactivity. Her former pleasure to embellish and attire it, no longer was believed to exist, as the present inelegance of her appearance was greatly ascribable to a graceless and flatteringly fashion of apparel. In a word, she exhibited that strange phenomenon, a woman out of favor with herself. Her grief visibly preyed on her health, for her walk was infirm, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes were bleached; and the only signs of their past brilliancy were flashes of an anguish bordering on despair. Claudio beheld her woes without liberty to attempt their alleviation. She only distinguished him from the rest by a more vehement interdiction from her society: her days and

nights being spent in a monotonous seclusion within her chamber.

One day, the Cavalier, after a long and indecisive loitering before her lodgings, ventured to enter them unannounced. The motion of some one retiring, attracted him to a pretty boudoir, wherein Camilla was accustomed to practise her drawing, needle-work, and other accomplishments. It was devoid of her, whom he wished to see; but contained an object, of all the most unlooked for. On the easel was rested a portrait of Henri, which bore traces of recent workmanship. Though incomplete, the resemblance was striking, and favourable enough to evince the artist was not an impartial one. He was dressed in a military garb, and his figure was endued with a martial and courteous air, skilfully executed. Claudio at sight praised the likeness, and esteemed the flattery. He reflected, that Camilla to comfort herself for the evil

relapse of Henri, had designed his picture with all the exterior attributes of that virtue, she so vainly had endeavoured to inculcate into his mind. Claudio honored the sensibility which could derive consolation from a shadow, and unwilling she should find herself discovered, he softly retreated when he he heard her approach,

In a little while he re-entered. Camilla then was present, but so intently engaged, that she did not perceive him, till he was come near enough to identify that it was his own portrait, at which she was labouring on the same easel, where, but a minute or two before, stood that of Henri. Her privilege to withhold whatever she pleased, Claudio on this occasion felt inclined to question; for beside that he feelingly suffered the slightest exclusion from her confidence, he thought the exchange of pictures was not altogether blameless of deceit. But this was not the only

motive of chagrin, for it could not escape him how inferior was the execution of his own portrait to that of the Chevalier, which, indeed was done in a masterly style, and proportionably, that it surpassed what could be expected from Camilla, a dilettante in the art, evidenced how unsparing were her pains on that subject. It had appeared to Claudio more like the work of an accomplished painter, who knew how to favour a countenance without adonizing any particular feature, or, when so obliged, could allay the flattering touches with some striking points of resemblance. Whereas his own was comparatively so faint, that it seemed designed for no other purpose than its present disingenuous use. The jealousy that nature conceives without the warrant of will, Claudio was too noble to cherish : he strangled it in its birth, and, strange to say, his only exception against Henri was thus expressed, How pitia-

ble is that young man whose faults necessitate my Camilla to stoop to artifice, rather than she will be ashamed in the discovery of her friendly attachment to him! Yet it appeared that Henri did not relax his devotions to her, for several times he was met by Claudio in the vicinities of her apartments, whence he seemed to have issued.

About a month was elapsed since the decease of the Marquis, without an occurrence to enliven the gloom diffused by that mournful event throughout the Chateau. One evening at the expiration of that time, Henri and Claudio were arm in arm ranging about the gardens. They had dined in unusual spirits, and having tried every topic of friendly conversation, at length discoursed on literature. This subject Henri ever before had avoided as one calculated to expose his ignorance; but now to Claudio's surprise, he sought it,

and in the end rapturously spoke of a little tale, which had interested him to copy it. He drew the manuscript from his pocket, and commenced its loud perusal with the demeanor of a young and diffident author on the communication of a maiden work. Having inspired Claudio with a high anticipation of its merits, he felt himself amenable for any blemish that were discoverable, as it would infer an oversight in his judgment.

### THE GUILT OF FRIENDSHIP.

The chief bonds of union among the human kind are Consanguinity, Love, and Friendship. Of these the last mentioned stands first in purity and constancy. If it be granted, that the rites of marriage combine man and woman in one flesh, be it likewise admitted, that the congenialities of friendship combine man and man in one soul: how sublime the idea, that such friend-

ship being founded on the immortal part of ourselves, shall exist to all eternity! Though Consanguinity be admitted into the argument, in nowise is it comparable to friendship; brothers in blood are brothers in birth; brothers in mind are brothers in creation. As much is the one superior to the other, as is the God to the Mother. Between Love and Friendship then remains the strife, and thus it is arraigned.

Love at best cannot be pure: it possesses us through our senses and is contaminated by the way. Friendship is friendship only when pure; for then a man feels himself at heart, without necessity of obscene organization. Love is not exclusively a human characteristic; Friendship is, it being unfelt by brutes. Love is despotic. Friendship voluntary. Love unmans. Friendship deifies. Love is often stated as the motive of a sin. Friendship hath

motives to make a sin a virtue. Love is often complained of, because the object be unworthy. Friendship is of that divine nature, it cannot exist without mutual worthiness, to which it tends by sharpening the observation of each to the other's faults : thus it removes the disadvantage of self-ignorance by enabling one friend to view himself with the other's eyes, and forwards that reformation for which many are desirous though unwise how to commence.

Friendship and Love are adverse as can be a sentiment and a passion ; and the most dangerous ascendency of love is, that it ruins in minutes what friendship erects in years. Thus womankind, whose attribute is love, are commonly the bane of friendship ; their insensibility of which one to another, is the strongest argument among the Mahometans, of their exclusive formation for sensual gratifications. One instance is here presented of Love and Consanguini-



nity allied against Friendship. It will be seen that the latter is of so impetuous a nature, man of so imbecile an one, that unless he philosophically rein it, it will hurry him by honest paths to the gale of evil.

However heroic were the ancient ties of friendship recorded by historians, and embellished by poets, they did not surpass those which subsisted between the Sicilian, Manfred, and the Frenchman, Clothaire. Alexander, Brutus, Orestes, to Hephestion, Cassius, and Pylades, never felt more; perhaps not so much. They were independent in their amities, whereas Manfred, the noble and magnificent, had to combat his own patriotism and prejudices, others vengeance and reproaches. Congenialities of sentiment, habit, disposition, of all save nativity and age, in the latter of which Manfred was a few years senior, had straightened them in the closest alliance about the time when

the tyrannous oppression of Clothaire's countrymen provoked the Sicilians to massacre whom they could not conquer. Streets were paved with carcases; mansions were washed from the veins of their masters; beds became the biers of those who reposed on them; altars were begirt with slaughtered fugitives; while Romish priests solved the perplexity of transubstantiation, by administering the sacrament mixed with the vital gore of him who received it. Historians have faithfully told the horrid procedure, save in one instance. Every Frenchman was not slain. The reeking brand that Manfred waved, was not, as others deemed, empurpled with the blood of his favorite guest; it wore the blood of a kinsman, who had attempted Clothaire's assassination. Rolando, Manfred's own brother, endeavored this violation of hospitality. Manfred opposed him. Nor was Clothaire less magnanimous, for to pacify the fra-


ternal strife he several times submitted himself a voluntary victim. Rollando persisted, and Manfred slew him. Conscience never visited him with signs of disapprobation ; and when the bloody storm was blown over, he withdrew to a country residence ; there he brought forth his hitherto sequestered friend, and resumed with him their former life of reciprocal pleasure. Thus was Consanguinity vanquished by Friendship, against which love now entered the lists.

Manfred was married, and was happy. His wife was of patrician birth : she was more delicate than majestic, more alluring than beautiful, most dangerous in that the less she awed the eye, the more she interested the heart. Her manners were regulated by graceful accomplishments ; but her mind was richer in genius than science. Her name was melodious and classical : it was Aura. She loved her husband, and fiercely was beloved by

him : he admired Clothaire, and devoutly was venerated in return. So proceeded matters for a time.

Towards sunset Manfred departed for Messina, three leagues distant from which his villa stood. As he crossed the exterior court, he noticed Clothaire sauntering beneath the piazza, so occupied in mind, that his martial walk was irregular and indirect. Manfred cried out to him, What can be the subject of thy meditations? Clothaire crimsoned with shame and confusion. Manfred for the first time discerned expressions so faulty on the handsome aspect of his friend, and his concern caused him to reflect them. After a minute's silence, he observed, that the business on which he was going, would detain him throughout the night. Clothaire started, and the border of a letter peered from his bosom. Manfred hailed the sign, and charged his friend with love. Clothaire was still more and more discomposed;

wherefore Manfred, convinced that matters were too serious to be jested on, raised his hands to Heaven, and besought it to propitiate the woman Clothaire loved to his suit. My friend, concluded he, can affluence compensate for your adverse nativity in your fair mistress's eyes, induce her to yonder turret; then assure her that far as her sight can particularize objects, extends your demesne: ay, my Clothaire, for your's it is so long as 'tis mine. At that moment Aura's personal page run precipitately forward. His errand was to Clothaire exclusively, for he staggered at sight of Manfred, whom he had presumed was advanced on his journey. Manfred demanded his purpose. After hesitating and prevaricating for some time, the page expressed Aura's entreaties of Clothaire's company in her evening chamber. Said Manfred, You shall go, for clearly now I see that Aura is a confidant in your love; and



wisely have you chosen, for she has wisdom to advise and tenderness to soothe. Yet both are so perturbed of late, that I dread your cause go not well. Ah, why should I chide you for secreting it from me? being assured your friendship wishes to spare my sympathy in your sorrows. Thus affectionately spake the self-deceiver, convinced how rightly he conjectured by the successive blushes of his friend. Notwithstanding the latter's reluctance, Manfred convoyed him to the corridor that terminated at Aura's chamber door, wherein Clothaire being entered, he returned, and rode from the gates.

Aura's apartment was calculated to inspire effeminate sensations, for each luxurious art had been assailed to perfect it. At present it was converted into a flowery and aromatic arbour by the profusion of plants, that were wound through the lattice work, and otherwise disposed. Tender and fragile as

a heaven-formed nymph, appeared the lovely mistress confronted by Clothaire. With a timid voice she thanked him for his punctuality. Manfred brought me hither, replied Clothaire: we met shortly after my receipt of your letter. Aura drooped at this intelligence, terror-struck that the virtuous Clothaire had betrayed her fatal passion for him. But he calmed her by detailing what had passed; particularly Manfred's behaviour when the page so inopportunately intruded to repeat the invitation.

Miserable, miserable woman! sighed Aura. Miserable in such a husband, so amiable! so magnanimous! Ah! would I had died ere his incessant eulogies of thee, sweet Clothaire! his modest preference of thy character to his own, had thus inflamed me with a dishonourable passion. Dishonourable is a worldly word, and full of error: my passion yet is virtuous, for it originated in the love of virtue.

Then permit not vice to alloy it, rejoined Clothaire. For long I have endured your prayers, your beseechings, and allurements. Longer, alas! I cannot: my youth undermines my fortitude. Aura, I confess myself at your mercy; generously extend it, and have pity, pity on a man whose nature is rebellious to his principles. I kneel and implore thee, fair Aura! save Clothaire, and save thyself. Let us quit this darksome chamber, and seek the modest light; we are not stone that we may tamper with temptation so.

You hate me.

Alas, Aura! too true it is thou livest in my heart; but Manfred is in my soul.

Heaven be witness, wert thou other than his wife, I would love thee as a woman: being as thou art I adore thee as an angel.

I cease to be his wife! cried Aura, and unringed her wedded finger. Thus



I divorce myself, for thine, thine I will be Clothaire.

Never in this world, Aura.

Thou art all to me ; beyond thee I know no world, the lovmad woman raved. Gods ! did I confide in doctrines of transmigration, would I not slay this afflicted being, hopeful to revive in horse, or dog, or hawk, or any animal, so I might be preferred to thy use ; to gaze, to touch, to think on thee, without a crime. After a necessary pause for tears—Yet more you favour these your animals than me so exalted in God's creation : and from whom else this passion ? I neither fought, desired, or created it. You say you sent them not, yet came fascination from your eye, infection in your breath. What despotises in my heart, and devastates my frame, you cannot think I contrived ? This pulse does not boil by my will ; this skin parch, or this flesh waste. Sleep, food and occu-

passion, are lost to me. I move a ghost of life, and so thou fearest to clasp a skeleton in thine arms. Ah me, thou hast too much reason, for death is suitor to me with more success than I to thee.

Clothaire noted her fragile form worn by desire, to a spiritual fleshlessness; and her pellucid veins, through which the impetuous passion gushed: he mentally acknowledged her words were true, but silent stood, while sobs, and sighs, and groans, ensued them. At length, she renewed with a solemn voice, Go! go, man, inhuman in thy virtue! Go and boast thou canst perpetrate virtuous murder; for by to-morrow's dawn shall Aura's soul visit thee with gratitude for thy cruelty to this poor body: prosper it as it so intends!

Ah! unhappy Manfred!

Name him not. Think of him but to this purpose; whether it were better he should bewail my untimely death, or

enjoy my happy existence unknowing of its terms.

Why does not a virtuous will insure a virtuous infallibility? then could not Clothaire have fallen to this vicious practice; then could he not so notably have atchieved the guilty triumph of friendship. Friendship made Manfred a Fratricide, Clothaire an Adulterer.

Of all the vicissitudes in the human mind, that produced by the gratification of criminal love is the most sudden and complete. The rising sun beheld Clothaire leap with remorse and abhorrence from the couch of the polluted Aura, and rush down to bury himself in the privacies of the garden. In vain she followed; he outstript her with a speed that almost preserved his feet unwetted by the dew. Prone on the pavement of a grotto he dashed himself; a bed the harder to his limbs, as they just were arisen from one of the softest down. His inflamed eyes and cheeks

intemperately flushed, denoted the excesses of the night ; his groans and contortions a soul-torturing repentance. At length, considerate that unrestrained grief added folly to wickedness, he arose, and strove to recollect his routed thoughts. He felt, that were the conscience local as the crime, from Sicily he would flee to the utmost limits of the world. He gnashed his teeth, and blasphemed heaven for allowing man the power to enact a guilt, immediate remorse could not undo. Why, said he, is there the possibility of murdering life or chastity ? when neither can the veins be replenished with vital blood, or sluiced of the contamination they imbibe. Whither should he flee, and to whom ? himself, his sinful self, still would accompany him. Accustomed on every occasion to consult with Manfred, that habit asserted itself in his present calamity. Manfred ! Manfred ! burst from his agonized heart ;

a name, at once, his dread and love ; a man, whose counsel he so much needed, as for a moment to forget the cause was his dishonor. Thus his mind argued. I have committed a heinous crime in the eyes of the world ; Manfred, only, of all the world, can appreciate my motives. What if to him I rush, and humbling my inferior nature before his feet, exclaim, Friend ! to thee I am come to make confession of that unknown to all save God ; of that which God will not forgive unless thou dost ! Thy wife hath listened to thy praises of me, I to thine of her, till forgetful of thee who made them, we thought but of each other. Think the worst, still will the worst fall short of truth. So I will speak without self defence, since that would deeper criminate the woman who has seduced me. Then should the Roman heroism supercede Sicilian prejudices, and he exclaim ; thy crime ceasing to be a crime when I approve it, rise to my

heart, O Clothaire! as Cato shared his wife, so will I mine, that she may become our additional bond of union! Blisful words! to which I would reply, Brother in thy love, well as friendship, I wed myself to Aura, and to thee. Saints! if ever you shall foreknow my heart inclined to acknowledge other friend or other wife, strike me in that instant dead, that so I may escape the atrocious fact. Ah! but should the doating husband give birth to the jealous avenger, and he unrip my bosom with his poinard? why then my heart will bound to clog the point, and my eyes rejoice over the shedding of my blood, as expiatory of its intemperance. Yet that is a fearful point, for wilfully to rush on death is inexcusable self-murder. Shall I conceal my crime? but will not such concealment hazard its repetition? men are prompt to pleasant sins, and from a first error sophisticate an excuse for a second, that fe-

cond conduces to a third, a third to a fourth, till habit conquer principle, and the original blot spread a general blackness over the soul. Beside, ought I to endanger its discovery by menials, when my fears withhold it from him? To subject him to scoffs, and know myself the cause while he unsuspectingly laments them to me? O God! decide me now! that I may not include treachery in my wickedness.

Just then the blithesome bugle announced Manfred's approach, who so early was returned to surprize his wife in her chamber. O God! decide me now! repeated the unhappy Clothaire. After a moment of terrible indecision whether he should not shiver his head against the rifts of the grotto, thus he avowed the alternative. Manfred! I come, I come. Manfred! thou didst sacrifice thy brother for my sake; then make not vain that deed, but spare me now. Passion, not reason gave the

impulse ; but his feet obeyed, and sped so fleetly, ere Manfred was advanced beyond the first court, he met him. Manfred started, while Clothaire, eloquent in sobs and groans, but mute in tongue, hid his face and knelt.—

Several parts in this story pierced to Claudio's heart : at the latter part, particularly, he was moved to tears. Henri's abrupt breaking off causing him to withdraw the handkerchief from his eyes, with amazement he beheld that guilty young man postured as he just had described ; kneeling and weeping. With ineffable horror he heard him elucidate the foregoing tale : crying out, " Like to Aura Camilla assailed  
 " me ; like to Clothaire I resisted ; like  
 " him I fell, repented, and resolved.  
 " Oh ! be thou a Manfred to me ! I  
 " speak to thee in words no longer  
 " feigned : thy wife hath listened to  
 " thy praises of me, I to thine of her.



"till forgetting thee who made them,  
"we thought but of each other.

"Villain!" said Claudio; "wouldst  
"thou persuade me Camilla is dis-  
"honest?"

"Alas! the hermitage!"

"Ha! whose shriek?"

"Camilla's!"

"God! God! whose kiss?"

"Camilla's to me."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groans that seemed to root up life: such as a dishonored husband alone may vent. Claudio died in reason, but continued to exist in sense. He saw and felt; for, though his eyes were as if they fried in their sockets, unalterably they glared on Henri; and his hand caught the hilt of his sword. His faculties being forsaken to their instinctive workings, that sword sprung from the scabbard. Henri drew his own sword, and flinging it at Claudio's feet, declared

himself unarmed. The Cavalier was not so formally to be awakened from his wrathful trance: contrarily, he desperately raised his arm. Said Henri, I will spare my friend the vice of murder. He spake with an aspect distorted like a tragedian's; and with feet quick as his words, darted to the height of some artificial rocks that overhung the canal. Thence he precipitated himself, for his mournful garments expanded as he descended through the vacant dusk; and the water audibly received him, never to re-appear. Claudio swooned in the arbor where had passed the foregoing incidents.

Soon as he recovered, he rushed forth, and rapidly hied him to his chamber, wherein he inclosed himself. The chimes of the tenth hour resolved him to repair to Camilla; and the bell could not cease to toll, before he issued from his chamber. He was awe-struck and stopped; for the ap-

parition of Henri obviated his progresss. But he felt not more than a momentary terror of spectral visitation, as the figure grasped him with a substantial hand. Claudio, in his joy to find him alive, forgot all else; and submitted to be re-conducted to his chamber. Henri removed the weapons that offered, and by entreaties and argument pacified Claudio to the taking of a feat. He then threw himself on his knees, and expressed himself as follows:

The defence I will first make is of the deceit of suicide. That appearance was nothing more serious than the descent of habiliments similarly sutable to thole I wear, which were sunk by weights for that purpose predisposed; for this confession is not the effusion of a sinful heart, but the preconcertion of a contrite one. Well I knew your friendship never could be extinct; for that reason I feigned

death ; and the consequence is this liberty of speech. Let me not speak in vain. O Claudio ! you rescued me from a corrupt society, and placed me in a seductive one: You encouraged me to love Camilla as a sister: you desired her to love me as a brother. Alas ! you considered not that we never had had either she a brother, or I a sister ; wherefore our hearts were not refined by affections of that purity. Thus unversed in kindred attachment, how could we discover our love was unholy, till it matured to unchastity ? Our apprehension of that issue you yourself assuaged. You rebuked all symptoms of that prudent coldness we endeavoured to realize: you forced us on opportunities unsought but dreaded by us: you courted us for each other. Camilla's African adventures had contaminated her mind, whence the contagion spread to mine. Ah, Claudio ! you know how irresis-

tible she is when she assails the heart : in feeling for yourself, pray feel for me. But think not I weakly fell. Clothaire's character is mine : his speeches, thoughts, resistance ! all mine. Aura, with her prayers, beseechings, allurements, and sophistries, is Camilla, depicted truly in my soul.

The Cavalier's groans were here so violent and unintermitted, as for some time to silence Henri ; who afterwards renewed with Clothaire's sentiment, Thus do I speak without self defence, as that would deeper criminate the woman that seduced me. But hear, Claudio ! when remorse succeeded your dishonor, and horror detained us from each other, then came you with conceits of your own, and blended us again. The affair in the hermitage you so mistook, that unless I preferred to turn and all unfold, I could not avoid the temptations you provided. Yet never were I so perfidious as to abuse your

credulity. Notwithstanding man's proneness to pleasant sinning, notwithstanding Camilla exemplified it in woman, deep repentance of my first crime gave me fortitude to withstand every inducement to a second: so I acted, while you were an unconscious pander to your own disgrace.

The Cavalier preserved a speechless attention, and Henri continued. Still dreading a relapse, I hastened my departure from the Chateau, for the frailties of my nature were active, and when I might have indulged with Camilla, I wantoned with the mates and brood of peasants. Since my return, you see what is the conduct of Camilla. She is consumed with a passion, which thou alone canst justify: in which the more I sympathise, the more I am obdurate. She loves thee much; loves thee in me; the same do I in her. When we trespassed, she called me Claudio; and hearing myself so

denominated, I knew no trespass in what I did; for thy dear name gave a sanction to the deed

Henri here expected that Claudio would temporize, and adopt the words so artfully imputed to Manfred: Thy crime ceasing to be a crime when I approve it, rise to my heart, O Henri! as Cato shared his wife, so will I mine, that she may become our additional bond of union. But extremely he was disappointed, for the Cavalier, with a wild gaze of horror, demanded, Why had all this been imparted to him?

Henri answered,—Have you not wondered at the sad peculiarities in Camilla? her personal emaciation, her sudden distaste of all that's gay, her habits of grief and solitude; and more than all, her rigid banishment of you her husband from her bed? have you not all these confided and lamented to me? with the constant declaration, that your ignorance of the cause added

to your grief? Was not this, your declaration, sufficiently a reason that I should be candid in that cause, and avow my own implication? I told you, Claudio, to enable you to save yourself, Camilla, and me. In friendship to thee I criminated myself to rescue Camilla from the despondency love brought on her: be thou magnanimous alike, and pardon that love: what further should be done, your own heart will prompt thee to without my persuasion. But, be of this warned and assured. Camilla dies if thy accusation, or public censure visit her. She hath sworn, and I credit her.

At this period, Claudio strove to rise, but he was unable, so intricately he had twisted his arms through the sides of the chair, on which he sat; purposely to preserve him from the furies of passion, that threatened to defeat him. Whenever deeply touch-



ed by Henri's words, his hands had gripped the seat with a convulsive violence, that must have crushed other materials ; and with a dying tenaciousness they adhered to their hold. Numbed by the pressure, they were insensible to the severe lacerations caused by the rugged nails with which the chair was antiquesly embossed : they were disengaged with difficulty, and when the circulation of the blood was restored, no inconsiderable pain began. But Claudio was inconsiderate to pain, because of the pleasure deduced from the conclusive words of Henri, which inspired him with unreasonable hope. To rid himself of that young man, he spoke with an affected composure and suavity.

It was not much short of midnight when he again departed for Camilla's chamber. He entered it with palpitations of the heart audible to his fancy, and ventured to the side of her bed,

on which she laid in a dose similar to sleep in all save refreshment. By a watchlight, that burnt close at hand, he saw that her features were pale, and her eye-lashes wet : but when those eyes opened, how inflamed they were ! and how wild ! Soon as they settled on Claudio, she started, and thrusting her hand beneath the pillow, withdrew it armed with a dagger. Claudio ! she cried, this is the bedfellow of my choice, and dost thou persist to assume over me as a wife, this shall make me a corpse. A compatible action staggered Claudio, who overcome by so indubitable a confirmation of all he had heard, had only power to regain his room, where he dropped on the floor.

The next day, unable to decide on any circumstantial plan, he was governed by his horror of the place, and resolved to quit the Chateau. Accordingly, he repaired to the cabinet,

wherein was deposited the casket of jewels. To his astonishment, it was empty of those inestimable gems, without external evidence of force having been used. God! cried he, can Camilla not only deprive me of herself, but of my sole fortune too! Enough of love remained, to negative this suspicion, which at length fell on the servants. He hastened to Henri, and acquainting him with the loss, desired it might be recovered, or indemnified. The Chevalier seemed very submissive to the imperious style of the Cavalier, and immediately summoned all the servants before him. They unanimously denied the theft, nor could proofs of guilt be attached to any one in particular; but father Anselm hinted a suspicion of Geoffery. The ancient domestic turned on him with a severe retort, in which much was insinuated, though little was expressed. It touched Anselm and Henri equally,

for both were confused, and the indignant old man was suffered to retire unmolested. Henri, impatient to get over the present examination, assured the Cavalier that a scrutiny should be made throughout the Chateau. Claudio was obliged to be content with this promise, and betaking himself to the gardens, with a disordered reason he sometimes ran and sometimes walked, till the thickening of night.

When he retired to his apartment, he felt the ill effects of an afflicted mind unrefreshed by sleep, food, or comfortable employment. His head was light and irrational; his stomach was qualmish, but food was loathsome; and he fell on the couch more through giddiness than fatigue. In that state visions the most horrible overcame him. He dreamed, that, laying as he then was, ill and mournful, the ideas were suggested to him, that Camilla's death alone could expiate her adultery,

and that the condition of his own renovation to peace, was the perpetration of that death. That he arose with feelings of madness, and hurrying to her bed, without pausing to gaze or speak, three times pierced her body. That he then died away in a torpid sensibility which numbed his heart, yet could not perfectly pacify it. When Claudio awoke, the sky was brightened by the morning sun, and objects were discoverable which robbed him of his little remaining reason. His corporeal faculties had obeyed the foregoing delirium; for he found himself within Camilla's chamber, stretched along her bed, whereof the covertures were thrice transfixed by his dagger, which, in the third wound, was left sticking up to its haft; stains of blood being visible around. After a petrification of horror, he wildly looked for the slaughtered corpse. No evidences of it were discernible, for the sheets

were cold ; nor were any of the clothes deranged, save where he had laid. A hope that he were guiltless of the murder, inspired him with presence of mind to observe that the stains of blood were too faint to be issued from a deep wound ; and he then first was sensible to the smarting of his lacerated hands, which, fretted by the dagger, had bled anew during the night. Satisfied of his innocence, he dropped upon his knees, and offered grateful thanks to providence. Great God ! he cried, Thou hast marvellously taught me how sinful is revenge, and by a shadow awed me from the fact. Heavenly are these tender feelings, wherefore come forth Camilla, again my wife ; for the vapor honor having slain thee in the style of his own being, is now appeased ; and thou, a moment dead to my idea, art now new-born to my heart, which yearns for thee. Come forth, my bashful love ! nor fear to

blush, for blushes of repentance are the Almighty's ensigns. No return of answer; consequently Claudio examined the apartments, and found them void of their mistress. At last he espied a private door, from which you could descend to the gardens: it was ajar. Thence he proceeded, and identified feminine foot-marks on the steps; but below on the grass, they were invisible, on account of the dew which had fallen subsequent to her passing that way. That she had fled at the commencement of night would have been a rational conjecture; but, Claudio, in his present mood, ascribed to Henri the insnaring her; and, engrossed by the resentment attached to that apprehension, he intruded the Marquis's chamber.

Of what passed, the event only is describable. Mutually exasperated, they forgot themselves as friends, and in the end as gentlemen. Provoked by some

speech, Claudio violently retaliated by a blow. The Marquis, with a grin of fiendly exultation, ordered him under arrest for violating the person of his commanding officer. It was too true that the unfortunate Claudio was still amenable to military laws, Henri never having more than tacitly admitted his abdication of the commission. He was transported to his former imprisonment, and there abandoned to the bitterest reflections.

An hour or two afterwards, entered a mission from the Marquis, who proffered to Claudio a formal paper, on which, as the condition of his release, he was required to sign his solemn renunciation of all marital rights to Camilla. To pass his own divorce was what Claudio would not listen to; accordingly, the emissary was repulsed with disgust and contempt.

Claudio now was convinced that all Henri's delicacy and friendship in pre-



senting him with the commission, was gross affectation, assumed for the purpose of preventing any forecast of his schemes of future tyranny, which no otherwise could be legalized, than by engaging him, Claudio, in a military subordination. It was plain that this last stroke was reserved for some such extremity as now called it forth: whether it would terminate fatally, was undeterminable by the Cavalier, who with wonder beheld himself, a second time, a prisoner in the same place on false pretences. His grief caused him to exclaim, Better would it have been, that I had died an ignominious death in consequence of being charged with thy murder, O Henri! than that thus miserably I should have lived to be in the end brought to the like death by thy treachery.

The afternoon was sometime advanced, when, from an unknown passage, Geoffery appeared. The venera

ble old man dissolved in tears at sight of Claudio, whose knees he embraced, calling him all the time, Beloved Lord! and Sweet Lewis! The name Lewis acted as a watchword to Claudio's nature; for ever he remembered how Camilla, when a child, had been checked for so denominating him. On the present occasion he heard it with sensations that for a while choked his utterance. At length he asked, "And what is 'Lewis?'" "Son to the deceased 'Marquis de Souvricour,'" replied Geoffery. "Ha! then am I brother 'to Henri?'" cried Claudio. "Thou art," said Geoffery, "by the unmarried mother, in whose apartments 'thou hast resided.'" "Brother!" reiterated Claudio several times: "Brother! God! God! that thou, Camilla, shouldst bear incestuous kindred!"

He stood aguish with horror, till unable to endure the intelligence, he

turned on Geoffery, and declared his disbelief; as how were he to know it? "Alas!" said the old man, "it was the Marquis's confidential revelation on his death-bed. I fled to you, and recommended your departure. You cannot have forgot your answer. Ah! Sir! the more perverse, as you, yourself, had apprised the Marquis who you were, though you might know it not. So he informed me, but further would not disclose; Julian, Arnaud, being the last words that dropped from his lips." Claudio now saw that the secret of his brotherhood to Julian was unknown to Geoffery, nor could he himself comprehend how he could be fraternal both to Julian and Henri. He affected an utter discredit to the latter imputation, for he argued, "Would a parent have had the heart to die as did the Marquis, without

“ benediction or bequest to a new-  
 “ found son ?”

Replied Geoffery, “ The discovery  
 “ was his death ; for, said he to me,  
 “ (forgive me if I use his words,) I  
 “ have found him a pander to his wife’s  
 “ incest with his brother.”

“ And shalt thou survive these  
 “ words ?” cried the injured Claudio.

“ I should deserve death did I be-  
 “ lieve them,” said Geoffery : “ but  
 “ your passion is mistaken. The Mar-  
 “ quis could not accuse you of know-  
 “ ing Henri to be your brother ; nei-  
 “ ther would I of knowing him to be  
 “ an adulterer. I have fought against  
 “ that prejudice wherever I went,  
 “ for your condemnation is popular  
 “ throughout the country. It was the  
 “ cause of all the misbehaviour in the  
 “ Noblesse and Officers ; for the per-  
 “ fidious Henri with a wanton levity  
 “ spoke of Camilla, ever as your ab-  
 “ sence gave him an opportunity.” To

Claudio this was a shock too severe to be philosophically endured : his nature melted, and he doubly cried, " How often am I to be embittered by these insulting confessions."

" My Lord," said Geoffery with sympathetic tears, " my confession had never come to grieve you, had not direr griefs hung in prospect. I have stept betwixt you and the Marquis ; for suppose you did encounter and perpetrate unconscious patricide : what is the infringement of my oath compared to your slaying a brother ? the violation of my word to your violation of the Almighty's ? So I decided, when I considered the various injuries done you ; the seduction of your wife, and the pillage of your treasure ; of which circumstances convince me the Monk Anselm was the thief, and Henri the instigator. Likely at the adulteress's desire, that she might be enriched for elopement,

“ and you impoverished from pursuit:  
 “ for gone she certainly is, and this  
 “ hour Henri did set forth to meet or  
 “ chase her.” Claudio looked wistfully  
 around and groaned. Geoffery comforted him by saying, “ The policy of  
 “ consigning you to an ignorant immurement I have counteracted ; and  
 “ now, my sweet Lord, follow me whither are accoutrements for your disguise, and a steed for your departure.”

Claudio attended his venerable deliverer by private ways to an alcove, where was predisposed a suit of the Marquis's livery. Geoffery overcame Claudio's reluctance to assume it, by persuading him how preferably it was adapted to his purpose of tracing Henri's proceedings, and traversing such as pointed to Camilla. While the Cavalier dressed himself, Geoffery fervently conjured him to restrain his wrath against Henri, whom no less he

were bound to spare, than to withhold from a renewal of his incestuous intercourse with Camilla. My life, said he, will pay for your release, do evil consequences befall the Marquis. Claudio willingly covenanted with Geoffery to spare a man, whom, notwithstanding what had passed, he had no will to injure. The solemnity of his word satisfied the old man; who, with many entreaties of its acceptance, proffered to the Cavalier a bag of money. There were six hundred crowns, the entire product of a service of forty years. Though almost penniless from his wife's rapacity, Claudio could not brook the gift, and he refused it with tears at once bitter and thankful. Geoffery then led him to his horse, and instructed him in the way Henri was reported to be gone. When Claudio was about to mount, the venerable domestic, with mingled affection and reverence, offered to embrace him. For a moment

they were fast in one another's arms; but when they parted, Geoffery exclaimed, " My dear Lord! fate may  
 " be adverse to our ever meeting  
 " again; then remember, that Lewis  
 " de Souvricour is thy name. Unac-  
 " countably thou wert lost when five  
 " years old; when and how found,  
 " bitterly well thou knowest." They bade farewell, and Claudio soon disappeared to Geoffery, whose weak sight was further dimmed by tears.

As the Chateau was far from being central in the Marquisate, and the Cavalier was directed towards the nearest boundary, he soon passed it. Not less was he ashamed of discovery than fearful of it; for Geoffery's word, that his condemnation was popular throughout the country as a mercenary pander to his host's seduction of his wife, tortured him with so much horror, that he would stop and cast his hands and voice to Heaven, for a mira-



cle to relieve his character. Then would he call on the names of the Marquis, Henri, and Camilla, each his worst enemy, though each his nearest tie, till reflection of all that was attached to them deprived him of his faculties, save what sufficed to speed his horse, whom he would spur and lash as if he could escape those thoughts, and leave them far behind.

During the whole day he vainly endeavoured to overtake the young Marquis, of whose direction the peasantry varied in their accounts. He lost no time in alighting for refreshment; what food he took, being ate on horseback; yet night already clouded the east, and he dreaded that it would review the guilt of Henri and Camilla, for of his prevention there seemed but barely a possibility.

It was late, when his passage through a mountainous and infertile country, concluded at the purlieu of a dark

forest. He paused, for its repulsive appearance brought to his memory the eventful Forest of Pines. He now with anguish reflected on how dreadful a train of calamities had been induced by his obliging the then innocent Henri to proceed against his own will and his father's prohibition. It struck him to be the anniversary of that adventure; the very hour too; and the sky was similarly inclement with drizzling clouds, through which the moon as capriciously shone: all warranted the superstitious idea, that that night was annually dedicated to wicked presidencies. Notwithstanding this daunting impression, he rode on, and soon was immersed in darkness and perplexity; but far he was not gone, ere the voice of an unseen person requested him to stop, and take up a bewildered traveller. Claudio justly suspected the honesty of the petitioner, as it seemed unlikely any pedestrian would be rash enough to

enter a place so intricate at an hour so late. He excited his horse with the spur, but the animal acted as though spell-bound to the spot, for he curveted about without quitting it, until the stranger arrived ; who, scorning additional preface, leaped up behind.

No sooner was he mounted than the steed swiftly proceeded, while Claudio ruminated on his intrusive companion, of whom he was somewhat reverential, for he noticed the arms, that encompassed his waist, to be of a size that denoted him of gigantic frame. More particularly he regarded how much lower than his own the stranger's legs descended the haunches of the horse, and how much higher than his own the stranger's head ascended ; for it suffered from those boughs, under which his passed untouched. He attempted converse, but the other was silent to all his questions ; and Claudio's anger was lost in astonishment. No

longer he possessed breath to lavish in fruitless speech, for the horse, coming to a spot, where was erected a wooden cross in commemoration of some local disaster, darted from it in a terrific fleetness, comparable to nothing but the flight of a javelin. Uncontrollable by the rein, he departed from the public tracks, and fled according to unnatural impulses; for his distorted mouth and eyes and ears, his frothy bit and fumid nostrils, and more than these, his attitude of outstretched limbs, which better represented an aerial being that straightens itself to dart through the air, than an animal that springs along the earth, evidenced that he neither was impelled by common vagaries, or common terrors. The autumnal leaves, that thickly coated the ground, were unruffled by his hoofs; the spongy swamps unbruised; and he instinctively took the pervious parts, when the eye beheld nothing but thick-sprung trees,

in appearance impenetrably netted together. It seemed that the hippogriff imagined by the fervent Ariosto, was realized, in order to rescue him from the thereafter imputations of impossible fantasies. But Claudio's feelings and ideas were terrible ; for ever when he wished to turn, and inspect the nature of his companion, he found himself, despite of all his wishes, immoveably fettered by the nervous hold the unknown preserved ; and he begun to dread that he was situated within the grasp of a fiend, whose malicious amusement it might be to distract, or destroy, unresisting mortals. The breath, that steamed from his throat to the Cavalier's neck, felt of a scorching feverishness, such as might be deemed to exhale from fiery lungs, which devils are said inherently to endure, notwithstanding their variable exterior. Claudio especially noted, that however brightly the moon fell around, wherever

they turned darkness accompanied them; the light faded away as they approached, and unaccountable shades fell around, for they were unstamped with delineations of themselves.

This frightful journey concluded in a dismal dell centred within the forest, where gaped a cavern, horrible in many of those signs, which were anciently conceited to stigmatize a mouth of hell: the atmosphere was dark and airless, and a pernicious growth of fruitless and unwholesome plants, witnessed its baleful influence. The horse stopped suddenly, as though his functions were condensed to motionless marble, and Claudio alighted in irresistible sympathy with his companion. The latter drew him onwards, and often as he stumbled over the rugged threshold, upheld him with a strong hand. The Cavalier's apprehensions silenced his tongue, and he obeyed, without reply, when the stranger gave

to him a tube, wherein was incased a chymical flame; charging him to proceed at venture, four or five yards, ere he opened it; then to enter an interior cavern that lay before him; therein denote whatever he beheld remarkable; and come back with a faithful and minute account thereof: withal, he cautioned him to extinguish the light when he returned, as light of him would be resistless death. Claudio accurately did as he was desired, for horrible as were his impressions from what he saw, they could not obliterate the last injunction. He conigned himself to the darkness enjoined by the mysterious stranger, without distinguishing more of him than the outlines of a gigantic stature scarcely human.

When asked the observations of his errand, he gave an account of his penetrating a cavern of altitude invisible through the vapours, that thickened towards the summit, like steam from a

boiling cauldron : its sides were clothed with mossy green, down which the moisture trickled by a thousand channels ; and in the centre of the floor, begirt with hieroglyphical impressions in the living stone, was prone a manly corpse, or the semblance to a corpse ; for although no circulation was in its veins, it bore no wound, nor bruise, nor other sign of forceful end, but rather denoted one, whose sleep by frost being changed to death, his body subsists a monument of itself. Thus he conjectured at first, but a narrower inspection discovered worse than he dared wonder at. The garments were so rotten with age and neglect, that they mouldered from the touch, yet was the body wholesome and undecayed. He was convinced there was more than nature in it, for his entry had disturbed a noxious brood of bats, and owls, and rooks, and crows, who made their habitations in the gaps around the



body, yet left it uneaten, though often hungered with carnivorous appetite.

Claudio with difficulty articulated the following words: " But when I  
 " looked on the face and form, in the  
 " former I descried youth and man-  
 " hood at variance which should be ;  
 " in the latter that deformity in which  
 " one can see the wreck of a noble  
 " originality. Whoever thou art that  
 " desirest to know, the body that lies  
 " within, had once a vital refem-  
 " blance : nay, it may be that one  
 " itself. Five years hath Arnaud been  
 " lost to the world ; as many years do  
 " I think that spectacle hath been, or  
 " how so decayed its garb ?" .

" And what of Arnaud dost thou  
 " know ?" said the voice.

" Nought of his fortunes, but what  
 " an old man told me ; of his appear-  
 " ance nought, but what a portrait  
 " once I found."—A groan and sigh  
 had twin birth from the stranger, of

whose departure Claudio in a couple of minutes was thoroughly convinced : wherefore, he benefitted of the mysterious light, without fear of violating the perilous prohibition. Its sulphureous gleams were compatible with the ideas attached to what was past, and they discovered the mouth of the cave, wherethrough Claudio gladly ran, intentional to regain the forest. He was disappointed, for a few paces without, he was impeded by the marvellous unknown, on whose visage the light flashed, and revealed—Julian. Claudio shuddered to recognize its daunting expressions ; but a steadier survey discovering in it deep furrows fertile of woe, his arms extended towards him as a fellow in misfortune, more than as a brother in birth ; still his heart refused to sanctify the embrace, for when pressed against Julian, all its vital powers were numbed.

They re-entered the cave, and heap-

ing a quantity of combustible wood, made a comfortable fire. Meanwhile, Claudio remarked how different was Julian, when undisputed Lord di Fiascano, to the solitary exile he now represented. In place of stately vestments, he now was clad in barbarous attire; the high-crested helmet was succeeded by an unpolished casque, shorn of its plumage; the cuirass of ample adjustment by a ponderous and shapeless breast-plate. Still could not be disguised his graceful and dignified figure; less he appeared the rustic than Claudio the menial; and the latter felt that that unaccountable tremor, which affected whomsoever addressed Julian, was neither gone off, or diminished.

Julian looked on Claudio, and then in a voice, like a grand instrument unharmonized by dampness and neglect, demanded, Wherefore he wept? "Ah," sighed Claudio, "tell me, how can I be brother to thee, and to Henri

" too?" " Thou know'st it!" ex-  
 claimed Julian: " Thou know'st it!  
 " then curse thy birth, and kindred, O  
 " Lewis! mine own brother! nor spare  
 " me thy malediction, except in grati-  
 " tude for that I have revenged thee  
 " on thine enemies, as much beyond  
 " thine ability, as is my nature sur-  
 " passing thine. What have I left undone  
 " to anguish thy detestable father?  
 " what to criminate thy perfidious  
 " brother? Abhorred be the name de  
 " Souvricour! and damned be those  
 " who bear it! for years hath been my  
 " cry: and God hath heard my curse,  
 " though hell-deep was it born. When  
 " the country whispered Henri's adul-  
 " tery with thy wife, how did I glory  
 " o'er the double incest with my wife  
 " and thine? Oh, Lewis! is there  
 " mercy in Heaven for this, there is  
 " no hell for any sin: not even for  
 " parricide. Nay, start not with disbe-  
 " lief! I tell you his father's death

" was hastened by Henri: though thou  
 " might'st be deceived, full well I  
 " know that he and a vagrant fanatic  
 " wrought the murderous deed, and  
 " then disguised it by the decapitation  
 " really desired by the old man: nor  
 " less a fool than wretch, to fear for his  
 " corpse, yet be reckless of his soul.  
 " But he's gone, and Henri must after;  
 " for sure as hell's for me, it shall be  
 " for him. Ha! did not I once pro-  
 " phesy thy family's wretchedness  
 " should be thy satisfaction?"

Claudio strove to discredit what he  
 heard, and shrunk from so vindictive a  
 being: he waved a farewell with his  
 hand, and reminded Julian that, on the  
 same occasion, he had likewise said,  
 That he esteemed his nature mild,  
 therefore unfit to mingle with his own.

Julian detained him, observing,  
 Wretched as he was, what worse could  
 he fear? and that change of time ne-  
 cessitated change of sentiments. Clau-

dio submissively sat down on the interior side of the fire, while Julian disposed himself opposite; leaning his head on his knees, and enveloping it with his cloak. A short time transpired, at the end of which Claudio heavily groaned, and displayed to the startled Julian, cheeks pallid with terror, and eyes half unsocketed by intenseness of gaze. Julian asked why he looked on him so. Claudio answered, That beside him stood an apparition his eyes were so unacquainted with, that his tongue could not describe it. Thy fancy fools thee ! sneered Julian. Claudio then remembered what Henri had once communicated to him concerning Gervase being maddened by a similar spectacle ; and he muffled his eyes, which dreaded to view a man whose guardian genius was of so infernal a nature. Still he could not refrain from peeping to observe whether the flames were disco-

loured, now a superhuman being was forthcoming, according to the tradition, which had been confirmed by Micho. With increased horror he saw that their redness was allayed by livid streaks, that tinged the crackling eruptions, and infected the place with a sulphury stench.

Claudio, unable to endure the place, wildly sprung on his feet, and demanded leave to go. Julian sternly denied it. Claudio asked, If he were brought thither for any diabolical purpose? Julian answered, "Unless thou believest me worse than even I am, think not that I brought thee hither knowingly. Thy God witness for me, that I was deceived by thy disguise!" His demeanor was much agitated while he uttered—Second Fratricide—Ah! could I save but thee—No! heaven must have its own—as will hell—the connective thoughts lay hid in his mind, being too terrible for speech; while these exclama-

tions affected Claudio, like the flashes of an approaching tempest. "God! God!" said he, "when will end this night!" Julian immediately drew him to the entrance, saying, "When the moon is so far westward, that the shadow of yon tapering pine doth touch this sign indelible in the rock, then, and not till then, will come that end, which thou wilt think too soon."

"It will soon be, yet not too soon," said Claudio. Julian asked, If he thought there were time to roam the forest in research for another. Claudio confessed it was too late: Thou hast pronounced it, said Julian.

Claudio mournfully withdrew his eyes from the starry firmament without, to the sparkling dome of the subterranean cavern, which consisting of a stratum of red granite, appeared to catch the conflagration from below. They resumed their unsocial positions. The Cavalier with great anxiety con-



templated the new dial, and beheld the shadow glide by indistinct degrees ; but his hopes were dashed by the mysterious words of Julian, who thrice charged him, if he knew of unrepented sin, to make his peace with heaven. These injunctions became the more solemn as the shadow neared ; and, during the intervals, Claudio, often as he dared to steal a glance at Julian, beheld him struggling with unknown feelings, by which any other must have been destroyed. Though he never had had a greater necessity or inclination, he was unable to pray according to the ritual ; but what he did ejaculate, was genuine from his heart ; it being, God deliver me !

Unexpectedly was heard the sound of a bugle. Both started and arose. Julian caught Claudio's hand, and with a joyful animation cried ; Thou wilt live, O Lewis ! kneel, and thank thy God, for thou wilt live ! Did not these tra-

vellers come ere yon shadow falls on the fatal point, thou shouldst die, and I would deal thy death : yea, this hand, or it would cease to be a hand ; for I am a man that live not by the blood which circulates within mine own veins, but by that which I do cause to flow from others.

At the conclusion of this speech, Julian ran out ; and in answer to the bugle, which he understood to be blown by benighted travellers to ascertain whether there were habitators of the forest, he shouted with a strength that cleared the misty air, and detonized the mouldering rock. Claudio, at first, was mute through consternation ; but Julian's voice electrified him to capacity ; and hearing the distant feebleness of the horn, he trembled lest the travellers would pass on, and joined his voice to recall them. But it appeared, that so extraordinary an uproar rather intimidated than allured ; for the remote

breathings were blown them by the blast ; and then a silence ensued, deathly as though themselves were the only persons in existence. Two or three minutes they stood in vain hope of its resonance, during which Claudio persisted to send forth cries, till despair changed them to yells. At length he despondently drooped, for he beheld the burning eyes of Julian pass from him to the shadow, which was within a few minutes of its goal. Had any person entered, he would have adjudged them to be two excellent pieces of sculpture, so immoveable was their attention, although, just then, the moon was eclipsed by a cloud, absolutely impervious to its beams. How poignant were Claudio's feelings during this suspense ! how terrible, when the cloud gliding away, the westering moon shadowed the pine precisely on the mark ! This discovery, Julian's unsheathing his sword, and Claudio's scream of despair, were co-

temporary to an instant. As the Cavalier found death to be inevitable by resistance or deprecation, he merely requested that he might die in the open air, for within that cave, infested as it was by diabolical sprites, he could not resign himself to death. Julian tenderly assented, and both stepped into the forest.

“ Give me a sword,” said Claudio, “ that I may die like a soldier.” “ Ah ! “ would that thou couldst cope with “ me !” answered Julian ; “ then “ might there be the virtue of valor in “ the deed. But I am peerless in all “ that glorifies, and all that curses a “ man.” Claudio received the sword, when Julian cried, “ Farewell, dear “ Lewis ! Farewell ! and think that “ I do not hold thy life cheaper than “ mine own ; but death to thee is only “ death, to me it is damnation.” Claudio had spoken his last words ; his last thoughts were silently painful ; for

they upbraided him for fearing to lose a life, already stript of its joys, as, however he were disposed to pardon Camilla, the kindred of her undoer prevented it. The two brothers were now opposed to each other, with tearful eyes and sworded hands. Julian had no heart to strike, wherefore Claudio eluded his tardy blade, and fled to the travellers who audibly approached; Julian, happy to spare him, disappeared with the abruptness of spirits that dissolve into vapours.

It seemed that Claudio was respited, not reprieved from death, for those to whom he resorted, were the company of Henri; the instant they recognized him, they seized and dragged him to the cavern, in despite of all his struggles and interdictions. Whatsoever were the tendency of Henri's pursuit of Camilla, it had been unsuccessful throughout the day; yet he persisted in its unseasonable prosecution, until

night betoiled him in the mazy forest. His wrath to find Claudio at large, was allayed by astonishment at the place in which he found him. Father Anselm ascertained it to be one of those subterranities, which existed before France was France, or Gaul was Gaul; for it was impossible the hands of man could have excavated those extremities, which remained unknown because the feet of men dared not to penetrate so far. Though it might reasonably be dreaded to be the nocturnal residence of brigands, Henri had so numerous and well armed a suite, that he did not hesitate to choose it for his shelter during the night. To his servants he abandoned the external part, where the fire was already kindled, and commanded them to make another in an inward division, which was secured from the cold.

Meanwhile Claudio so earnestly supplicated an audience of Henri, that the

latter was much incited by curiosity, and somewhat by suspicion. When he assented, it was on condition that Monk Anselm should be present; to which Claudio was obliged to submit, for his resolution not to leave Henri longer unwarned of his relationship to Camilla, overcame all scruples. They all three withdrew to a deeper part of the cavern: Anselm bearing a torch, Henri a pistol, which he aimed at Claudio's head, protesting that the slightest offer of jealousy should be the signal for its discharge.

Claudio confidently smiled on the levelled muzzle, and proceeded to remind Henri of the Lady formerly reported to be his father's concubine, and of the disappearance of her sons; of his own story as related in the secret Chateau, and his dubious parentage: withholding the decisive words in reserve, till the young Marquis were prepared to yield them conviction. Henri's

countenance now became so agitated, that Claudio feared his anticipation of the discovery ; wherefore he no longer delayed it, but exclaimed, Yes, Henri ! thy father said it, thy father and mine, that I am Lewis thy long-lost brother. The murderous Henri drew the fatal trigger, but the ball erred from the brother his pride would have slain. It only grazed his left temple, but so shockingly it wounded his feelings, that he dropped, and lay like one deprived of life. Henri shuddered at the ideal consummation of his sins, and withdrew : Anselm remained, but no longer as Anselm. Of his dissimulation of demeanor, tone, and humility, he unclouded him to the apprehension : the malicious features of Hildebrand for the first time emerged from the cowl ; the figure of Hildebrand for the first time stalked from beneath his garments ; accent, gesture, and all, identified the bigot ; at whom Claudio was so much amazed,



notwithstanding his prior suspicions were but confirmed, that he nearly betrayed the artifice of his own death.

Hildebrand clapped his hands with ferocious joy, and apostrophized the spirit of Claudio, little imagining the latter heard him in sense. When returned from Africa to his brother-monks, to his dismay he found all his claims of promotion counteracted by their foreknowledge of his apostasy; and it was in vain that he protested it to be a deceit justifiable by catholic motives, as it was adapted to circumvent Mussulmen whom he could not otherwise meddle with: as vainly he pleaded his services in enriching the monastery with the bequest of Don Philipppo: the monks glad to be rid of one whose superior abilities most of them envied, ejected him from their society, and to their solicitude not to shame the order, they ascribed his not being consigned to the inquisition. His ambition was then su-

perfed by hatred againſt Claudio, by whom he learned he had been convicted to the Monks. His conduct was regulated by revenge, and to attain it, he had traced the Cavalier to France, and at opportunity introduced himſelf to the Chevalier. The aſcendency gained over him, he had invariably uſed to villify the Cavalier; and, at length, to make him utterly miſerable, he had infidouſly perſuaded Henri to conceal no longer his intimacy with Camilla: the confeſſion was regulated by his art, and the fragment of *The Guilt of Friendſhip* written by his hand; by him was projected the ſubſequent theft and arreſt; and his preſence Henri had conſidered to ſanction the recent deed.

With horror Claudio liſtened to the impetuous ſoliloquy, in which were elucidated all theſe facts; but chiefly he was terror-ſtruck, when Hildebrand drew from about him a ſharp poinard,

with a savage intention to mangle the pretended corpse. As for this shocking purpose he impended over Claudio, the latter violently griped him by the throat. He fell ; and both struggled on the ground to obtain the poniard. In one moment it pointed to the breast of Claudio, in another at the breast of Hildebrand : in the latter's heart it was at last sheathed.

In compassing his delivery, Claudio executed justice on the wretch, who was unpriestly in all but his vestments, which the survivor determined to assume, the surer to escape through the servants, who were apprised of his being disguised in their livery. Just as he had arrayed himself, Henri called at the entrance in a tremulous voice, and desired his instant company. Claudio was obliged to follow to the place wherein the servants had lit a large fire ; by the side of which he silently reclined in imitation of Henri, who,

addressing him by the name of Hildebrand, ridiculed his caution in concealing his face, when the person, on whose account he so long had done so, was no more. It was plain then that Henri knew and encouraged Hildebrand's imposture: his reasons were incomprehensible by Claudio, who felt, however, that there was yet some secret, well worth the scrutiny. But any thereafter investigations it would have been simple to plan, when it was dubious whether he could survive the night. Yet he escaped detection, for Henri sat supperless and silent, with his eyes intent on the earth, as though he were contriving an interment for the corpse, he supposed himself to have made. Claudio did the same, until Henri commanded the servants to dispose of themselves for the night; having first unfeelingly deprived each of his furtout to soften his own couch. The selfish Marquis and the false Hilde-

brand were now laid nearly side by side, and deathly still for so long a time as Claudio thought requisite to lull the whole retinue in sleep. He would afterwards have arisen, but Henri, whose slumber was disordered by sighs and murmurs, just then started as from the vision of something horrible, and hid his ghastly face in the bosom of the pretended Monk.

That bosom had been too fervent in its affections for him, yet to be entirely chilled ; and there he gave a free vent to his groans, which were born of a sinful soul ; nor would he remove his head, but besought that there it might be pillowed till the end of that abominable night. Bound by his arms, Claudio saw no other mode of extrication than perforce, to which he had much repugnance, as it was his inviolable resolution not to spill a drop of Henri's blood. While thus meditating, he was much surprized by the sudden darkness that

spread over him; and glancing from beneath his cowl, he descried Julian advanced between him and the fire. His attitude was appalling, as his figure was stupendous; for his maffy blade was upreared above his head, fo as to convince Claudio that its fall muft shear him and Henri in two. While yet it hovered over him, he revealed his features, and supplicated Julian with his eyes. The latter, when he recognized him beneath the fresh difguife, fhook with horror, and lowered his fword; but fpringing on Henri, like an eagle on its prey, he uplifted that unhappy young man, and dragged him away, powerlefs to ftruggle or fhriek.

Now Claudio was at liberty to flee, but he could not refrain from dogging Julian, whom he watched to the myfterious cavern himfelf had been ordered to penetrate. His curiofity into the occurrences within

might not be gratified at the entrance, without imminent hazard of detection; wherefore, he looked about, and gladly benefitted by a perforation in the natural rock. The scene that before shocked him, was now superlatively appalling to the sight, although unlit by taper, torch, brand, or other natural means. A vapor of darkish blue, that lightened without flame, lined the place, emitting such a dim but certain light, as a succeeding poet sublimely styles "darkness visible." Indistinct shadows flitted about, and marked it for an unblest light diverse from that which the Creator saw, and pronounced was good.

Though Claudio had been maliciously inclined to exult at Henri's terror, he should have caught the infection at view of Julian. There does not exist that pen that can portray his appearance. What he said Claudio was at first too much indisposed to

understand, until he directed Henri's eyes to the deformed body, and asked him if he knew it. "It is the shape of Arnaud," said the affrighted Henri. "Ha! thou hast not forgot him?" cried Julian: "and be assured that never will he forget thee." He then demanded of Henri, "And what dost thou know of me?" "N-o-o-thing," the youth answered. "What!" exclaimed Julian, "did thy father die without revelation of whom I really am?" Henri made shift to answer, "Yes." "That silence was his only virtue," said Julian; "since it heightens this moment." Julian continued to speak with much violence of gesture, but to Claudio he was unintelligible, for the blasts that screamed through the upper apertures, gushed past the Cavalier's ears with an impetuosity that swept away other sounds than of themselves.

At length, the words were audi-



ble that threatened Henri with death. The Chevalier would have knelt to beg his life, but his limbs were ironed by terror. "If thou would'st live," cried Julian, "dash that crucifix from thy breast; abjure and trample it." Henri did not hesitate a second, but abjured and trampled the emblem'd divinity. Immediately the light brightened on his figure as if greedy to devour it, while Julian thundered a laughter of joy, and exclaimed, "Thou hast slain thy soul, now is it for me to slay thy body." Claudio had snatched up a carabine when he came away, which he since had disposed along the hollow through which he looked. Horror guided his fingers to the trigger; chance aimed the muzzle towards Julian: it fired, but not before Henri's bosom was gashed deep and long by the sabre of Julian, who, on receiving the ball, bounded an amazing height, and spun as

though he hoped to shake it from him.

Claudio gazed no longer, but rushing through the servants, who were awakened full of alarm by the explosion, darted from the cavern to where he had left his horse. The animal was contentedly grazing on the herbage around, and Claudio sprung on his back; but before he could depart, thither came Julian pursued by the servants. He called to Claudio, and mounted behind him with a nimbleness extraordinary in a wounded man. They then outstript their enemies, who chased them with bullets, which whizzed among the branches and shivered them to the great discomposure of the steed.

Claudio expected no better than to be the victim of Julian's revengefulness, as there were but little probability that he were ignorant who had wounded him. With this melanchol-

ly apprehension he rode on, but the steed flew not as before, neither did shade accompany them: they travelled in a natural style until the morning star testified the approach of day. Then did Julian, faint with loss of blood, relax his arms from Claudio's waist, slide downward from the horse, and droop along the greenward. Claudio shuddered to behold his vestment-soaked with purple blood, and gazed on his countenance which exhibited real anguish.

"Lewis," said Julian, "I cannot proceed: the motion pumps my blood from my very vitals. Ah, thou hast slain me; for I feel and see my death: this body sheds no shadow." It was true, that the horizontal rays of the rising sun shot past his body, and shadowed not its dimensions on the earth, "Do not tremble," said he; "thou art justifiable in this deed; for the cica-

“ trice that is imprinted on thy left  
 “ side, Arnaud struck ; and for Ar-  
 “ naud’s crimes would that Julian  
 “ were not answerable. How I am  
 “ connected with that miserable young  
 “ man thou could’st not live to hear.  
 “ Leave me, and without remorse  
 “ for having struck a fratricidal blow.  
 “ Consanguinity to thee, or any thing  
 “ natural, ebbs not from these veins.  
 “ Man begat me not, nor did womb  
 “ conceive me. I am not of earth,  
 “ nor shall I return to earth : alas !  
 “ there is no grave between me and  
 “ hell. Lewis, thou art the last of  
 “ all thy family ; Henri and I being  
 “ wounded unto our deaths. Fare  
 “ thee well in this world ! and that  
 “ good I have forsworn, ever attend  
 “ thee !”

Claudio shrunk from his benevo-  
 lence, and without valediction spurred  
 away with all possible expedition.

## CHAPTER XI.

Yon earth-sprung building, lo! with head enskied ;  
 It is the Temple of the human Heart,  
 Our worshipt passions imag'd in each shrine :  
 Ambition tiptoed, Salamandrine love  
 See, famish'd Avarice feeding on itself !  
 Wrath in nakedness, honour and its shade,  
 Putrid in another's sunshine.—Envy,  
 Pride on giants stilts, Revenge that chews the cud ;  
 Each statue varied by a thousand lights :  
 Time the altar, Life the sacrifice,  
 The Priest, man's self, these the impious rites,  
 Spectral hopes, and suicidal cares,  
 Lunatic moods, chaotic frenzies too,  
 Sunny dreams, nightly woes. Tongue fears the rest,  
 Sweet God, who exorcised the fane of Israel,  
 Fail'st thou in this ? Boil then ye doomday flames !

**TWICE** the matin bell was rung in a monastery situated on the western verge of Languedoc, yet the Hospitallier was wanting to the devotions. This infringement of his usual punctuality was excused by his returning with a wounded stranger, whom he had discovered in his charitable rounds. By permission of the prior, he lodged the unfor-

fortunate man in the infirmary, and acted towards him the good Samaritan.

Well, Brother Paschal, how is your patient? was the unanimous inquiry, when all were assembled in the refectory. The Hospitallier replied, That ease and quietude might do much, but that his wound was too serious so precipitately to be judged of. How was he wounded? and by whom? were the ensuing questions. Being unanswerable, the Monks learned nothing to inflame their curiosity; and, in the course of two or three days, Julian died in their thoughts, as though he were dead in reality. It was not so with Father Paschal, who tended him as surgeon, nurse, and priest. To the offices of the last Julian was alternately contemptuous and attentive in a manner that interested the priest beyond what he ever had felt before.

One day said Julian to him, "I am not well, yet long thou hast extracted

the ball." — "Could I extract thy heart," replied the Priest in a quick tone, "thou mightst recover." Julian's bed shook beneath him as he spake, "Come, if thou canst dare, to night; then shall my tongue out do thy expectations. Time thy visitation at secretest midnight, and bring with thee all due things as for an exorcism." The Priest hesitated, and then stammered his acquiescence.

The Dormitory was hushed in sleep, when Father Paschal glided from his cell to that of Julian. The latter solemnly enjoined that lavations in holy water, fumigations of frankincense, and stedfast devotions on the part of his priestly auditor, should precede his communication. "I have no fear of aught earthly or unearthly," the Monk afterwards protested; "for I have withdrawn from our reliquary, and deposited within my bosom, a splinter from the identical cross on which the precious

Messiah 'was martyred. While I retain it no power can hurt me ; and shouldst thou faint with the fatigue of speech, I will touch thy lips with it, and straight thou wilt recover."—" Touch them not," interdicted Julian : " unless thou desirest to see them drop off. Mark me ! thy Saviour is not mine. Now dost thou dread to hear my revealment, without shame begone." Religion was Paschal's fortitude, and crossing and recrossing his breast, he disposed himself to listen.

[It constantly has happened, throughout this long history, that the Editor has been obliged to moderate the language of Julian to common comprehension, which it wonderfully surpassed : nay he has oftentimes found the sense wrapt up in expressions of an enigmatical sublimity, irreducible to terms of ordinary intelligibility ; in which case he has studied to give its interpretation in



a narrative style, rather than in dialogue. When arrived at the story subsequently written, he preferred the first plan, as who could comfortably read in Julian's own words, what to hear turned the Priest to living stone? Although his genuine language be but very seldom verbally retained, it is presumed that his sentiments invariably are so; and on this point is felt the greater assurance, as the originality and transcendency of those sentiments must denote them to be the genuine product of such a mind as Julian's, and not the conjectures or the inventions of his historian.]

Julian began: " Priest, often I have thought could the human heart morally be dissected, of all species of anatomy that would be the most beneficial to the fellow creation. Thou art elected to this wondrous knowledge: hearken then, and profit: and when thou chillest with abhorrence at the sinings done

by him of whom I tell, shiver too that as a similar man thou mightest have finned the same, if assailed by those temptations that bring their own opportunities. Bless thy cloister, Priest, for that thou art what thou art ; and cry with me, 'Tis Condition influences Virtue and Vice, as do Climates Health and Sicknefs ; principles being but as drugs that lose their effectual qualities in diverse situations.

Early as Arnaud knew himself I knew him. He was a Child extraordinary in Beauty and Intellect ; as such he was admired and indulged by his father and mother. But the affection they bore towards him, was kindred to the sensuality which had given him birth ; for, assuredly, that affection is sensual, though a parent's, which is regulated by the personal perfections or imperfections of its object. Arnaud's pre-eminence in the former was his adventual title, and the only one they ra-

tified, to their love ; for their vanity was pampered by each alternately tracing a resemblance to the other in him, whom they conceived to be the union of the comeliness of both. So was he treated like a pretty Marmoset, whose gambols furnish entertainment to its keepers : as a human being he was undistinguished, for the falconry and the kennel engrossed the education he required ; and of the pains and money that were lavished on the manege of the stud, a hundredth part could have sufficed to accomplish a son to whom Nature had been so liberal.


From the first there appeared in him characteristics distinct from those of other children, by which his infancy was rendered an honest frontispiece to his book of life : as such it was unread by his shallow parents, who were unqualified with that familiar wisdom, which perceives the future man in the present child : his food, raiment, toys,

and exercise, fulfilled the sphere of their cares: further they considered him no more philosophically than does the peasant an acorn, when so obvious is the forecast, that that acorn is the embryo of a future oak, which accordingly as it be felled, pruned, and modelled, may be applied to the noblest, or the meanest uses. Thus was Arnaud unfortunate ere he could deserve or provoke misfortune; being begot by parents of the generality, who consign their offspring to chance; who denominate a succession of evil chances irresistible fate; when what is fate but chance? who is provided again the latter, need little fear the former.

With no greater concern did they denote his gratification in the punishment of whatsoever animate or inanimate had offended him, than to beat it the more: would not the reasoning of a moment have warned them they were

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cherishing cruelty and revenge? When in promiscuous company he preferred them that were shiningly apparelled, and rejected the caresses of persons homely in appearance, he was extolled for an early shrewdness in discriminating ranks: the distinctions made by his eye were encouraged till they rooted in his heart, where pride and disdain had quick and early growth. He was made ungrateful and unkind by his mother, who jealous of rivals in his affections, taught him to view his nurses as mercenary persons hired to do him offices of tenderness. That his ingenuity in excusing a trespass should be received as not only meritorious of pardon, but of encomium and reward, presently tended to initiate him in artifice and imposition; and ultimately to possess him with the idea natural to childhood, that a crime is not inherently a crime, but becomes one on discovery, to prevent which any mode is warrantable.



Any unamiable eruption was assuaged by them sedulously as though themselves were blameable for putting him in a passion, and his pretty smiles were their unwearied praise. Yet smiles in hot constitutions, are as the sun in hot climates, indicative often of lurking tempests ; and the smiles of children, could they be analized, should sometimes be found deadly as the grins of a villainous man.

Thus Arnaud underwent the customary education of infants, who was unlike all other infants. From books he was withheld, but being required to answer every question according to the suggestions of his own genius, he, in a short time, acquired a promptitude of thought, and a piquancy of repartee, astonishing in one so young. His consequent fame induced most persons to whom he was introduced, to bring his talents to the test, and the proofs that follow are selected from a multiplicity.

Come hither, my good little boy, said a noble ecclesiastic; I will give you this orange if you can tell me where God is.—Ha! retorted Arnaud; and I will give you twenty if you can tell me where he is not. Who made you? was asked by an Abate remarkable for ugliness. I do not wonder that you be curious to know, Arnaud answered, as doubting who made me would not make you. You are very short, said a person with the intention to mortify him.—I will erect myself on a pedestal of great deeds, and then I shall be tall enough, was the noble reply.

One of the literati, who once was present, and who considered the utterance of wit before him as an insult on his own incapability of it, maliciously studied an interrogation unanswerable he conceived by Arnaud's ignorance, for it was, Who is the best author? At once replied the child, A father. The applause was general, but insincere

on the part of the Student, who had no works in that way to boast of: however, to disguise his defeat he attempted some awkward jests on the pleasantness of the composition. On fire to retaliate, Arnaud interrupted his indelicacies by saying, Pray, sir, are not we taught to clothe every indecency in our bodies? Assuredly, answered the Student, after an hesitation of surprise. Why then, adjoined Arnaud, I wonder you do not clothe your own tongue, for in my apprehension it is the most dangerous indecency you have.

A Courtier, unlettered in all but the Court calendar, was so exhilarated by the discomfiture of the Pedant, that he caught the witling to his arms, and half suffocated him with perfumes and caresses; all of which Arnaud patiently endured till the coxcomb, presuming himself invulnerable to satire, at separation said, Well, and will you try to remember me often?—As often as I



cannot think of any thing else, Arnaud farcassically answered. My father calls me a fool, was the lamentation of one of his puerile playmates.—Why then he acknowledges you for his son, was the comfort Arnaud gave him. Once said his mother to him, Last night's company spake of you as being very handsome and clever.—'Tis no compliment, laughed Arnaud, for they'd speak the same of themselves. At another time a company of gentlemen descanted on the merits of honesty with so vain an imputation of it to themselves, that Arnaud thoroughly was disgusted ; and turning from the childish game at which his hands, not his mind, were occupied, he requested leave to speak. It being granted, he expressed himself, \* 'Tis no such great

\* The first and the last of these speeches actually were made by children much younger than Arnaud, who at this time is to be supposed about eight years old.

merit to be honest: the laws oblige men to be honest.

It is understood that Arnaud's wit was not of that superficial kind which turns on mere juggling of expression; but it was ingrafted on a strength of idea and depth of penetration, that rendered him the terror of the society in which he moved. For as the tenderness of his age privileged him in any offensiveness of speech, habit wrought upon him to indulge it to so extravagant a pitch, that he felt disappointed and mortified unless the cheeks of the person he addressed were set on fire by his words: to him the flushes of embarrassment were the ensigns of victory.

Still would he at times deliver compliments genuine in elegance and insinuation, though partaking of that extravagance which inflated all he thought, said, or acted, concerning womankind; for his compliments were

appropriated to the softer sex, whom, he seemed to think, ought to be exempted from satire and ridicule, as well as from aggressions of violence. One day, a young lady undertook to catechize him in his tenets. Do you believe in God? said she.—Ay, Madam, he replied; particularly when I look on you. The lady was really handsome, and Arnaud's gallantry ended the lesson. Being present at a ball where a lady, whose graceful dancing was the least of her endowments, distinguished herself to admiration, he suddenly pronounced in a strain of enthusiasm,

Who sees nimble Bella through airy  
dance ply,  
Fears her lost to the earth and flown to  
the sky.

On the demise of a lady of uncommon beauty, he observed, That her charms were but mortal in their death;

and that he should know her again in the next world, for as heaven could not improve, so it would not alter them. Need it be told that Arnaud was a favorite with many women : the caresses they lavished on him with their usual indelicacy towards children, instilled into his frame an early proneness to effeminacy and lewdness, of which he was too susceptible.

His brother, Lewis possessed many of the advantages of his nature, without that impetuosity that urged them to a culpable excess : but by his parents he unjustly was used, for they distinguished Arnaud as not only his superior in age, but in person and mind.

This was the first stage of Arnaud's life,—a witty childhood—the very worst omen of maturity ! for he soon loses his own innocence who can observe so shrewdly on the follies and faultinesses of others.

The departure of the Marquis from

the eastern estate was postponed till the celebration of Arnaud's eighth birth-day, which was kept with much puerile parade: Arnaud never appearing more lovely or brilliant. The second ensuing day they travelled towards Languedoc; but during the journey, night overtook them while enrouned by an infertile plain; and in despair of discovering habitation, they deviated for shelter into a ruined building of ecclesiastical construction. It was not deserted, as they thought; but its present tenantry were a horde of cruel banditti, whose midnight return aroused the travellers from their repose, and dispersed them in consternation.

Lewis, being entrusted to the care of the servants, abided by their fate; but as Arnaud and his parents were inseparable, they fled in company. To the nobler fugitives pursuit was given by a detachment of the banditti, who

fired at random after them as they descended the steps. The shrieks of Arnaud, who was pierced by a ball and struck from his father's arms on the riven stones, served to guide the assassins steps, which were perplexed by the darkness. The Marquis caught up his injured son, and hastened down a long arcade, of which the further end disclosed the country enlightened by the moon; but he was so retarded by the burthen of the child, and the terror of the mother, that before he could advance half way, he was on the point of being overtaken. At that shocking extremity, he flunk aside into a niche capacious enough to receive them all. How much was he rejoiced to view the pursuers rush erroneously past. But soon they returned, swearing at his escape, and accusing the oversight of him who had led the chase: he defended himself by arguing on the improbability of that escape, as he could

take an oath that he had heard the moanings of the wounded person until the precise instant of their disappearance; a sure proof they had not gradually outfripped them. The men were encouraged by this remark to make research, which brought them so near to the concealment, that the Marquis, to stifle Arnaud's groans, gripped his throat with a desperate hand, that prevented the exhalation even of a sigh or murmur of breath. When the banditti retired, and Arnaud was unhanded, he dropped heavily as a corpse, with the chief signs of suffocation. The horror of his parents discovered them to a bandit, who artfully was left on the watch: his shouts brought back his fellows with torches, and in the tumult of the moment Arnaud was forsaken, but his parents escaped.

Arnaud was picked up by two robbers, who ended their demur by carrying him to the Captain. The latter

compassionated the state of so beautiful a boy, and perceiving in him signs of life, he cleansed away the blood, and ascertained that neither the wound or contusions were mortal. The men objected to the preservation of a puling child, but they were propitiated by the Captain, who represented that were they persecuted by the parents, they might make its restoration the condition of their own release. He was allowed to act just as he pleased, and Arnaud was kept as a kind of hostage.

The Captain possessed a little surgical science, which was acquired in his sanguinary profession; and he attended Arnaud with a tenderness that arose from his memory of better times, when he had children of his own. But those perfections to which Arnaud owed his existence, ceased to adorn it. The ball had gored his shoulder, and the fall had dislocated it; by the latter misadventure his spine likewise was so



fatally injured as to be irrecoverable to its pristine uprightness. Injuries so compound confounded the Captain, who sorrowed to see a creature so charming, at once deformed by a crooked back and an excrescent shoulder.

The derision with which the band treated his humanity, when they saw how unsuccessful it was, bound him to the little sufferer the more: so the attachment that had originated in commiseration, endured in obstinacy. He delighted to instruct him in the use of the different kinds of weapons, and at table to urge his wit against those men with whom he might be offended. In a short time, this behaviour from Arnaud provoked so much malevolence, that, on a certain day, being left with three or four of them who were the worst inimical to him, while the Captain was absent on a predatory excursion, he, the most ferocious, took the liberty to smite him. Ne-

ver since his birth had Arnaud endured a similar indignity, for his rank and the Captain's countenance hitherto had defended him from the brutality of the band. To feel the kingly sanctity of his person profaned by a blow, swelled him with grievousness and indignation : he burst into tears which were necessary to allay the flushings in his cheeks. The gigantic barbarian proceeded to jeer his diminitude, when a violent uproar was heard from without, which improved in loudness and vicinity.

Their apprehensions of a surprize on the part of the Marquis to recover his son out of their hands, had caused the robbers to make a disposition of sentinels around the ruins to descry the earliest appearance of any adversity ; but so undisturbed an interval having abated their fears and their vigilance, the guards on that day were for the first time withdrawn, and attached to the

Captain's force. Thus the officers of justice reached the place unforeseen by the few that remained, whom they pursued to the chamber wherein were Arnaud and his opponent.

The former was upheld by the robbers, who entreated that his safety and restoration might ensure them quarter. The officers confessed their prime object to be the deliverance of a young nobleman, but contemned the attempt to impose on them a mass of deformity so contrary in the particulars of shape lofty and elegant, countenance beautiful and healthy, mien haughty and dignified, to him they sought by such a description. Alas, poor Arnaud ! it was in vain he averred his identity : his stature, which had promised to attain an heroic pre-eminence, was now abridged and bowed towards the earth ; the crimson die of health that used to mantle his cheeks, was now bewildered by the indirection of his veins ; his

eyes only retained their ancient brilliancy, being irradiated by his mind, and they now fired signals of wrath and anguish at their strictures on the wreck of his person. But the officers, incredulous to the nature of his transfiguration, spurned him for an impostor tutored on the part of the robbers, whom they commanded on, peril of death by piecemeal torture, to render up the genuine son of the Marquis.

When Arnaud heard himself so untruly defamed, he required of them a pistol, by which to disprove his kindred to the robbers. The blow that stigmatized his breast, had villainized his heart, and he discharged the ball into the right side of him who had inflicted it. The wretch yelled and fell, being deeply though not mortally wounded, while Arnaud reverting contemptuously to the officers, asked, If what he did could be done to other than his enemy? Then beware, he said, how any of you

behave as one to me. I am the real son of the Marquis de Souvricour. And how long have you been his son? was ironically asked. As long as he has been my father, Arnaud replied. They generally laughed, and further enquired, For what time he had been in such vile company? Ever since ye entered, was the sarcastic answer.

Wit unreined by prudence is most dangerous to the possessor, and herein so it was proved; for although the officers were aware that it was a distinguished qualification in him they sought, yet their self-love refused to acknowledge its existence in the sarcasm that was levelled at themselves; and thus was effaced the impression left by the preceding retort. Having trammelled the few robbers they had surprized, they ambushed expectant of their return who had sallied abroad. But they were disappointed by the gang's diffidence of some such snare, whereupon

it returned not, but withdrew to the refuge prepared for similar cases of extremity. The officers at length evacuated the ruins, detaining in strict custody their prisoners, among whom they affected to include Arnaud. But soon they discovered their mistake, for the latter was identified, and transported to Languedoc.

His father was from home, but his mother received him with eyes that were damp with tears for the whole ensuing week. He was instructed and encouraged in every exercise that could tend to reinstate his body: he was taught to swing in a state of suspension by his neck; to wield heavy weights by running and jumping with them in his hands; but his disfigurement was incurable, being the effect of accident not of frailty. Much ingenuity was then used to disguise and alleviate it. He was provided with a coat of mail, which tightly incased his body, and

sustained it in an upright posture ; his better shoulder was padded to an equality with its protuberant fellow ; an uniform deformity being esteemed preferable to the odiousness of contrast.

However parents may pretend to the virtue of being unbiassed by the beauty or ugliness of their children, it is hardly less certain than natural that their hearts will cherish for the former a secret preference, which gradually will usurp an influence over their deportment towards them. If such be ordinarily the case, it was especially so with the parents of Arnaud, of whose dispositions I before have spoken. The bitterest consciousness of his deformity was derived from their indelicate, though, perhaps, insensible alteration of conduct : (except on the part of the Marquis!) those culpabilities which before they had nourished in him as the eccentricities of a bold spirit, they now censured and condemned. No longer

he was encouraged to triumph in the powers of his own mind, and domineer over the inferior endowments of Lewis, by snatching his lesson from the latter while stammering its repetition, and learning in a few minutes what had taken him two hours or more. He now was rebuked by being told, that the memory retained proportionably to its labour in acquirement; or, that that never digested well which was swallowed too hastily; and he was disapproved for a declaration which he formerly had made with so excessive an applause, which was, That were he ever wise, 'twould be by inspiration, not by learning.

Arnaud lamentably felt the loss of those praises which habit had rendered indispensable to his happiness: it seemed to him that Lewis by succeeding to them defrauded him of his just right, and his eyes, which formerly had glistened with smiles at their hearing,



were now dewy in grief that they were not addressed to him, or cloudy in resentment because they were bestowed on another. He began to exhibit a strange compound of the furious and pathetic feelings, which being provoked to so early a disclosure, revealed themselves in their genuine colours, unvarnished by education. On it being one day read to him, That to Heaven the way was steep and straight, he fiercely made answer, Then why should I attempt Heaven, who am too decrepit to attain it by such a path. But when his mother observed to him how long his eye lashes latterly were grown, he replied in tones that melted the words, Alas ! no wonder ! for I have watered them much of late. The looks and gestures that accompanied these kinds of speech, denoted their origin in a heart that would not suffer others to think it contented with the case in which it was ; that likewise was too

proud to permit their pity, which it prevented by shewing that it would not pity itself. By so premature an opening of his eyes to the real metamorphosis in his person, his parents robbed him of the blessing of vanity; and caused him to give early presage that he would become that sort of man, which most of all the world hath reason to dread, one who hath no self-love.

The wars in Italy recalled the Marquis from the gaieties of Paris, and transferred him and his family to the Cisalpine countries. The duties of his command separated him from his children and their mother, whom he established in a pleasant villa on the banks of the Brenta, where they were secured from the irruptions of war by the neutrality of the Venetian government. Near to their abode lived a laborious peasant, to whose wife was entrusted the nursing the female child of a Spanish Grandee. Arnaud and Lewis

were so much interested by the prettiness and vivacity of this little girl, whose name was Camilla, that they recommended her to the mother's notice.

Arnaud's constitution was so instinct with love, that he almost was insensible to an inferior feeling for womankind; and when his eighth year yet was incomplete, he had affected and amazed his auditors with the inimitable tenderness of his reply to a young lady, who, amusing herself with him, enquired of him what it was to love. Answered Arnaud, It is to die in yourself, to live in another. Many, who beheld him in his unblemished days, had prognosticated how sovereign should be his future influence over the softer sex; and his parents had inculcated to him that each dimple in his cheeks should be the grave of a female heart. As this was the only metaphorical stroke the Marquis ever in-

vented, his vanity had been too much interested to omit its utterance in whatsoever societies he and Arnaud might be : on the latter the multiplicity of its repetitions were so far effectual as to prejudice him that woman were the fated sacrifices to his glory, rather than the partners of it ; and this chimera continued in his mind, notwithstanding the ruin of his beauty might have convinced him that the women were reprieved from their imaginary destiny.

It was entertaining to see him address to Camilla, a Child hardly five years old, an intimation of that manly courtship which he noticed in mature lovers . but she neither understood the elegance of his flatteries, or the gallantries of his attention : her preference was possessed by Lewis, whose childish age and manners were the more congenial with her own. With him she romped in the freedom of

innocence, while Arnaud, looking through his own fastidiousity, misjudged it a licentious familiarity; and shrinking in disgust from invitations to play, would sigh and palpitate in a corner at the assurance of his brother.

As the French power in Italy was nearly annihilated by the battle at Pavia, the Marquis no longer had exercise for his command; accordingly, he prepared to transport his family back to France. On the morning of their departure, Arnaud secretly followed Lewis to a knoll pleasantly shaded by tall pines, where Camilla usually could be found at her diversions. The tears the latter two shed at separation, fell like oil on Arnaud's passions, which were fermented to the crisis of outrage, when to some jealous remark from Lewis, Camilla earnestly replied, Indeed! Indeed! I can't fancy him, he has so ugly a shoulder. These words burnt to Arnaud's heart

worse than a venomed javelin, and his boyish fingers instinctively clenched the poniard he wore, with the mortal wrath of a man. His abhorrence pointed to Lewis for having induced them; so Camilla being gone, and he tracing her through his tears, Arnaud slid forth from his privacy, and enforced the fratricidal blade with a two-handed malevolence into the right breast of his brother.

Arnaud lingered not to extract the weapon, or to ascertain the fate of his victim, but repaired to the travelling equipage, which impatiently waited for him and his brother. To the enquires for the latter he replied, That he believed him to be travelling with the servants, who had preceded for many hours. In this mistake the parents continued until their arrival in France. When the absence of Lewis was discovered, the mother abandoned herself to grief, but the father

with a proud reverence of his resolution in executing that revenge while a boy, which a man could not out-do, which most men decline to do. Yet he was not exempt from that apprehension indelible by time or circumstance, which the criminal ever harbour, lest they themselves may incautiously prove their own accusers. Notwithstanding his temerity in venturing them, he sincerely dreaded discourses on virtue lest they should induce confession to break from him; and often he wished to dissent from those christian tenets by which he knew and felt himself condemned. How peaceless was the conscience, which applying to itself each Encomium of Virtue as an upbraiding, each rebuke of Vice as a denunciation, became inimical to the good man who uttered either! On such occasions were he particularly addressed, he conceived himself to be scrutinized

by glances of impeachment: but the blush had ceased to frequent his cheeks, and the only variance in his complexion now was from fallowness to ashiness, from ashiness to lividity.

Of his person he continued to speak as of an abhorrent enemy. This shoulder, he repeated, depends like a mill-stone to sink me down to hell. Yet would he decry the slightest allusion to it in another, and so sickly was his sensibility in that particular, that he wished the terms Hunch and Crookedness could be abolished from language and memory: he even refused from the household and Vassalage the title of Lord, because he understood that it sometimes was applied in derision to men figured similarly to himself.

Of his disposition take the following abridgement, for his was a stupendous soul in a diminutive body.

He was so Proud of Himself, that



disdain was his usual feeling towards others, which he plentifully indulged by comparing every man that he met, with an imaginary standard of excellence existing only in his own fantastical mind: inferiority to perfection he affected to despise, and as perfection is unpossessed by any one, why every one derived from him censure and depreciation. Had he been born a Prince he might have been esteemed a miracle of condescension, but of urbanity he was destitute, from his misapprehension that to reciprocate courtesy is to acknowledge equality; wherefore he acted as though he thought that a passage were to be made through the world by force: his temper ever was charged for contest, and company presented to him the prospect of a quarrel. An Opinion counter to his own, if not delivered with much deference, gave him immediate offence; a refutation of any assertion

he made, enraged him to instant enmity: yet was contradiction incessantly on his own tongue, whilst so tyrannically he exacted acquiescence from others. Thus when he was piqued on not being a slave to any man, he was the greatest slave to himself; himself being a master that regulated all he thought, spoke, or did. As he was contemptuous of obligation, he was totally unqualified with gratitude. The surest way to make him your enemy was to act towards him in voluntary friendliness; for no delicacy in conferring on him a benefit could propitiate him to the benefactor; in whom he would disallow any virtuous motive, so long as his imagination possibly could conjure an evil one. He esteemed himself born to confer, not to receive favours. In him pride was downcast and solitary: because it would not look up to superiority, it restrained him aloof from other men:

it was truly satanic, and would have lost him divinity in the idea, That better it be to reign in hell, than to serve in heaven. Yet it was a pride not dis-natured of much magnanimity, being generous and courageous. But as with a detestation of what is knavish and abject, it joined a contempt for that which is meek and humble, it was entirely unchristian; though, nevertheless, it was grand.

From universal Fame down to personal Vanity, he was imbued with each intermediate shade of Ambition. Ambition was his dream by night and by day, how to outvie all heroism pre-existent or contemporary, and universalize his name by deeds, to celebrate which in compatible language, Historians should study to invent it anew. The sublimest ideas mingled with absurd ones sprung from the like source. Grasping his dagger, he would parade on an imaginary footing with

Kings, as if because they were not invulnerable to its point, they existed on his sufferance. Be not the weakest disregarded, he would consider. Nature hath provided for all: to the lion she hath given fangs, to the reptile venom; on the mighty she hath bestowed slaughterous metals, on the feeble a powder that slays without a stroke. He would arise in ecstasy from the perusal of those characters in antiquity, whose barbarous patriotism fundered the ties of domestic nature; for his soul was congenial with whatsoever be magnanimous and extraordinary, however terrific and unexemplary. His vain-glory was dis-tempered by delirious paroxysms, when he could have sought deification, as did pythagorean Empedocles, by plunging into volcanic Etna; or immortality as did the Incendiary who fired the Ephesian temple. There were times when his ambition would soar to a devilish pitch, for he would dispute the attributes of

the divinity: He, a shapeless and decrepit monster, whom a man would have despised in a personal duel. This passion entranced him an hundred times a day; its illusions tempted him from himself; and the circumstances of years fitted by in a single reverie. In idea he lived the age of a Methuselah; but in reality not the age of a summer-bird. Disgusted with his identical insignificance, he journeyed on his thoughts abroad, and participated with Satan the kingdom of the air.

Pride and Ambition were the two imperious passions that marshalled his general conduct; but there were other passions of an incidental nature, which he possessed to an extravagant degree.

Revenge, to which, being so irritable and inveterate, he considered every body a probable victim. Can it then be wondered that he kept him friendless, when on the most trifling occasion of offence he was prepared to treat the

closest intimate as an enemy? His memory of insults being truly Indian, woe to him on whose account that memory ached. Neither interval of time and place, vicissitude of circumstances or disposition, could mollify a revenge that presentiated an offence as if it happened at that very moment. The sleights of a boy he ruminated with the indignation of a man, and the wrongs of fourteen he was fiery to revenge at twenty.

Of Cruelty he oftentimes made exhibitions, at which himself on reflection shuddered. Not only whatsoever was endowed with life underwent the inflictions of his barbarity, but even unfeeling substances were unexempt: on any furniture wherewith he chose to be dissatisfied, he would iterate violences accompanied by curses at their vanity. It seemed that nature had intended him for a tyrant, by qualifying him with the most exquisite sensibility, whereby

he could instruct himself most acutely to anguish the sensibility of others. Thus he understood the miseries incidental to humanity, but to aggravate them. Why wonder that he were incompassionate to his fellows, when fiercely so to himself? on himself he first played the torturer, by counteracting the genuine tenderesses of his soul unmercifully as though it could be a glory and a virtue to annihilate them; yet would they often revive, and with their tears extinguish eyes that blazed eruptions of wrath. Amazing and detestable was the spectacle of a wilful maniac, outraging, denouncing, and blaspheming, in this moment of passion, weeping, gnashing and groaning, in that of remorse.

Of his amorous disposition, I hitherto have but presented the fairer side. In no man was love ever more dubious than in him, there being a perpetual insurrection of his senses against his

sentiments. He loved like a man and lusted like a satyr in kindred moments. Yet the solitary and inactive monotony of his life caused his senses to usurp so imperiously that his veins were the inextinguishable furnaces of lewdness. As surgeons prescribe cleanliness to a running wound, so Arnaud medicined his inward corruption by an external decorum in word and deed, which he carried to a punctilious refinement that moved most of his shallow companions to mark him for a spiritless piece of frigidity. Inconsiderate they were, that in the world there are volcanos instinct with mineral deluges and eruptive lightnings, which are chased by external coats of snow. Arnaud was more than contented to be so misdeemed; he was rejoiced to think that his real sensuality was unknown: if joy could spring from source so foul! not that it is to be received he



was destitute of honour and delicacy. So much of delicacy he possessed, that he could turn sick at himself: thus resembling the epicure, whose appetite indulges on the tainted viands which his other senses nauseate. Of the most trifling indecorum in a female he was an observer and censurer; but in honour towards womankind he was selfish. He reprehended the licentiousnesses of his own sex, because each woman corrupted by another man, he considered as one lost to himself; wherefore, in the endurance of their chastity, it must be allowed that he felt an interest not a degree superior to what a sportsman feels for the preservation of his game; nevertheless did visions of a happy marriage ever form a considerable and favorite part of his chimeras. Indeed, on marriage he long cherished romantic and exalted notions. His appreciation of a woman adapted for his wife was inflexible to less than a

marble incorruptibility of principle and deportment : even to himself the least frailty of fondness preceding matrimony would have prevented its ever taking place ; yet inferior to an excess of fondness afterwards, would be sure to arouse that jealousy watchful in his nature, and which, from a dubious birth, promised fast growth to a deadly maturity. The dagger he ever venerated as the certain instrument of avengement and divorce.

His Envy was a monster that devoured the entire human species, not only that coexistent with himself, but preceding ages up to obscure antiquity ; for between himself and any person memorized for a noble action, he continually was drawing a parallel, as though others capability was to be warranted by his own. But nobody could be sensible to a bitterer mortification than felt he, when after an abstinence from drink during a long summer's day, he was

without fortitude at evening to refuse the cup, and completely rival the Macedonian Alexander, who so had done when chasing the Barbarians through the unwatered deserts of the east. But however severe were the pangs this kind of envy gave to him, it was harmless to objects mouldered in all but their renown. Not so harmless were its domestic emotions. Praise of virtue or beauty in another, he abhorred to hear to a degree that made him, at length, consider the presence of one comely in mind or person, as libellous on his own deformity in both. He became like a man so entended by sickness, that he cannot bear a touch, or even a mention of his pains, lest his bones sympathetically ache. Had he believed, as does the savage, that the perfections of him you slay transmigrate into yourself, who of superior endowment could have been secure from the

dagger of Arnaud ? for whom he envied, he most surely hated.

Of those Humours that constitute so material a part of the characters of ordinary men, he almost was destitute ; as what he possessed were too pernicious in their tendencies, so lightly to be held. His gaiety was licentiousness ; his melancholy despair ; and what others thought caprice, was but a variable exhibition of one tenor of mind, diversified to the sight, as are travellers, by the vicissitudes of the road.

Of Follies he was not more abundant, for his brain was stronger in wisdom, than his heart in virtue. Some follies he cultivated, because he esteemed them accessory to human happiness ; but he failed in the design, for his mode of bringing them into play, raised them to the detestable eminence of vices. Yet one folly, Egotism, was virtuous, inasmuch that it revealed his vices ; I ! I ! I ! being the utterance everlastingly

on his tongue ; and so fond he was of talking about his own concerns, and introducing them into every discourse, however foreign to its topic, that his heart often disclosed itself ere it were aware ; so that a shrewd person might greatly have solved the drift of his disposition by the drift of his conversation. Otherwise it were impossible, for he was one man to himself, another to the world. No publicity of gaming, drinking, wenching, or the like, rattled a warning from this monstrous serpent.

To conclude with a summary of his character. In him were of all the germs that is heroically good, all that is heroically wicked, but none of what is ignoble and knavish. No virtue but of which he bore some vestige ; no vice of which he had not some taint ; but passion was his bane : passion mingled his virtues and vices beyond the discrimination of an ordinary analysis.

Uneducated, unexampled, uncor-

rected, without opinion to gain, reputation to lose, reprehension to avoid, lived to the maturity of eighteen this boy, nature's master-piece; his faculties permitted to mellow till they putrified, and the rapid current of his nature rigorously confined till it swelled and absorbed the noble principles that had floated on it. Yes, he, Arnaud! was bound down in seclusion and indolence, whose ardour to become publicly grand, caused him to be domestically vile.

He was a delightful and sublime instrument, wherefrom the instinctive note converses musically or dissonantly accordingly as it be struck. When skill and tenderness might have sounded him through the ravishing compass of harmony, ignorance and rudeness provoked from him a din of discord: and what so harsh as music in despair?

Ah, Priest! I see thy monachism yet hath not purified thee of that abominable inclination to credit disparagement

preferably to extolment. Judge for thyself, and lose the flattery of thine own vanity by hearkening to the ideas of an untaught, unexperienced stripling, whose age thine trebles at threescore. Unseen, unknown, unthought of, I have accompanied and sympathised with Arnaud, when his intellect emerging from selfishness, hath recreated on philosophical ideas, and multiplied them by these that follow.

Who fears retrospection, dreads futurity. The wicked do both, and flee from that reflection which distinguishes a man from a brute.

Men pride themselves on a discovery in nature as though it gave them a share in the creation. Probably the more we learn in this world, the greater will be our self-mirth in the next. The relinquishment of folly is the acquisition of wisdom, and so is wisdom acquirable by any one. In like manner, to magnify your fortune lessen your wants.

There is no more general inveſtive on mankind, than the intemperate extolment of an individual becauſe he be not vicious. Virtue conſiſts in ſomething more than the abſence of vice.

Likewiſe, we ſhould be wary how we praiſe a man for not being blood-thirſty, fraudulent, rapacious, or poſſeſſed by other of thoſe abjeſt vices, from which it is infamous not to be exempt. With greater wiſdom and juſtice we ſhould appropriate our praiſes to that man who is not ambitious, warlike, prodigal, or given to other vain-glorious vices, which are tricked out in the impoſing examples of paſt ages, and of which the conſtant attributes are the world's reſpect, admiration and remembrance.

Suſpicion provokes guilt: and diſappointed honeſty is the firſt ſtep to knavery. That which it is criminal to do, it is impious to defend. How galling to reflect that half the pains we take to



conceal a crime from others, could have subdued in ourselves the motives of its perpetration.

The best thing to reconcile you to one misfortune is a second. The punishment of kings do come from God ; they being above those from Fortune. Yet resignation is an unmonarchical virtue. Kings sustain a strife with fate, and when they do fall, they fall like the thunder-struck pine that crushes the shrubs around it.

If it be bad to coin a spurious metal with the arms of a state, how much worse it is to stamp an evil vow with the name of God, and then stand on its inviolability.

Those moralists who indulge themselves by prying into the darkness of vice, become like men employed in some subterranean obscurity : neither can sustain undazzled—these is the light of day, those the light of virtue.

The greatest infamy is praise from a

worthless man. On any occasion it is far more glorious to be envied than praised. But most perilous is that exaltation which is independent of praise or dispraise. It is a vice in one man to give another the opportunity to be vicious.

If adultery in man be only venial, and yet in woman criminal, let distinct oaths be administered to them at the altar.

Ears for ignorance; a tongue for knowledge.

He who spends an hour by himself, spends half of it with his enemy. To preserve your thoughts in health let them often take the air.

When young and perfect, Arnaud had derived from his mistaken parents a mingled distaste and disdain for books, which he saw to be given to Lewis as essential to a dullard, who could not think for himself. This early prejudice ever after injured Arnaud, for it kept

him unlearned in any especial science, by rendering him averse from, and contemptuous to, systematic study. His reading was of an unconnected nature, and chiefly of works that entertained his fancy, and inflamed his passions. The consequence was, that he sometimes exhibited the dazzling coruscations of genius, but never the serene corradation of knowledge. Of professions he was practically ignorant, wherefrom proceeded his indecision in electing any one in preference to the others.

The military service he considered to be varied from what it anciently was. Armies, thought he, are now so polished by discipline, that any forwardness of individual merit or intrepidity is fled away as an offensive excreffence. A soldier, whose honour it is to be fiery and impetuous, is regulated by rules of a murderous coldness; or taught a kind of suicide by a passive exposure

to the slaughtering foe : an heroic deed he seldom can personally perform without the infraction of some military law, and all that's required of him is to be mechanical and honest. The odds of war are now thought to be as easily calculable as those in games of chance, and battles are fought ceremoniously as balls are danced. A campaign is now an emulation between two armies which longest can endure the horrors of famine, fatigue and disease ; thence ignoble encounters for posts, convoys, &c. during all which waste of time a soldier is expected to sustain an undiminished spirit, though undergoing all those deprivations which monks have adopted as the most efficacious in taming and subduing nature. Arnaud felt that his mind was too untractable, his constitution too unsound, to bear military rigours of subordination or tactics.

For the Church he likewise felt himself unfitted. However the reverse in

war, thought he, in religion it doubtless is better to be passive than active. From the law he decidedly was averse; neither admiring nor desiring dignities attainable by sophistry and insincerity. Notwithstanding his manifold culpabilities, he felt that neither could he endure to be controverted while speaking the truth, or to controvert the truth when spoken by another. Indeed, he was as unfit for the profession, as the profession were unfit for him; for the contradictions, insults, and provocations, personally suffered by the lawyer, he would have chastized with the spirit of a gentleman. Physic he still worse detested, for he would say, The eye of a physician is infectious to whomsoever it views of some complaint or disease; while the eye of a surgeon runs over your body with an imaginary knife of dissection. Trade he contemned too thoroughly to waste a judgement on. Literature he considered to be

the most uncertain, laborious, and careful road towards fame. Every Author, he would argue, writes to be read ; but by whom is he read ? Why, by men of capricious incongenial tastes, whose individual opinion mostly is valueless, whose unanimous approbation it is impossible to gain ; few of whom are qualified to appraise the worth of what they read ; none of whom are so modest as to decline the rank of critic, or so merciful as to refrain from the privilege of condemnation. Cannibals † who prey on what a man hath spun from his own body, during nights of restless meditation, and days abstracted from society or diversion. Death commonly is the birth of an author's reputation, like to the characters in ancient poetry, of whom we hear so much when around their corse friends and foes heap monuments of slaughter. The insignia of the profession are neglected habiliments, and a moneyless

purse, a figure ruined in its symmetrical excellencies, and a restless countenance. The brain still worse is ravaged by intenseness of heated thought, which desolates it to idiotism, or frets it to phrenzy; but the constitution worst of all, being not seldom unnerved of its manhood, and almost assuredly possessed by disease. So that it may be said, Literature is a service of as great peril to the sons of the quill, as that of arms can be to the sons of the sword. Peace of mind so entirely is eradicated by their egotistical and envious humours and passions, that, as an affluent author is admired as a phenomenon, a happy one may be accounted a non-existence. Additionally to these Arnaud had his moral objections, For, said he, when a man indulges his pen, there is a hazard that he may inoculate himself with those passions which he attempts to depict.

Thus he disparaged all professions in

the presumption that he were born to patronise, not to share them : but when aged twenty, it appeared that his fortunes were vague as his opinions. Hitherto he had regarded the Marquisate de Souvricour as inheritable by himself ; an assurance to which he adhered, notwithstanding the doubtful obscurity in which he lived, devoid of those dignifications others of origin inferior, and years more immature, already were familiarised to.

Of late years the absences of the Marquis were multiplied and lengthened surprisingly to Arnaud, who noted that his mother latterly was grown peaceless even to agony. It would have been unreasonable to attribute this to the unsocial and reclusive insipidity of her mode of life, for since the death of Lewis it so had invariably continued. Ever denied the confidence of his parents, and imprisoned in his own thoughts, Arnaud did not undertake to



unriddle these enigmas in the behavior of either. Alas, would he have designed the opportunity for information from any resident in the vicinity, who all knew what most concerned him who was ignorant, then he had been spared the shock of an abrupt discovery: but with such his pride had long ceased to accompany, because he conceived them irreverential in denying him the precedency.

Arnaud's embarrassment and his mother's affliction were much increased by their sudden dislodgement from the Chateau, and settlement in a melancholy abode about two leagues distant. Scarcely was ended a week of reconciliation to this change, when Arnaud, prolonging his evening walk of meditation, came within prospect of the causeway, that led to the Chateau. Being approached, he discovered the vassalage congregated in a greater concourse than was custom-

ary on any festivity of their own; their persons likewise were unusually imbellished with a prodigality of pastoral finery, and they had arranged themselves along the confines of the road, into which they alternately intruded and looked abroad in a style, that at once evidenced their expectations and impatience.

It is my father they await, thought Arnaud, soon as he heard the lively flourish of trumpets. At the same time, he rapidly moved in an oblique direction, that passed the multitude and met the equipage that advanced. At first sight of their Lord and his gallant retinue, the peasantry rejoiced the air with shouts, to which Arnaud echoed an imaginary cry, for his heart was glad to acknowledge its consanguinity to a man dignified by grandeur and popularity. He reached the causeway just before the procession passed; but to its magnificence he

was blind, the virtue of his eyes being engrossed by the spectacle of an open chariot, wherein the Marquis, a Lady, and a Stripling about twelve years of age, rolled by with so much rapidity as was not inconsistent with stateliness. No one but Arnaud could have doubted that he beheld husband, wife, and child. Did any instinctive fraternity at sight of Henri instruct him in this awful truth? Ah, no! for Henri, struck with his deformity, burst into a childish ridicule, that directed the eyes of the mother towards its object. She checked Henri with ostentatious compassion, and graciously flung at the feet of Arnaud some pieces of the money, which she scattered with a liberal hand as she proceeded through the peasantry. The latter opened a passage for the chariot, and saluted them who rode in it; some with music and dancing, others with the waving of garlands and streamers,

and the strewing the flowers of the season. The acclamations that had swelled Arnaud's throat, evaporated in a painful sigh; and when Long life to the Marquis and Marchioness! was exclaimed by a thousand voices, The contrary to the Marquis and Marchioness! he would have confirmed by a thousand Amens!

Retiring from the scene, he ran homewards. He surprized his mother steeped in tears, to which regardless he detailed what he had beheld, and swore to prosecute the Marquis for a bigamist. After a severe struggle with shame, his mother said, Indeed, hast thou lived to this age with thine eyes closed on the truth? Alas! that I should be obliged to tell thee, the Marquis is no bigamist. Accursed be she who attaints herself a harlot! cried Arnaud, and rushed to his own chamber, wherein he included himself. Without sleep or food he subsisted in this solitude for three

days, whilst his mother vainly invited him to come forth, or as vainly remonstrated against her exclusion. The horror of the discovery threw him into alternate fits of melancholy and distraction; and when in a state of delirious unconsciousness he opened the door. In that condition he forcibly was conveyed to bed, and lulled by a soporific draught into a wholesome sleep, that lasted many hours, but from which he awoke to recollections that nearly caused him to relapse. Beside the bed sat his mother, whose scalded eyes and wan complexion denoted how wretched and vigilant she had been. She attempted to recommend resignation and content to Arnaud, but he silenced her by contemptuous looks, and desired her, as she was not whom he had thought her to be, immediately to acquaint him with her real derivation and condition.

I have concealed them from you hi-

therto, spake his mother; for still I hoped this moment should be prevented by your Father. Speak of him as the Marquis, Arnaud advised. She proceeded to relate, That in antiquity, dignity, and affluence, her family was equal, nay superior, to his own. But that, most unfortunately for her, being a second daughter, she was professed a Nun, when too young to combat the decree of her parents, too old to be resigned to it. Much about that time, Italy was ravaged by foreign and dissentious warfare. A detachment of French stormed the town in which stood the Nunnery wherein she was. The conflagration reached the edifice, whence she escaped to the open country. She was now at liberty to seek a conveyance to her paternal abode; but then her reinstatement in a convent would be certain. A conventual life she detested. Ah! said she, frown not, Arnaud! but at the compulsion which divorced me from a

world to which I naturally was attached. In preference to it she relinquished country, relationship, character; and adventurous from romantic youth, threw herself on the magnanimity of a French foldier, (Geoffery of the Chateau) who for her better security, conducted her to his Colonel; the Marquis, who recently was advanced to his inheritance. It being received by the family that either she were slain or burnt, they awhile lamented, but soon forgot her; so slight was the transition from a convent to a tomb. She now became a being solitary in the world as though she were self created. Yet restless in her dread of the Inquisition, she was forced to live with the Marquis in a privacy, that gave him an ascendancy over her person and affections, which he used to the corrupting of both. So she became mother to the unhappy young man she addressed.

She proceeded to relate, That credu-

ious to the Marquis's protestations of inviolable faith, she dismissed every inquietude, save the apprehension of a casual identification, which tormented her whenever she was introduced to any stranger; during the season of her melancholy on account of the loss of Lewis, this fancy became so incontrollable, that, at length, she voluntarily returned to that reclusive tenor of life, to emerge wherefrom she formerly had sacrificed so much. Yet providence, said she, hath punished me in my offspring; and this conclusive stroke it hath reserved to sink me into the grave. The journey, in which you, my poor Arnaud! were so disastred by captivity and personal injury, was caused by a regal mandate to the Marquis forthwith to repair to Paris. Obstinate in his prejudice of your death, he prosecuted that journey, and left me in Languedoc dispossessed of the means for your rescue until four months were expired: alas! a quicker



deliverance, I often have thought, might have prevented so complete a ruin of your beauty. O God! cried Arnaud, say not so, lest in the fellness of my despair, I anathemize ye both.

His mother continued; I have since found out that, about that time, he fell in love with a lady, of whom I knew no more than that she is a countrywoman of mine, who was forced by the destruction of the French and their party at Pavia, to take refuge in Paris. How long he hath violated his faith to me may be judged from the age of the boy you saw, who is the first and only fruit of their marriage. Her recent restoration to her family demesnes has obliged the Marquis to treat her with greater deference; indeed, an inability longer to detain her in the capital was his chief excuse to me for directing my removal from the Chateau, and exiling me to this place.

The name of your family? asked

Arnaud. Is buried in a heart that ever shall restrain it from my tongue, replied his Mother. I know your rashness, my son ; and dare not confide in it. Nor are you more ignorant than your father, to whom would all my conduct had been wary as in that particular ! for when I did scruple at our ejection from the Chateau, he darkly spake of justice and the inquisition, as though he wished me to dread that he would deliver me into its hands. Barely she could deliver these words for the sobs and sighs that broke her utterance, whilst Arnaud's heart heaved curses which his brain refused to regulate, his tongue to word. At length, he cried, Yet, I do suspect thou lovest him. I own it is my misfortune, sobbed the Mother. Flaming with indignation, Arnaud sprung from his succumbent position, and seized her hands. She was terrified at his probable fit of delirium, and bent on her powerless knees.

Swear, cried Arnaud, swear, so may God help you as you be faithful, never more to minister to his wanton hours. Swear to return to that chastity, which would to God, thou hadst died rather than broke. Swear, or I will not answer for myself. I do swear, articulated the trembling mother; and she solemnly abjured the Marquis's bed.

Arnaud's admiration of the extraordinary and the horrific, reconciled him to himself, as to a person distinguished from a promiscuous world, by a birth brought about in despite of the ordinances of God and of man. It was so grateful to his pride to think that the lives of his father and mother depended on his refrainment from impeaching them to the Church, that he felt as though he discharged the debt of existence, by permitting them to survive. This consideration propitiated his spirit of revenge, and kept him in ideal importance now the reality was lost; yet

there were paroxysms of regret, when he would almost resolve to terminate a family in the flames of faggots, which had originated in the flames of cupidity. But these reflections were consumed in their own fire ; and that melancholy, which had been habitual to Arnaud in the first consciousness of his deformity, now revived with redoubled force. He regarded objects through the medium of his own wretchedness ; and in each he discovered a cause for sorrow, as did the weeping Hypochondriac of old. He would sophisticate the tendency of the revelations of an hereafter blessedness, and say, That they were meant to discomfort us with our present state. On this principle he condemned all signs of contentment as profane, and would grieve even to sobs, that a man could be so unfeeling of his own misery as to indulge in mirth : in himself a smile was but sorrow in disguise, and jocularities a voice feigned by his woe :

Nor was he unsupported by what he conceived to be efficient proofs ; and thus they were digested. The creation, though solemnized by jubilee, endures in melancholy, which seems infused into every thing, whether animate or inanimate. The original tunes of all nations are of the solemn or serious cast ; merry tunes are the result of scientific combinations ; they are the inventions of artists, while the former are genuine ; so instruments, artlessly struck, yield unsprightly and dolorous sounds. The human voice universally inclines to accents and cadences of plaintiveness ; so that the earliest rebukes to children are to make them speak lively. The cries of brutes are almost unexceptionably piteous. Nature throughout is under the same influence ; she bedews the face of the earth with tears, and when she speaks, it is a provocation to mournfulness : for to whom did the winds ever blow, the waters pour, or

the thunders roar cheerfully? Alas! she seems to lament her own existence, and to gratulate that suicidal catastrophe, to which physicians say her motions tend.

About a month was elapsed since the Marquis had introduced his wife and child into the Chateau; when one day, about noon, a carriage stopped before the habitation of Arnaud and his mother. The attention of the former was caught by so uncommon an occurrence, and he peeped through the trellises of a front window. Amusement would not permit him to apprise his mother of her visitors, before they alighted; and, in the persons of the Marchioness and Henri, intruded the room, unceremonious in annunciation or apology. With equal indelicacy the Marchioness addressed the mother to the purport, That understanding she for many years had been housekeeper to the Marquis, it was her desire to

know whether she were retired on an adequate provision. The irony that in her despite accented her tones, and polished her eyes, betrayed that to scrutinize and insult were her motives in this dissimulation. The mother was confounded, and powerless to speak; and Arnaud's promptness to retort she silenced by a look woeful to ghastliness, which caused him to advert to Henri, who stood tittering at him from beside the Marchioness. Continued the latter, I have instituted an almonry, to which you may have daily access by shewing this ticket. This she proffered with haughty condescension.

To Arnaud's confusion, his mother's hand mechanically presented itself, and received the ticket; while a triumphant ridicule gilded the aspect of the Marchioness, who then directed herself to him. My son is unprovided with a page of ability to attend or suavity to humour him. Though your

appearance be repulsive, custom, I know, can reconcile to deformities even more shocking. I am willing to believe that you be qualified for such a station by humility, patience, assiduity, gratitude, and a general inoffensiveness of character. Still will be requisite vouchers of your integrity, sobriety, and discretion. If they be satisfactory, you shall be promoted to that office; having first performed a noviciate, that your young Lord may judge if you can please him; the readiest mode to 'compass which, will be never to thwart him in the slightest degree. Arnaud's passions were too big for more utterance than, I never will thwart him twice, for my first service shall be to nail his accursed heart with this poinard. Thus terminated an interview, which occasioned a series of fainting-fits to the unhappy mother; to whom, when she most required tranquillity, the angry Marquis



signified his will, that she immediately should retire from the Marquisate to a lone villa, distant as the borders of the Liois, and not many miles, so Arnaud told me, from this identical Monastery.

Now that Arnaud was banished the sphere of his former dignity, he underwent the unrestrained malevolence or wantonness of ridicule or stricture on his disfigurement, against which his own tongue hitherto had only dared to rail. On embarking in a boat, that ferried passengers over a river in the vicinity, the boat-master, willing to venture a fare for a jest, demanded of him two sous extraordinary; at the same time pointing to his shoulder, and saying, 'Twas customary to pay so much for any additional burthen. Arnaud was so confounded, that he actually paid the money. One day, when passing through the neighbouring village, an unfeeling urchin called to him,

What, my young master! is your shoulder going to lay in, that it is grown so bulky? This jest was generalized among the villagers; so that Arnaud's pregnancy was their usual denomination of any personal projection; and if he were descried hastening along, he assuredly was questioned, Whether he were not going for a midwife.

Aggressions, so unprovoked, pierced Arnaud to the very heart. Often as he thought on the axiom of the philosophers, That the voice of the people is the voice of God, so often he would exclaim, Then am I in verity detestable, for all are unanimous to condemn me! Yet whence arises it, that while other personal calamities excite compassion and condolence, mine, alone, induces scoffs, disgust, and abhorrence? Can they believe, that a devilish spirit having entered this form, it is sentenced by God, as was the serpent of old, everlastingly to grovel along the earth?

Do they not know that I once was heavenly perfect? Alas! what did I do deserving of this change? Yet fools they are, to esteem the body typical of the soul! Were it so, could so many of them walk uprightly? Then he would caress his affectionate dog, and say, Ah, poor Pepin, thy attachment confutes the doctrines of Pythagoras, for human breast cannot boast thy friendly and grateful ardour: or, else, man being the worse brute, his spirit is exalted not debased by the transmigration. Not only was Arnaud assailed with peculiar reflections, but the deformities of others were reproached through him. Generally when he passed children at their sports, the parents would exclaim, Come away, my dears! there's Richard behind, and his back is up: doubly alluding to cats in their attitude of anger, and to that awful compound of mental and bodily deformities, Richard the Yorkist, whose

recent usurpation of the English throne, and murder of his youthful nephews, had excited horror and commiseration in almost every peasant of the neighbouring kingdoms. They call me a Richard, cried Arnaud, and Providence inspires them; for who beside can know that there are in my mind emotions congenial to those in a Richard? Arnaud induced on himself additional obloquy, by frankly expressing his sympathy for a wretch, whom he saw racked on the wheel for the murder of a peasant girl, who rejected his solicitations on account of his deformity. But the crisis of defamation was yet to be attained. It was the delivery of a woman in the neighbourhood, of a child, similarly shaped to Arnaud, to extreme horror at whose appearance, when in an early stage of pregnancy, she attributed it. It was in vain to argue that Nature generally was wilful in such productions: each peasant fancied him-

self the probable father of a hunch-backed son, and united with his fellows to scare the wretched Arnaud from sight of their dwellings. Hunted like a wild beast to the wilderness, this despairing youth would cry, Had I ever doubted a second life, the anguish of this one could convince me. God hath affixed his seal on me, as on the first-born; alas, on me and on my offspring; for if sight of me could work thus much, what could not the essence? Comfort cheers not my prospect, for marry I dare not, lest the womb of my wife become an hereditary lazaretto, teeming a brood of monsters like myself. Then he would ferment to frenzy, and exclaim, Ha! and is it really ordained that sin and feature only be hereditary? Do the virtues, wisdom, and qualities of the soul, accompany it to Heaven; while the vices, humours, and damned passions of the flesh, are entailed on our offspring?—Priest, I will spare thine

eat, by leaving to thine imagination how impiously a young man may be expected to rave, who in the injustice of his fellow-creatures conceits that he discovers the adversity of his Creator.

His mother's attempts to give him religious comfort he scorned; and when she reminded him that Solomon did not ask for beauty but wisdom, And wisely he asked, replied Arnaud, fool as he was before. Were a blessing submitted to my choice, I would say, Be it my immediate dissolution. I think, said his mother, and she strove to smile, that you could wish better.— Yes, adjoined Arnaud, for that wish should be, That I ever had remained unborn.

His days were now generally wasted in the obscurity of his chamber, which he seldom exchanged but for the dimness of night, when his own shadow ceased to persecute him with its attendance. Did he go abroad, his walks

were many miles excursive from his dwelling, and in the most private parts of the country, through which he unwillingly struck to avoid the attention that was edged by derision.

So shocking was this reproachful life to Arnaud's vanity, pride, and ambition, that when Charles the Fifth invaded the South of France, he traiterously deliberated whether he would not revolt from his country, and join the host of her enemies. Fear was not his restraint, for thus he reflected: When I consider that so instinct is my nature with disease, that the seeds of dissolution are born in me; that so complex and fragile is my construction, I cannot stir abroad without hazarding by an accidental strain or fall, the mortal fracture of some bone or artery; that the air I breathe, being corrupted by my neighbours, infects me with disorders, from which I before might be free; when considering thus, I see that my whole

life is a communion with death, and that I cannot have an assurance of my surviving the present minute, in the name of God, what reason can I find to be a coward in my apprehensions of a field of battle? Its chief terror is the visibility of death in the various engines used to accelerate it; its chief horror death's diverse imagery in carcases shattered and mutilated. It requires but little courage to open our eyes to that death, on whom we are so fond of keeping them shut, as all must one time do it; and but little philosophy to decide that death be still the same, however variously it be brought about. Who, that looks into a medicinal book, shall not see an history of disorders incidental to himself, more formidable and numerous than all the warlike engines invented since the world existed? Would each man consider the swords and musquets opposed to him, as emblematical of the depra-



vations in his own blood, no more could he dread the enemy, than he dreads himself ; for to every man himself is his worst enemy. The very means of life are its bitterest adversities. To eat, drink, sleep, or perform any animal function unwisely, being perilous to our being ; wherefore do the epicure, the debauchée, and either class of sensualists, look death as often in the face, as does the fighting soldier. Likewise will our intemperate admiration of any daring exhibition be composed by the reflection, That the frail tenure of being cannot be more attenuated ; so that it is not in the audacity of man to put his life to greater risks, than it is put by its own nature. Thus Providence hath ordained heroes in us all.

The same profound sense that made Arnaud dauntless by death, in teaching him how insecure is life, likewise convinced him, That he, who can be

wicked enough to desert his country in a paroxysm of resentment, does it a beneficial riddance, without advantaging himself. Though, for a time, he may indulge in the vain fancy that, being missed, he is regretted, he certainly shall be humbled by the experience that they, to whom he revolted, neither respect or value him. For the wreaking his revenge on his countrymen, he shall be abhorred by either party; till convinced that individual enmity is not to be gratified by general cruelty, he shall be tormented with self-reproach. His passions will subside, but the restoration of reason, a blessing to other men, to him will be the origin of perpetual anguish of conscience, and fruitlessness of repentance. He will live a pensioner and an alien, and when he die, epitaphs cannot be composed to celebrate either his patriotism, fortitude, or resignation; he will answer to Heaven for his defalcation in those virtues,

and then shall he find, That to be trait-  
terous to your country, is to be trait-  
erous to the God who placed you there.

Arnaud, one day, straggled to a  
quarter of the country distinct from any  
whereto he, as yet, had resorted. It  
happened that while he was engaged  
in his usual search for unpopular walks,  
a lady was borne by an unruly horse  
towards him. His native gallantry  
overcame his bashfulness; he ran forth,  
caught the bridle, detained the animal,  
and delivered the affrighted equestrian.  
Not less grateful than fair, she induced  
Arnaud to enter her habitation, which  
stood in a recluse but romantic situation.  
From that time he repeatedly visited  
her; and the five leagues that lay be-  
tween her dwelling and his, he would  
traverse with as unabating an ardour  
as if they were but so many furlongs.  
Bellifance, for so familiarly she encou-  
raged Arnaud to entitle her, was young,  
sprightly, handsome, and witty; but in

all more speciously than positively so. She possessed sentiments of honour, but her extravagant mode of expressing them intimated that her tongue wished to enhance the reputation of her heart. Indeed, Arnaud often combated his own suspicion that her character were imperfect; yet the attendant idea, that by the deference with which he treated her, she was consoled for the disrespect of the world, penetrated to his heart. When he compared the visible pleasure she received from his company and conversation, with the contumely, which, of late, he had endured, so extraordinary was the contrast, that he, at length, ceased to scruple the persuasion that she was tenderly inclined to him. It is inconceivable by any other than a creature similarly wretched in his deformity, with what ecstasy Arnaud brooded on the possibility of his having atchieved the attachment of a female. No longer he hated the person she be-

held with complacency; no longer he feared its derision; for it seemed that by yielding to him her love, she invested him with her beauty. Oblivion swallowed his past woes and despair, and happiness and hope were regenerated in his mind. His eyes were so retentive of her charming person, that they beautified, as her effigy, whomsoever they were obliged to regard; and it was with difficulty that his organs of utterance could be attuned to other pronunciation than the melody of her name. Bellifance was so constant to his tongue, that often he was on the point of addressing his mother by that appellation; an inadvertency he much feared, as he was yet too sore from past scoffs and censure, to brave their repetition by a boasting of his conquest. Besides, such circumspection and reserve added to his vanity in the connection, by shadowing it with the hue of intrigue. That Arnaud so exceed-

ingly should be transported by his passion is not to be wondered at. Who is unblest with sisters, is ignorant of some of the choicest sentiments and feelings of human nature: his heart, unrefined by the angelic medium of fraternal affection, leaps at once from the chill of filial duty, to the ardour of sexual love. Being without that chaste and tender kindred, Arnaud was unaccustomed to receive any token of kindness from woman of his own age; consequently, the merest trait of partiality in his new acquaintance, was favourably interpreted by a heart, which for so long a time had yearned with its solitary amorousness, as to be delighted, almost to delirium, by the prospect of its reciprocation. Yet so insurmountable was Arnaud's pride, that, notwithstanding his own love for Bellifance, and exultation in the imaginary possession of her's, he disdained the thought of soliciting her hand, because of cer-

tain ambiguities in her mode of life. She maintained an elegant habitation and an appropriate establishment without any discernible means. She lived aloof from the neighbourhood, and in so constant a solitariness, that Arnaud never beheld any visitor, except once, when approaching at an hour of the morning uncustomarily early, he distantly descried a Chevalier, attended by horsemen, ride away from the garden gate. Bellifance acknowledged him to be a friend to whom she was much obliged; but further respecting him or herself she would not answer, save that, just before the commencement of her acquaintance with Arnaud, she had come from a distant province, and was entirely uninformed of more than the name of that in which she was settled. Certainly, Arnaud had little right to reproach her dissimulation, when he was equally so in all that related to his own family; and even im-

posed on her by a fictitious name, which he assumed in disdain and detestation of his paternal one.

Arnaud had now compassed his twenty third year, yet was without distinction or even place in society, for which he unreasonably refused to strive, unless he were brought forward agreeably to his genius and birth. Meantime the Marchioness was dead, and Henri enjoyed the honours of succession to the Marquisate, which caused Arnaud to hate him the more as the usurper of his own rights. But now was fulfilled the monstrous catastrophe.

Arnaud was returning from a solitary stroll, which had been sweetened by meditations on Bellifance. The twilight, left by the sinking sun, enveloped every object in a guilty obscurity. On re-entering his mother's house, he heard her voice pleading with an earnestness, that strained it to the shrillness of distress, against some



measure, with which the Marquis, almost as emphatically, insisted on her compliance. At first Arnaud paused from surprise, but the audience of a few words suspended him in a posture of curiosity, that gradually was numbed to motionless horror. In a sudden fit of lewdness, the Marquis was persuading the woman, whom he had abused, and once put away, to return to the Chateau, and renew her former state of wicked concubinage. Her mention of Arnaud he outvoiced with curses, and the proposal to turn him adrift on a world, where, at worst, he might acquire a subsistence by the exhibition of himself as a spectacle of deformity. Arnaud was implacably wroth, and a louder cry from his mother, as though she dreaded the present infraction of her oath, directed his hand, by its own mechanical functions, to a stiletto that depended from the wall. He unhooked and concealed it in his

vesture, close to a heart that could have envenomed its point. He then pushed into the room, where struggled his mother against his father. They separated at his appearance, and the former addressed to him a recapitulation of what he had heard. The Marquis would have retired, but Arnaud obviated him with the filetto pointed truly to his breast. With a threat to drive it through his heart did he refuse, he commanded him to swear to the marrying that woman to whom he yet bore love. The Marquis was in a state of voluptuous enervation that incapacitated his powers of resistance; and awed by the ghastly resoluteness in Arnaud's looks, he temporized, deceitfully repeating the oath, word for word, as it was dictated to him. Arnaud triumphantly turned to his mother, kissed her hand with dissimulated reverence, and hailed her by the dignity of Marchioness: his father ab-

scolded while he was engrossed by wonder at her unrejoiced but agonized countenance. Inquiry gave birth to the abominable concealment. The woman, whom the Marquis had wedded, was sister to her, whom he had seduced: that only sister, for whose aggrandizement she had been immured in a convent, for whose convenience she, so many years subsequently, was banished from her abode. The mother made not the discovery till the Marchioness visited her, for of every particular of the latter's name, family, and fortunes, she was kept in ignorance by the same arts in the Marquis, which had made her doubt the rumour of his marriage, until he orally confirmed it. Now that Arnaud understood her humble trepidation, during that memorable interview, to proceed from horror at the discovery, and terror of being discovered, he ceased to blame it. Yet his secret

foul dieted on the revelation, for to know that Henri were the child of incest, reconciled him to his own illegitimate and irreligious death.

The next morning, while abroad reflecting on these wonderful coincidences, he was forcefully arrested, and transported to the mansion of the Judge of the District, which stood many miles distant. After a tedious and anxious hour, he was arraigned before the Judge, whose severe aspect, and judicial array, boded a serious procedure. Some one was heard to approach; immediately the doors were unfolded with much state, while the Judge obsequiously bowed and grinned. To his amazement Arnaud beheld his father enter, and confront him as an accuser. But how pungent were his feelings when he heard the accusation!

The Marquis, with affected veneration for an authority, which previ-

ously he had corrupted to his ends, addressed it in terms, whereof the following are an abridgement. Ah, my Lord, two were the offspring of this delicate union, of whom the elder was supremely endowed. How in a journey, hitherward from the eastern frontiers, he was lost, no one can be ignorant ; wherefore, I do beseech you to spare me from recounting his strangulation by this mistaken hand, from which the darling of my heart felt dead as the earth that received him. I acted from that conviction, and endeavoured to console the mother ; but stronger in love to her child, than in her own judgement, she cherished an unwise infidelity of his death ; and, during my absence at court, where my authority was indispensable to affairs of sovereignty, she effected, as she conceived, his recovery. When I returned after an absence of several months, judge how high must be my astonish-

ment to have this ill favored youth presented to me for my son. I have said, my Lord, that my lost child supremely was endowed; indeed, he was the epitome of all that is lovely and graceful: tell me, I request you, is there a shadow of similarity to those perfections in this young man, that should authorise me to believe him that son? I see that you do not wonder I resisted the imposition which was put on the mother; yet I dared not to undeceive her, as I feared a second risk of her life. Therefore I deferred that step; but soon after, the extraordinary loss of her second son increased her affection for this wretched substitute for the first, and was to my tenderness an additional reason not to deprive her of him.

Thus, my Lord, by an imprudent, though it cannot be styled an unamiable humanity, an alien was permitted to domesticate in my family,

till he arrogated to himself the distinctions of him, of whom he was so vile a representative. How I have been recompensed, hearken. His spirit hath, of itself, long disproved any kindred to mine, by breaking forth into an unfilial repugnance to whatsoever I commanded, enjoined, or advised: till only last night, he offered to perpetrate what he could not know for otherwise than a parricide, by denominating me father in the same breath that he threatened to urge his dagger through my heart. The silence of the Marquis, as though he were overwhelmed with affliction, was the cue to the surrounding creatures to vent their admiration of his conduct, and their abhorrence of Arnaud, by whom it so ungratefully was repaid.

At length the Marquis resumed, and after many aggravations of, and strictures on the fictitious Arnaud's criminality, concluded in these words. Had

he ever deported himself becomingly, I should have had as much scrupulousness, on his account, to come to this explanation, as ever I had on the account of his reputed mother. But since he has forced me to it, I see no more certain mode of corroborating my words, than by throwing him from my hands into those of the law. My Lord, forasmuch that I impeach him of attempting my life, I am warranted to insist on the forfeiture of his own, but, in consideration that he has sometime borne the name de Souvricour, I entreat, my Lord, if it may be, that you will mitigate his condemnation to a banishment to the royal gallies. After some objections to so undeserved a lenity, and many compliments to the benevolence that dictated it, the Judge assented to the Marquis's desire. Without liberty to speak in his defence, Arnaud heard himself sentenced to the gallies for life; after which



he was committed to a gloomy confinement in the same house.

The third day of his seclusion offered a moment favorable to his escape from it; but now Arnaud fell into that vice, so common among mankind, of neglecting providential opportunities. What at first retained him from profiting by it, was the painful consideration, If he were so maltreated by the author of his being, what had he a right to expect from a strange world? The demon of revenge also dictated to him, that by fleeing he purified his father from the crime of his undoing. Reflection absorbed either scruple, and he decided, That the world holds open arms to him who can impeach any one eminent in it; and that, to endeavor a crime is as wicked, in the eyes of God, as to consummate it; wherefore had the Marquis attained that pitch in damnation, beyond which worse cannot

be incurred. The approach of the Jailor caused his soul to jump within him; and he thoughtlessly rushed to the uncircumscribed country. He soon found that pursuit was gaining on him, and but just had time to deviate into a thicket, before the officers approached the place. They hastened past, uttering exclamations of wonder at their being outstript by one, whom nature so heavily had burthened. Arnaud remained in his privacy during the better part of an hour, being dubious what course to take. At last, he decided not to return to his mother's abode, as her most zealous affection could not protect him from the Marquis, who would be sure to make quest for him there. There remained then no other refuge beside the habitation of Bellifance, to which, with great circumspection, he repaired.

When Arnaud saw her countenance rejoice at sight of him, every proud

and sentimental scruple was consumed by the fierceness of his love. He passionately offered to marry her, and also proposed their removal to some distant country, where he vowed to toil for her subsistence. He expected that the sacrifice he made of his principles, should be reciprocated on her part, by a relinquishment of her present comforts and luxuries. What was the answer she uttered with much deeper confusion, than Arnaud now heard with surprise and horror. She confessed herself to be concubine of a Nobleman in that country. The better reason we should flee it, said Arnaud. Alas, Bellifance replied, no more than any other man's is your love immortal, and when it died, how would you reproach me on account of the disreputation to which you were matched: I know you, Arnaud. My love, cried Arnaud, ever will depend on the reciprocation of yours. He stood op-

posite to a mirror, and shuddered when he spake of love. Replied Bellifance, Him, who rescues me from a life so offensive to my feelings, I cannot but love as a man; but him, who will restore me to virtue, to character and respectability, him I must venerate for an angel. Arnaud's exclamation, Then I will be that angel, was checked by the dawning of a derision from Bellifance. In reality, she was of that character not uncommon among women who lead dissolute lives. Though familiarized to vice, neither had she lost memory or admiration of virtue. Wherefore, when she found one sincerely ignorant of what she was, in his society she was flattered and delighted; as by him she was distinguished with all that respect, which she had deplored as eternally forfeited; and also permitted to utter, without apprehension of ridicule, sentiments on which she prided herself.

though living in their daily violation. They, who can conceive how honorary is the breathing of virtue, will not in the least wonder that a harlot could feel the greatest pleasure at the liberty of talking like an honest woman. Had Arnaud brought her to an ordinary test, she would have comported herself gracefully as the emptying a purse, or any other such act allows; but to be required to forsake at once all her present enjoyments, and wander through the world at large, was a proposition from which she recoiled, however intimately it were allied to that virtue she protested. Yet she was so fearful of risking Arnaud's esteem, which she valued proportionably to his understanding and haughtiness, that to escape that consequence of a refusal, she evaded a positive answer through all the intricacies of a long discussion.

When Arnaud imagined that it only

was her conscious unworthiness which withheld her assent, there was heard the trampling of horses. A confidante critically appeared, and warned Bellifance that her lover approached. She directed Arnaud to retire and conceal himself, but he furiously gave answer, That he would remain, and debate the right to her with whosoever chose to enter. You will ruin me, for already he is in the court, said Bellifance, and smote her hands together: Arnaud's eyes accompanied hers, till they fell on an object, at view of which his cheeks whitened, his sight dimmed, his other senses deserted him; he tottered, groaned, and swooned.

When recovered, he found himself stretched on a couch in another apartment, whereto he was transported by Bellifance, with the aid of her Confidante. As the sense of hearing returned, he heard his fair attendants

confide each to the other, how vast was her amazement at his sudden disorder. To exclude the least review of Bellifance he covered his eyes with his hand, and then said, Ah, wretched woman! hast thou deceived me, or art thou honestly ignorant that he, who unchastely pensions thee, is father to him, who, but this moment, fought thee in marriage? Oh, God! that she, whom so sweetly I love, should be her, whom a million times I have denounced with bitterest breath, when tongues did rumor of a mistress maintained in this country by my lascivious fire! However incredible to thee, son to the Marquis I am, my name Arnaud de Souvricour. He then briefly stated, in a style of complaint, how direful an enemy was that father to him. His passions heated to madness as he concluded the horrible recapitulation; and, in a ruthless moment, he demanded of Bellifance the in-

veiglement of the Marquis into his power. Bellifance declined so shocking a proposal; but magnanimously offered him that concealment, which he had hoped to obtain in her house.

Just then the Marquis was impatient of the absence of Bellifance, and advanced to her chamber, She anxiously included Arnaud in a boudoir as he entered. When Arnaud heard his father embrace the empress of his heart, he loudly groaned. The ears of the Marquis were jealously susceptible, and he insisted on examining the boudoir with a positiveness that rendered vain every argument of opposition in Bellifance. Her generosity would ill have been requited by any conduct different from that which Arnaud pursued. He opened a casement, and notwithstanding the height, leapt down on a parterre, of which the lightness of the earth eased his fall, and restored him to his feet unhurt.



On the fourth day this miserable creature issued from a woody wilderness, and planted himself on the verge of a precipice. For four days he had not housed nor bedded, neither had he tasted food tempered by human hands. Like the Babylonian finner, during the day he had browsed on the wild vegetation with the beasts of the earth, or defrauded the aerial foragers of their berries; but when came night, some delve, unvisited by the moon, he had voiced with shrieks so thrilling and woeful, that the wolfish monsters fled aghast, and nought of life thereabout remained beside himself. He now had picked up the broken blade of a sword, which, although rusted, was not corroded; and polishing it by his garment and a flint, he viewed himself therein, [as in a looking glass. The steel magnified the wretchedness of his features to a horrible degree. Famine had left fleshless vacancies in

his cheeks, and roughened his forehead with untimely wrinkles. His unshorn beard stood black and bristly, contrasting with the ghostly ashiuess of his cheeks, shockingly as did his eyes, which, with their lids, were red and inflamed, as though they had wept tears of blood. He shuddered, and then he shrieked; for, O God! that thou would'st permit it! his hair, which, a week before, appeared dark and curly, in that short time was blanched by anguish as by grisly age, and all its healthy coils unringed; so that it now hung more spiritless than if it had been steeped in the water of his lamentations. The winter of my days is come, and here their end, he cried. With these words he impended over the precipice, in act to cast himself adown: but nature made a last revolt, and his heart tremulated so audibly, that it counselled retraction. He truly felt that when

a man solicits death, it is in his despair, not in his resignation. He adjured his Maker, and elevated his eyes to heaven, but the refulgent sun smote them down again. A second time he ventured, but was restrained by a sudden jerk; and turning round, he discovered the cause to be his little favorite dog, who, delighted to find him, hung on his garment. Its general emaciation convinced Arnaud that it had been in search of him ever since his departure: his heart relented, and gazing fondly on it, he pressed it to that breast, which, a minute before, meditated self slaughter. He was steeping it with tears, which the fond animal licked up faster than they effused, when, crazed by the sudden idea that all could have been passed had he not been prevented the leap, he irefully grasped the innocent dog, and whirled it with so prodigious a strength into the air, that it spun a

height as though pivoted on the wind. It's yells ended in breathless gaspings, as in horrid precipitation it descended into the gulph. Arnaud beheld its interception by the obtrusive crags, on each of which it momentarily hung, and ensanguined the rock, till, dismembered and mashed, it fell into the profundity, signless of what it once had been.

While Arnaud intently considered the entrails of the unfortunate animal, which yet quivered on the points whereby they were caught, his mind thus soliloquized. And art thou ended, poor animal? who wert but now possessor of life, sense, yea, and sentiment, for whom all shunned thou didst seek. Then what wast thou, and what am I to dare to use thee so? Is life in thee a thing to trample on? while in me it is sanctified by divine and human prohibitions of its injury. Is not thy life contained in an organization dissimilar so little to mine, that the æconomy of

one great artist is to be traced in both ? also nourished, refreshed, offended, destroyed, by the same means ? By my soul we are fellows of the same nature ; nor can any distinction of exterior shape justify the caprice or cruelty that slayeth thee. Nay there is a vice of ingratitude in it, for thou art knit to me by an attachment that doth me daily service ; thou humorest my humors, adoptest my instructions, and exchangeest thine own nature for mine. Confounded be the damned sophists of instinct ! there is a divinity in thee as well as in myself ; to kill thee is an offence to God himself ; and he who doth it, knows no less malevolence than one that slaughters another of his kind. When I consider, concluded Arnaud, so prone we are to blood-shedding, that, could avows be facts, not he's alive who hath not sometime been the murderer of another, I must believe a providence doth interfere to prevent the

perpetration, and that the term of our lives is pre-ordained, or they could not endure so long. Arnaud was wrought upon by this latter reflection, at so desperate a juncture, to imagine that the moment of his own death was at hand. His brain was become giddy by poring down a precipice unfathomable by the eye ; and he now stood in a posture of fascination near the brink. Notwithstanding all his wishes for retrogression, his feet slid to launch him down, as though they were actuated by some power independent of himself ; he positively had fallen from the sole terror of the fall, had not the forwarder of his feet entangled in a bramble. That accident restored him to self command ; and averting his eyes, he fled both it and its environs.

Though nature around him were melting beneath the fultriness of noon-day, he shivered in an atmosphere of death ; and the blood crept through his veins

tardy and chilly as fresh thawed ice. From imagining that a fatality decided the duration of existence, it was an easy transition to the idea, that a like fatality arbitrated the occurrences of that existence. Arnaud's conscience found so much relief in the doctrine of predestination, that his understanding cast about for confirmations of it. Memory readily provided them. He remembered to have heard his mother once remark, that his birth, beside its extraordinary postponement to the tenth month of her conception, was presageful of misfortunes. It happened on an evil hour in the night of an evil day. His new-born looks and tones were unfavourable and unjoyous; his mother, in the agony of a first delivery, frowned on his entrance into the world; while the first word uttered by those around, was the ominous exclamation, *Diable!* ejaculated by the midwife, on account of some piece of awkwardness in her

assistant. The lineaments of his face, and the marks of his body were, so he often had read, indicant of an uncommon destiny : but what he not unreasonably esteemed to be the most ominous of all, was the behaviour of a fellow, who professed to tell fortunes by palmistry. When this man examined the palm of Arnaud, then very young, he turned away with much horror in his countenance. He fled his presence with backward glances of detestation, nor would he be induced by any temptations of a pecuniary nature, to renew a moment's discourse on the subject. Though severely threatened, he had preserved an obstinate silence, except when suffering a painful flagellation, to which he was doomed by the Marquis; he then exclaimed. The utmost of human revenge is to hope that I am not mistaken in your Son.

This retrospection overpowered Arnaud's wisdom, and thus he profaned



the air, No, Arnand ! Destiny slumbered not when thou wast born ; she shrunk from thee in terror, and stigmatized thee in abhorrence : She knew thee hell-born, hell-doomed. She knew that, like to the miserable Ifrealite, thou wert appropriated to an infernal tyrant, who would seek to wreak on thee the revenge of countless disappointments to his aims on thy immemorial ancestry ; and that the goodly construction of thy body should be ruined for the residence of so horrid a guest.

Weighed down by these reflections, he prostrated along the earth, and crushing his hands together, adjured on high for salvation, of which, by less than miracle, he despaired. Neither spoke the thunder or sung the lightning in acquiescence to his prayer. He arose doubtful of the effect, but was no longer so, when he descried his shadow lengthened by the evening sun into magnific deformity. Could I be

other than I am, he cried, and various readings of diabolical compacts flitted across his mind. His soul grew black with design, and stained his flesh with sympathetic hue ; he darkened like a strangled malefactor, for good was being murdered within him. He fled from the damned mockery of his shadow : alas ! no one interfered to save him.

Hush ! in the name of God, I command you to hush ! interrupted the Priest : I will not hear more, lest perdition attend the hearing. He would have retired, but his feet were nerveless ; so became his tongue, which wished to ask whether he were detained by terror or magic.

Arnaud hied him to a cavern of stupendous dimensions, which was bosomed in a solemn and unfrequented forest. There he imitated those rites, of which he had learned the formality and effect in books of necromancy.

Though the sensitive earth already shuddered beneath his feet, he persisted; and uttered, with a desperate but faltering voice, those incantations, which conjured the prince of hell to appear, without dissembling himself by any human representation. Gradually became audible the fluttering of immense pinions, that storming the ambient air, fanned it away with the rapidity and uproar of torrents of water. The gusts, being more impetuous than when new blown by the wintry north, were hardly to be withstood by Arnaud, who meditated to hide himself in the subterfuges of the cavern; in an instant the loftiest branches were bared of their leaves, while the birds, on nestward wing, vainly laboured against the blast, but caught in its resistless eddy, were whirled with shrieks around, or torn to piecemeal in the circulation, or dashed with shattered plumage to the ground. An azotic vapour clouded the cave

wherein was Arnaud ; it thickened, and at length condensed to a local appearance ; but so magnific and dimensionless that eye could not measure, or thought understand it. Arnaud must have fallen, had not petrification bound his nerves ; but his mind died in its terror of standing before him who had combated the Almighty. His thoughts no longer were his own, but passed away to the subject of them, who strait assumed figure, mien, and panoply, as at that time ; the cave enlarging to contain him.

His stature presented the realization of that magnificent idea of sculpturing Mount Athos into human symmetry. A shield he bore graved with the interception of ten thousand thunderbolts ; in his right hand a spear, whereof the spand was shivered like a storm riven mast, and the steely blade melted by the hostile lightning : his helm was topt with plumes that waved a tempest.

His presence shrivelled the herbage, and scorched up the veins of their fruitfulness; where he stood the earth quaked and yawned as though his glances inflamed the mineral combustion to infest its womb. Those glances issued not from limited sources as the eye of Man. Satan was all eye, from which Arnaud could not escape whichsoever way he turned. Like the roaring of many winds that breath came round Arnaud, which was used to blow up the furnaces of the damned. His words, like the immediate thunder, stunned the sense, but informed the understanding.

Arnaud knew himself to be interrogated; What he required. Organized senses were useless in this correspondence, for the spirit of Satan supernaturally communed with its kindred parts in the disposition of Arnaud, who, as he understood without the mediation of ear, made answer without the agency

of tongue. What was that answer the effects explain. The satanic gaze turned on the side of the cavern heat so powerful, that the clay in the interstices was absorbed to an ash, and the flinty rock vitrified into glass pervious to the sight of Arnaud, who saw thereon visions admirable and amazing.

There passed in liveliest portraiture; the various men distinguished for that beauty and grace, which Arnaud so much desired, that he was ambitious to purchase them with his soul.

He felt that it was his part to chuse whom he would resemble, yet he remained unresolved, though the spectator of an hundred shades of renown, among which glided by Achilles and Alexander, Alcibiades, and Hephestian: at length appeared the supernatural effigy of a man, whose perfections human artist never could depict or insculp—Demetrius the son of Antigonus. Arnaud's heart heaved quick with pre-

ference, and strait he found within his hand the resemblance of a poinard, its point inverted towards his breast. A mere automaton in the hands of the Demon, he thrust the point through his heart, and underwent a painless death.

During this trance, his spirit metempsychosed from the body of his detestation to that of his admiration : like an infant new-born, that exists without consciousness of that existence, incarnate in each desirable perfection, Arnaud awoke a Julian ! Silence thy shriek, O Priest ! it cannot be annulled—the compact by which I, the wretched, the aggrieved, the despairing Arnaud ! bartered my beatitude for the face and form that now thou shuddered from.

Wondrous was the change ; inferior only to that, which never can I experience, of man to angel. No longer bent double by the weight of my own body, I seemed to throw off an oppressive

burden; and strode with the blessed feeling that every part about me now adonized my appearance, and harmonized my motion. My heart led off my pulses in a dance of wild delight; and my blood, with the speed of love, gushed through the veins of its new mansion: my body throughout was crimsoned by the hot deluge; and my eyes blazed intemperately as a new created sun. I stood like the fabled Phoenix, fresh born of fire and combustion. But soon ceased this sensual blessedness. My brain awoke to excess of wisdom, as did my person to excess of beauty. Wisdom unjoyous, that broke the wholesome current of my blood, worse than did my former irregularity of shape; for, like sudden day to a pilgrim, it supplanted the night of my mind, and shewed me the horrors into which I so madly had run, and wherewith I was encompassed. Perdition lay before me, unavoidable by



retrogradation, for truly I felt, that never would the fiend have gratified my desire of such wisdom, could it be used to aid my deliverance from him. So conditioned, I lamented the exchange of folly for wisdom, as would a valetudinarian the exchange of a physician, who humoured and amused him, for one who spoke the stern truth.

Return me, cried I, all those passions, follies; errors, and illusions, incidental to the humanity I have quitted; for now I do perceive them to be as convenient to our nature, as those contrivances that in case the infirm. Now do I perceive that much of wisdom is much of woe; and that to pass through this world, certain emotions are necessary to the heart, as certain languages are to the tongue.

Wisely hast thou resolved in declining complete wisdom. He only can be happy with it, who otherwise is nought imperfect: He against whom

I war. To me 'tis torturous, what I have; and for man—why man's first hell will be knowledge of himself.

This incommodious wisdom forsook me as he spoke, and in mind I retained little more ascendancy over mankind beside that which was born with me: enough, however, to repel the possible situation of pleasure and contentment.

So Priest, I have rendered as many particulars of this terrible scene into intelligible narration, as I have ability to do, or thou mind to understand. Others I do decline to do on both our accounts; for the monstrous terms would crush my tongue, and burst thine ears.

## CHAPTER XII.

On th' Olympic strand when chariots cours'd,  
 Some were shock'd to fragments, others o'ertoss'd,  
 These wrack'd in depths, those from the lists made roll,  
 O'er groveling mates the victor won the gale;  
 So have the Actors of this Fable run,  
 All set in blood, as doth the p'nent sun,  
 Save one, a woful one! who the rest survives,  
 And to life's end his shiver'd fortune drives.  
 Mark me, Readers! That antique Romans gladden'd stood  
 When stages floated with dispassion'd blood,  
 That in Christian ages fair and courtly dames  
 Infringed their sex to view chivalric games,  
 That Tigers can be said to joy in storms,  
 And Hell's King in misery's countless forms,  
 Ye marvel at. What will you then deny,  
 That to like woes ye do with rapture fly?  
 When murders, visions, rap's, propitiate your voice,  
 And of two tales the direst is your choice?

THE bell now rung to prayers. The Hospitallier started from the chamber of Julian, and repaired to his own cell, whence he soon after issued, as though he there had passed the night. The duties of his office employed him abroad for many hours; at the end of which he re-visited the Apostate. The latter thus renewed:

'Twas the prime of morning when I quitted the cavern. As I passed a stream that meandered through the trees, I caught a casual view of myself reflected by its glossy surface. The habitual envy of Arnaud was not yet extinct in my bosom, for I paled at sight of my own beauty, which being so new to me, I forgot that I possessed. With this spirit perished all similar vestiges of Arnaud, a revengeful memory only surviving, which decided Julian to extend that perdition to the enemies of Arnaud, which Arnaud himself had been enforced to incur.

I advanced into the country, and soon left the Forest far behind me. Chance, or something tenderer, conducted me towards the abode of Bellifance. I discovered her wailing on the threshold of a mansion in which no longer she ruled, for the Marquis thence had cast her out, in wrath and jealousy that she had allowed it to be a

refuge to his persecuted son, whom he casually had identified in his escape from the Boudoir. My prepossessing mien and artful enquiry, extorted from her this account; whereto I hearkened with an air of compassion, that she presumed to betoken my being enamoured with her. My beauty impassioned her towards me; and with the indecent assurance peculiar to women of her cast, she recommended herself to my protection; and, to enhance her merits, protested how unjust was the Marquis in accusing her of inconstancy even in idea. Then cried I, You absolutely were devoid of amorous inclination towards this son? Had she answered contradictorily, I fear that I would have repeated my profanation of the ties of nature. But no! I heard those infirmities which had driven me to damnation, alledged as indisputable arguments of a harlot's continence: in short, so ingenuously she laboured to repay

the interest I appeared to take, that by her reply I was empowered to describe her character with the accuracy which you previously have heard. Her words stung me like venomous fangs, and tore away every trace of Arnaud's love. As Julian exclusively, I ever have continued insensible to sexual love; my thereafter marriage being but as a stepping stone to my ambition. I nothing repented what she said, full well perceiving that her earnestness to enthrall me was the cause that she sacrificed me to myself. How to relieve her by benefaction my wishes were sometime unresolved. At length the spirit of my new master reanimated me, prompting me to direct her to investigate a particular spot, where she should find that which richly could reward her pains. My delivery imposed instant obedience; so we parted, nor ever again have we met: but of her welfare I entertained no further care, for the

place, whither she went, abounded with turquoises, the most excellent gems in Languedoc.

There now remained nothing to procrastinate the commencement of that career which man or woman born never yet had run.

Privately taking a fine horse from the hoftry, which stood a little way detached from the mansion, I mounted and sped to the Chateau. The morning yet was unconfumed, when I rode through the courts, and dismounting, in a mode that defied opposition repaired forthwith to the chamber, wherein I knew the Marquis usually idled his antemeridian hours. He started from an indolent sofa when I entered, and received me with blended awe and courtesy. Silent and unmoved, save in mind, for some moments we opposed each other; his countenance the more alarmed, the more enwrathed was mine. I reviewed myself in a distant

mirror, and inwardly trembled, for features never before spoke such language: the while I mustered all of Arnaud's identity that remained, and darted it throughout the pitchy circlets of mine eyes: the monstrous truth blasted him to the centre, and like one dead-struck by stormy lightning, he dropped on the floor, heavily as his mill-stoned soul hath since done. Now that he dreaded my wondrous mightiness, this abject reptile, who aforetime had thought me worse than I will say, by thinking me beneath himself; now, I say, he wallowed in tears of deprecation, and poured forth sobs, and moans, and prayers, in such unmanly tide, that I spurned his prostrate carcase in rage that it once had fathered me. To all eternity he avowed himself my slave. Ah, fool! and maniac! to make a bond with words of which thou weighedst not the virtue. To all eternity thou shalt be slave to me, if eternity there be



of punishment! I bade him be fearless of present vengeance, but to rely on its quickly following revealment of aught concerning me. I thought to apprise him of my resolution to wage a war against Henri's good, that counteraction might give a zest to triumph; but my words were vain to his inattentive ear. Soon as he was awakened in understanding, I commanded him to respect and competently maintain my mother. He groaned an assent; nor dared he to disobey when I afterwards directed her remains to be deposited in the family mausoleum. As I repeated my threats of vengeance on the merest carelessness of my desires, present or future, he endeavoured to interpose the rights of paternity. I yet wonder that I permitted him to outlive the audacity of pleading a kindred he once had disclaimed. I turned disgustful from his presence, and departed; content to have damned him with the

thrice terrible consciousness of what he had driven me to be. Less in hope than despair, he instituted a search wide and near for him whose metamorphosis into me was so incredible; and that son, whom so much he had contemned, he now would have greeted with rapture. But my soul was irredeemable; so was his happiness.

The first appetite of my revenge being assuaged, I found myself free to run a tilt against human nature: the procedure I predetermined on, was grateful to my ambition, which thought that it could not enough exalt itself, if it did not commence in degradation. Without delay I travelled to the ruins; where abode the robbers. The band yet retained its Captain, though it had been destroyed and recruited nearly three times over since my lamentable acquaintance with it. I conditioned for no other precedence than what I could acquire in actions of danger. In

a little while my ability comparatively so abased that of the Captain, that his rank was offered to me, and he surrendered it with his life. I neither opposed or lamented his destruction, for so bitter were the reflections on my own existence, that I was totally devoid of gratitude to him as its preserver.

Being now at the head of near fifty bold fellows, I resolved to select for them a superior field of action. Accordingly, I signified to the submissive Marquis my desire that he would resign to my appropriation his Chateau situated within the Forest of Pines.\* Thitherto I transported my fellows; and as the loneliness of the place had already

\* Julian's sometime residence in the Priory naturally accounts for his assurance when passing through it in the night with Claudio. His adversity to the robbers from whom he rescued the Cavalier and his Squire must not be censured as misdirected against his own men. Since the withdrawing of the latter the place was occupied by another gang.

caused it much superstitious disreputation, I artfully added other circumstances that rendered it a terror to the country; insomuch that no one willingly would approach it. This place was central to my operations, until I passed through Switzerland, and entered the alpine borders of the Venetian dominion. While deliberating on the most effectual mode of exalting my men to the distinction of Condottieri, the want of vigilance in three of them threw me a prisoner into the possession of a great noble of those parts.

Julian then proceeded to relate all those adventures which have diversified the foregoing chapters with terror, joy, and pathos. The tale was made more tedious by the repeated interruptions from the good priest, whose horror refused to be silent when he heard how Julian had maltreated his father and brother Henri.

Having narrated the particulars of

his overthrow, he thus proceeded. Power, so sinfully acquired, had never given me real pleasure; wherefore little I deplored its loss. The height I had attained, not having discovered to me any prospect of contentment, I the less sorrowed over my declension; and the thought that I was now at liberty to climb again, was comfortable to a mind only at peace when it were labouring. Yes, I was like a child that destroys its fabrick of cards for the sole pleasure of rebuilding it. Being disguised much as this proud person can be disguised, I masqueraded through those regions, and eventually entered Venice. With what befell me there my tongue has ne'er been intimate; wherefore shall not thine ear. Whether by the Demon I served transformed to public apprehension or not, I cannot tell; yet sure is this, that within the Place of St. Mark I stood, and safely heard myself proscribed as a traitor, and my head

prized at five hundred ducats. My head arose in kingly triumph, for that was the ceremony of its coronation. At the same time I heard proclaimed the senatorial decree that the patrimonial demesnes of Larina were confiscated to the state. Had I loved her (but, no, my love was gone with Bellifance !) I might have bewailed her degraded condition. But for long had I been so disaffected from her, as to turn her licentious appetites asid for mine own ends. What then but indignation could sting me, when, some time afterwards, in the most public square, I beheld her portraiture aggravated in seduction of feature and lewdly postured, made exhibition of, as an indication that she were then a courtesan newly accostable to every gallant whose purse contained her price ? Shortly I beheld herself. Her form was gross with the intemperate feeding necessary to support her horrid life ; and her

breasts projected in gigantic nudity; her cheeks shone healthily, but they were flushed by her shames; for her eyes already wallowed in lascivious corruption. She laughed: Messalina! how my sword thirsted for thy blood! Nightly I beset her brothel, and from three Cavaliers I tapped the blood that was hot for my dishonour.

Being forced to flee from Venice, I journeyed to France; to Languedoc; thenceforward to the cavern of my apostacy, intentional to solicit some other for , and so deliver myself from the hostilities pursuing that I wore. Neither had I conditioned with Lucifer, or he with me. Power to hell-doom my soul by earthly tongue I had not: by action only he wisely knew. Wherefore, by either it was understood, that being liveried in his endowments, I was to act with zeal in his service. Else would he divest me; so should I be obliged to reassume that graceless

deformity which in the interior of the cave was preserved by fiendly arts. When on this purpose I entered, there issued through the motionless lips of Arnaud's carnality, words of which the following are a translation. The metamorphosis thou dost require, must be replenished with vital blood ; that which floweth through thy veins is not thine own, nor will thy Lord impart it to a second form: wherefore, hence unto the Forest! there take the first man thou canst meet, and hitherto conduct him. Command him to enter this privacy ; comes he back sensible of what is here, conclude him meet for thy purpose, and offer him an immediate sacrifice : and see thou dost so before this day run out, for it being the anniversary of thy first transfiguration, of all the year it is the only one on which the like can be performed.

With a lightened heart I prowled through the forest ; but this autumnal



fun was set ere I discovered aught human. Alas! had not the benefaction of heaven's light been denied me, I would have fled him whom I detained. For knowing my purpose with him, tremble thou, to hear he proved my brother! yes, he, Lewis! whom I did think to have slain, and of whom I hitherto have spoken by the name of Claudio. Such was the appellation given him by Camilla's foster father, who discovered him while yet my poniard stuck within the wound, and kept in the life it had failed to touch. Our mother's vanity in the enrichment of our dresses, and the dignifying us with weapons of jeweled hafts, proved in this instance preservative of Lewis, by exciting the cupidity of the peasant, who saved him in consideration of present booty, and probably a subsequent reward. How in the latter idea he was disappointed, I have already explained; the same

circumstances of war that repulsed the Marquis's emissaries, likewise drove Ricardos into the interior of the country, where he educated Lewis as his son; yet when he was matured to manhood, most foully maltreated him.

"Ah!" cried the Priest, "and being so divinely rescued, he from death, thou from fratricide, dared'st thou—"

"Knowing what cause I had to dare, thou dar'st most in doubting me." He then communicated the incidents in the Cavern. Paschal hearkened with aggravated horror. "Wast thou the actor in that tragedy?" he exclaimed. "Henri is dead."

"Fatally I know it," replied Julian. On that instant the fiend forsook me; for well he knew fratricide to be unpardonable by God. Had I before been guilty of it, I had summoned him in vain; for he is a Demon of prudence, and squanders not allure-

ments on those already his own. He made me what thou see'st, that I might make myself what thou hearest.

For half an hour the Priest maintained a thoughtful silence. At the period of that time he delivered as follows.

Thou hast undeceived me in a misunderstanding so thoroughly interwoven with my mind, that I almost deemed it of coeval origin; viz. That it is impossible for a man who thinks much to be a bad man. Reason I considered the divine presence in man; and instead of it ever being accessory to a malefaction, I imagined that men were obliged to stifle it before they could venture the commission of one: also that to cherish it (which is the object of numberless institutions throughout the world) was the most efficacious provision against the encroachments of depravation. In a word, That to be reasonable was another

term for being virtuous. Whereas thou hast demonstrated the reverse, or, at least, an exception, by founding most of thy evil doings in Reason; inasmuch, that when the motives of passion relaxed through satiety or weariness, thou did'st use that reason to instigate thee afresh. Wicked young man! thou wert lost to thy God soon as thou wert sold to Imprudence, for Imprudence contains the springs of every abomination on earth. Doubtless thou hast heard, that persons, when on the eve of death, have expressed themselves to the admiration and astonishment of their auditors, who never had heard the like from them before. Superstition ascribes it to their standing so critically on the borders of the present and future worlds, that the glimpses they catch of the latter, enlighten their last moments in the former. No, it is simply this—Who is persuaded that his dissolution is inevi-

tably near, disengages his mind from the influence of worldly arts and interests, his tongue from the control of human passions and prejudices: he does not become more than man, he only ceases to be the man he made himself, and returns to that which God made him: his intellect being so unclouded, he becomes an object of wonder and reverence to those who remain engrossed by the cares of life. The priesthood enjoy all the wisdom of dying moments whilst yet in health to benefit from it; being so divorced from the world, yea, and so dedicated to God, that they catch a portion of the wise superiority wherewith he beholds all sublunary occurrences. Then list! for I will tell thee truth; and truth is wisdom.

First on thy Deformity. I admit that it is uncomfortable to be dissimilar to others of thy kind; but it is a misery to those only who think and

look superficially. In itself deformity is a trifle, the horror attending it arising from comparison, for were all mankind crooked, uprightness would be an eye-sore. Now if the handsome were sure to be happy, they would really be enviable, but so entirely it is the reverse, that beauty and distress are nearer akin than any other qualification and consequence in nature; for the well-favor'd are objects of envy not only to the ordinary, but of abhorrence, jealousy, and competition, to each other. Is it not a blessing to be exempt from the numberless seductions that assail the comely? also from depreciation, infamy, and the rest of the malevolences of rivalry? Is it not gainful to exchange a constant solicitude to embellish, and a constant dread of injuring a handsome face, with a restless horror of indisposition and old age, which latter is so far friendly to ugliness, that it subdues

beauty to its level; is it not gainful; I say, to exchange all this for mere dissatisfaction when you look in a glass? When a man may learn that beauty, on its own account, is oftentimes fiercely hated, but deformity, on its own account, never; what additional consolation can he need? If he do desire more, he may find it under this idea: There is oftentimes a sublimity in deformity, for as beauty is mostly accompanied by a levity of conduct that renders the possessor unprofitable to society, it should seem, that Providence doth often stamp a man with some personal calamity to bring him home to himself, and cause him to exert those mental perfections, which, else, might for ever remain in subserviency to his bodily ones. Indeed, were every man who possesses a station in the memory of the world, obliged to prefix a handsome portrait to his claim for its continuance, how

many would lose that memory who have admirably contributed to improve and adorn it. Yet, in my opinion, all this reasoning is superfluous, for deformity contains its own alleviation. To me a deformed body ever appears in the light of some monastery sequestered amid unsocial wastes and meditative drearinesses, the spirit that inhabits it, being, similarly to a monkish votarist, condemned to all those privations, and foreign and self inflictions, which are calculated to chasten it before God; scoffs and derision are its flagellations in my eyes, exclusion from the pleasures of the graceful and the handsome, its duties of penance. How consolatory would it be for one so conditioned, instead of sorrowing and railing, to imagine that he bore about him a constant expiation of those inferior trespasses, which will fall on the heads of others in ponderous accumulation at the eventful judgement.



Beauty is not indispensable to man, witness the blessed Messiah! His beauty agreed not with human admiration of fiery eyes, flushed cheeks, raven brows and locks, and an ostentatious figure; it did not consist in the model, but in the expression of the countenance; wherefore, each featured loveliness was picturesque of a mental one, and the inward God exhibited itself on the exterior man. Nor is there deformity so incurable, that virtue cannot act on it with better efficacy than cosmetics on the cheeks of the effeminate. When Moses descended from the presence of God with the tables of the Commandments in his hands, his aspect was glorious beyond men's power of beholding it; and who that strictly adheres unto those Commandments, shall not resemble him in his own brightness, and in the veneration paid to him by others? Heathenish Cato said, He only can be hand-

some who is virtuous. Most christian-like he spoke, for how vastly preferable are the indications of a good mind to a superficial comeliness, so often stagnant through ignorance, or distorted through debauchery? In short, while estimations of beauty are unsettled throughout the universe, being directly the contrary in one place to what they are in another, while beauty is so intimately allied to deformity by accident and disease, while it is powerless to make the possessor warlike, political, philosophical, poetic, &c. while myriads appropriated to arms, are each moment hazarding its metamorphosis into the most horrible disfigurements, how despicable and impious that individual is, who laments his deficiency in it, and thinks himself incomplete because not dressed in a gaudy outside, which is as liable to change as the fashions of a coxcomb!

Secondly, on the circumstances of thy Parentage. The ancient Hebrew and the modern Chinese laws decree death for the punishment of any unfilial wickedness, in the idea, That the world at large ought to expect nothing but evil from him, who can offend the authors of his being. But in no state do I at present recollect of any statute to chastize a parent for misconduct to its offspring, unless that misconduct violated other laws beside those of Nature. Parents enacted the first, and that is the reason they have omitted the second, and becomingly so, for surely no one, virtuously paternal, would believe, that the community he was regulating could ever be contaminated by so depraved a phenomenon as a father who would take advantage of his superior age, experience, understanding and manifold other ascendencies, to misuse a creature so solely dependent on him, that all its

benefits were to be deprived from the identical sources he perverted to its ruin. Moralists have been as deficient as legislators, for never have they laid down what conduct should be pursued by the child in a case of so uncommon a complexion; wherefore, it is forsaken to unregulated inexperience, and either falls a victim to sorrow and disappointment, or, being spirited to opposition, straggles alike with its parent out of the track of nature, till both seem so guiltily implicated through their distance from those who inerrably walk that track, that the downfall of neither is lamented. Surely then it is faulty in the legislature, that, while it extends an assistant and retributory hand to the sufferer of every other species of oppression, in this instance it should not; but should permit whole families to be ruined when so easily to be saved. The man who will turn a wild dog,

bull, or any other animal, loose on the community, is severely punished; but with impunity the same may be done to a human being, though such an one possesses so much greater powers to injure, and, perhaps, is previously wrought to a state of frenzy, that causes him to exercise those powers on mankind in revenge for their authorizing that domestic tyranny which could dispossess him of every thing but life. How these evils are to be rectified let them determine who are confounded by this question. When a man and woman are criminal in giving birth to a child, how, in the name of God! can it be expected they will be virtuous in the bringing it up?

Thirdly, on thy belief of Fatality. I shall not attempt to confirm, or to confute the doctrine of predestination, but will only observe, that neither ought it to exasperate or discomfort a christian to think that all the oc-

currences of his life are above the powers of chance, and are regulated by the will of his Creator, who would not have called him into life to be the sport of evil adversities. When I see a man tease an animal to make it acquire antics contrary to its inclinations, and in some fantastical instances even to forego its own nature; and know, that should the poor animal resent such unwelcome treatment by the merest scratch, bite, or other offence, he would hold himself justifiable to correct it to a barbarous excess: when this I see, and reflect upon, then do I exclaim,—How dare that man kick against the decrees of a God, in whose hands he is a creature beyond comparison more contemptible than can be the animal in his! Were our Creator a being to trifle with us, as we with brutes, or with each other, where could be our power of complaint, as the cause would scare away

that power? but that he is no tyrant witness your power to call him so! 'tis our own stubbornness that forces him to whip us to our good, as our tutors do unto our lessons.

On thy treaty with Lucifer I know not what to decide, but rather would think that thou had'st undergone some monstrous trance. It is true, that superstition hath fabled of such compacts, still I wished to enroll myself among those sages who supposed such to be legends allegorical of the diabolical tendency of passions too riotously indulged; and I had completed my opinion, That the only demoniacs are those under the dominion of vice. Yet, be thy merits at the worst thy hopes are not. Nay, do not shake the head, but think on him who died for all; therefore thee among the rest. Think on how he died: not as a man undergoing mere carnal agonies, which thousands of his persuasion, old, and young,

and feminine, since have endured and braved amid, but as a God, tortured in every attribute.

Julian strove to raise himself, and tartly said, What, dost thou pride thee as being meritorious in an incredulity to woes, whereof, in this spectacle of ruined beauty, thou beholdest proof so great of the sincerity? Sceptic! beside thee stands, and has stood all along, that shape which Gervase saw, but which to thee is sightless, impalpable to both. Paschal repeated a prayer as he tremulously retired.

In the prime of the following morn the Priest reappeared at the foot of Julian's couch. The latter perused his perturbed aspect, and spoke in a tone bitterly upbraiding, So, thou dost not scruple to imitate the perfidy of Delilah, yet lackest the courage to cry with her, The Philistines be upon thee. Thine is the intuition of conscience, whereto I refer thee for my acquittal, said the



Priest, and called aloud. The cell immediately was crowded by the officers of Justice in numbers that denoted their apprehension ; but Julian resisted them with wrathful looks only, for his bodily energies were passed away.

With as much rapidity as was consistent with his infirmity, he was transported to Toulouse under an escort unprecedented for its strength and vigilance. Being committed to the safest imprisonment, preparations were forwarded for his trial, which were completed with so stern a prohibition of all spectators, and so studied an inclusion of them indispensable to the ceremony, it did seem they dreaded that the mere breath of their words could carry infection abroad.

A week brought round the important day, on which was arraigned before an earthly tribunal he who had anticipated the one of heaven. To be in the same court, and implicated in the

same impeachment, was the fate of the unfortunate Claudio, the falling of whose horse, through fatigue, had cast him into the hands of the pursuers from the Cave. When charged with the murder of Henri de Souvricour, Julian neither attempted denial or defence, but contented himself by endeavouring to exculpate Claudio from the share in the transaction imputed him; and truly represented the case to be so contrary, that his interference had nearly prevented its perpetration. The eloquence of Julian, and more than that, the frank confession of his own guilt, impressed the Judges with conviction; so that Claudio was acquitted through the voice of him, who so often had rung a death-bell in his ears. The corpse of Hildebrand was a cause of vexatious perplexity among the servants, from whom he had ever been as studious to disguise his features as from the Cavalier; wherefore they were destitute

of all clue of identification, his sacerdotal vestments being stolen by Claudio. Yet, as the corpse could not be supposed to be that of any other man, it was respected accordingly, and a second process was deliberated against the twain; but the Judges, being particularly interested for the solution of so uncommon a mystery, decreed a private examination of Claudio and Julian on the day ensuing the trial of both, and the attainder of the latter, whose despair of life would, they imagined, cause him to employ the remainder of it in unclouding the truth. Julian's entire ignorance greatly disappointed them, for they did not expect that Claudio could be otherwise than subordinate in whatever was performed in concert with Julian. But speedily he undeceived them, and delivered a genuine detail of the chief circumstances wherein he and Hildebrand were blended. One of the junior Judges in a recent tour, had

gleaned some information corroborative of Claudio's representations; so, instead of the renegade's destruction being avenged by the death of the destroyer, it was commanded, that his wretched remains should be untombed, and thrown into the forest to the ravenous beasts which infested it. Julian was then sentenced to be racked to death on the wheel; and as it could not be thought that Claudio had escaped free from all culpability during a connection with men so criminal, it was decided, that he should be present and assist at the execution.

Claudio's horror mastered his tongue, and he exclaimed, Executioner to my own brother!

The amazement of the Judges manifested that Father Paschal had delivered up Julian merely as the murderer of Henri, unaccompanied by revelation of aught diabolical or otherwise, imparted to him in confidence: what he

did, perhaps he would not have done, had he not heard that some one was imprisoned for the same crime, and learned enough to make him suspicious that that one was brother to the miscreant he concealed. The circum-spection, observed during the trial, had birth in many rumours respecting Julian; most whereof were quarrelsome in particulars, but some concordant in the main, which, God knows by what means! nearly neighboured the truth.

Brother! was the unanimous exclamation of all present. As Claudio could not speak in proof, and Julian would not in confirmation, he was severely reprimanded for his attempt to impose on those so merciful to him; and was remanded to prison, before which the execution was appointed to take place early the following morn.

Julian rejected the offices of a priest, thereby giving an additional cause for superstitious suspicion. The intervening

night was appropriate to the day that was to follow. It was of the genuine hue of horror and wickedness, being of a raven blackness that afforded a more terrific glare to that phenomenon, a comet, which drew its fiery train along a quarter of the heavens. The whole city were arisen from their beds, and gazing on a spectacle, which some have imagined to be the hell of the damned; and their thousand voices of affright, observation, inference, conjecture, awoke the night from repose, and filled it with confusion. The guards, posted around the confinement of the Brothers, were possessed by a worse consternation, for it seemed that each bird of baleful note had perched itself on the battlements, to yell the dirge of him within; and a little past midnight, when that discord was more appalling than can be the warwhoop of the barbarians, some, with hair stiffened to uprightness, protested their power of discriminating human

shrieks among the brutal ones; while others swore to the extremes of madness, their power, also, of descrying an unnatural vision, that darkened the darkness, then upon the wing overhead. As these coherent horrors were judged by most of the latter to be ominous of the hellward destiny of the prisoner, they burned with anxiety to understand his present condition; but no one had the audacity to satisfy that anxiety, though the opportunity were open to them all; for the man, whose duty it was to watch over the persons of the condemned, and who was included with Julian, being visited by a panic as irresistible as that which overcame them without, timed at the like moment too, precipitately deserted the dungeon, and fled to a cowardly and undutiful distance that just commanded a glimpse of the door.

The day had scarcely opened its eyes when all Toulouse emptied itself

into the streets, and multitudes of different ages, conditions, and sexes, choked up the avenues to the scene of execution. In the latter place was partly realized the Roman tyrant's wish, for one stroke could have destroyed dozens; there being so little visible beside the heads of the populace, that an Orientalist, also, might thence have derived his ambition of monuments consisting of human skulls: the houses in the vicinity being provided with platforms for the better observation of their tenantry, the air was more populous than the earth, and a coronation was degraded by this cruel execution from its boasted ascendancy in the number and ardour of its spectators. The latter feeling is indescribable in other particulars than these: many accustomed to walk with purses that seldom saw the light, were now lavish of their money to purchase places, whence it was often impossible to catch even a



glimpse of the scaffoldage that regulated so infinite an assembly; while women, who, an hour before, would have supposed themselves to be profaning the delicacy of their sex, if they did not compel themselves into a swoon, or a fit of hysterics, at the approach of a spider, ear-wig, or some other harmlessness, now asserted the prerogative of that sex to obtain the best seats, and prepared to assist the executioner with their eyes. While all awaited with impatience for the sight of the criminal's bodily tortures, many endeavoured to amuse the interval by comparing their imaginations of what were at that moment the tortures of his mind. I dare say, spoke one, that he is half dissolved away through fear. Indeed, I have heard it told, how, on the night preceding their execution, men have been known to sweat blood. Ay, adjoined a neighbour, and more than that, their hair and skin have half ex-

changed colours; and their bowels have so entirely lost their retentive functions, that best part of their inside has oozed away, and put them into a wretched condition. I wonder if he'll die hard, said a third. And I, said a fourth, am afraid that I am not near enough to distinguish his groans, unless they be as boisterous as last fellow's were; to be sure, in that case, one must be deaf to fail hearing them half a mile beyond this. 'Tis a shocking tedious time to wait, was the complaint of a fifth person. I'd wager with any one here, that, at this present time, the pusillanimous miscreant is down upon his knees whining for another hour's breath, and that the officers are such fools as to hearken to him. They ought to be ashamed of their delay. As this impatience became more general, it was, at length, testified in vociferations and other outrages similar to those wherewith they were accustomed to

reproach the tardy commencement of any pecuniary exhibition; in which light it is the less wonderful they could view the present scene, as not only were the cheerful cries of refreshments audible, but likewise the theatrical curtesies of, I do not wish to thwart your fight, Sir; I will uncover my head when it shall be necessary, &c. &c. Even compassionate sentiments were expressed with the like levity, for a person who, perhaps, laboured under some impressions of terror on account of the pressure on all sides, was heard to say, That he should not much care to be disappointed, so that the poor wretch were pardoned. Thus was disproved the erroneous opinion of the law, that public spectacles of death tend to make that death the more dreaded; whereas death to be truly dreadful should be as silent, as mysterious, as solemn, as it is in its own nature; its publicity not being attended

by spectators come thither to fortify themselves against the inducements to those crimes for which they see it inflicted, but by persons so completely possessed by that desire prevalent in human nature, of viewing a fellow-creature in such extremities, that they would be the sooner reconciled to a tyrannous government, on account of its affording them many opportunities of indulging that passion.

When Claudio was summoned from his cell, he found that the executioners were really earnest to employ him, for so great a terror restrained them from entering Julian's dungeon, that they insisted on his precedence. Whilst Claudio unbarred the door, he caught so much of their apprehension from his companions, as to become doubtful whether Julian might not be passed from the sufferings of this world to those of the next; his surprise, therefore, was the greater, when he disco-

vered that the place was not void of Julian, who, apparently resigned to his fate, was seated on the end of his miserable pallet. At first they supposed that his faculties were absorbed by meditation, for he preserved the same statue-like stillness notwithstanding their noisy intrusion. Finding him as insensible to their loud bawling, That his hour was come, and noticing that his eyes and features were fixed in a ghastly extension, vacant of all meaning, they exchanged their first surmise for another, which was, that fright had bereaved him of reason. But that idea likewise was superseded, when, endeavouring to compel him to stir, his body mechanically arose, overtopping them with its gigantic height, and exhibiting a similarity to Gervase, as portrayed on the memorable night of the conspiracy. His cheeks, lips, neck, hands, and every visible part, were ghastly white; his veins were colourless and shrunken,

life having ceased to circulate through them; so Claudio found by accidentally placing his hand on the breast wherein the heart was at quiet. At quiet only because the soul that had disordered it was withdrawn by the master it had preferred. Such was the reflection of Claudio, whose countenance was consulted by the officers on account of his connection with the cause of their consternation. The horror imprinted on his aspect was reflected by their own, and twice they were commanded to bring forth their prisoner, before they could muster the requisite courage to direct that wondrous reliëf of him, which stood amid them stiffly as though each limb were impaled with iron. A corpse in appearance, but spectral in its motion, that form obeyed the guidance of wretched executioners, whose career the most intrepid warriors had formerly failed to thwart: when elevated upon the scaffold, it stood a statuary of hercu-

lean symmetries, admired by the females for the active energies which they thought it must contain, by the males for the powers of prolonged suffering with which it promised to memorize the present occasion. A kind of fearful tremulation shook the croud, when they remarked the motionless insensibility with which it maintained the station, where it was advanced for the general view, in despite of a storm of insults, execrations, and maledictions of other kinds; but that tremulation was increased to an ague, soon as they denoted that frame so mightily nerved, to be as pliable in the hand of the executioner as a jointed image. Being adjusted on the wheel, the executioner flourishing his weapon over his head, and Claudio on his knees, every one smothered his breath in expectation. When the first stroke was inflicted with the cruel bar, and neither groan, struggle, or convulsion, accompanied the

fracture of a leg, all were surprised, yet all admired the fortitude of the sufferer. When the breaking of a second leg was similarly unproductive of any demonstration of agony, all were disappointed, and all censured him for obstinacy. But the fruitlessness of a third blow caused them to murmur their suspicions; and on a fourth being unattended by any of those symptoms of agony in which their savage minds took so much delight, they no longer refrained from accusing the officers of treachery to the public, in previously stupefying the criminal with some composition, so as to render him insensible to the tortures he ought to undergo. This idea wrought so much anger in their minds, that when the executioner aimed his bar for the purpose of giving the coup de grace, the people swelled towards the scaffold like the waves of the ocean, howling to him to desist: he did not dare to disobey in the teeth.



of such a commotion, but, to glut their malignity, disposed the body with an art which would not force out the life he mistook it to contain, but would insure its wasting lingeringly away.

Meantime, an atmosphere tempestuously dim and dense, had drawn a veil betwixt earth and heaven. At once the combustible clouds burst into emanations of lightning, such as no one in Thoulouse had ever seen before that day; for they were not in the style of forked rays winged through the air, but of longer than momentary disclosures of whole regions of fire, that dried up the rain ere it fell, and baked the eyes of the gazers. The explosions of thunder outvoiced the shrieks of the multitude, on whom the rain, at length, begun to shower down profusely as from sheeted cataracts; whilst the mountain winds roaring over the country, discharged their wrath upon the city, and shook down several of those erec-

tions so inhumanly appropriated. All was havock, contest, and dismay! Those terrors which had ravaged the world when he, the Sinless, died, were again let loose by the death of him the Sinful: Nature being deranged in her system by either extreme. Incalculably less terrific were those hurricanes, which in antiquity attending the death of Romulus, in modern ages that of Cromwell, were supposed by cotemporary superstition to transport the souls of the first to Heaven, of the second to hell. This was a combat of the elements, and could only be surpassed by doomsday, of which it seemed the rehearsal. Already the executioner and his company were dismayed by their own imaginations of expressive changes in the countenance belonging to the mangled body, upon which the lightning glanced with a tremulous rapidity that caused the deception; but soon a thunderbolt plunged through the scaf-

fold, and scared them to different refuges. Claudio was unable to return thanks for a deliverance so formidably brought about; yet immediately availing himself of its suddenness, he rushed through the streets, and soon lost sight of the pile, which was in flames that sprung about the body, and consumed it from further violation. His escape was unopposed by the citizens, who were precipately dispersing, and whose lamentations and prayers gave the town a resemblance to one taken by storm.

Claudio could not think that he had redeemed himself from the mistaken hands of justice, until he had quitted the province of Languedoc. But on his way thence an unexpected mischance ruined all his caution in absconding by day and travelling only in the night, by casting him into the power of certain persons belonging to the vassalage de Souvricour; who, in their credulity to the infamy of his

conjugal character, esteemed it meritorious to conduct him, a prisoner, to the Chateau. That edifice, as being sepulchral to the lineage de Souvricour, was decked in every part with funereal emblems. The grief of the residents was only to be traced in such superficial pomp, for the succession had devolved on a Nobleman of fortune so limited, and kindred so remote, that he had not been honoured with much distinction by his predecessors, in whose sudden deaths he was no further interested, than to rejoice at their being so beneficial to himself. Such a man was not likely to be unmerciful to Claudio, in whom he imagined an instrument of his aggrandisement. The Cavalier had an advocate yet warmer in one of his passions—Avarice. Hopelessness of his present affluence had tamed his former habits of expence, and caused him to exchange them for those of parsimony, which the practice of many years had

impressed too deeply for them to be obliterated by grandeur attained at so late a period. To admire money, covet money, and make yourself master of money, are the main degrees of that abominable vice; and who is thoroughly intimate with the two first, will not be very conscientious in the last. The new Marquis had come into possession of that casket of valuable jewellery, which erroneously had been supposed to be carried off by Camilla: he was a skilful lapidary; a sufficient reason for his commanding that he, whom he privately understood was the legal owner, should be instantly unbound, and expelled the Chateau.

Claudio had but just re-crossed that luckless threshold, from which he never yet had departed unpersecuted, when a voice, untuned by distress, entreated, and caused him to stop and to look back time enough to receive the good Geoffery, who, with the de-

meanour of a lunatic, rushed into his arms.

It is my sweet Lewis! I recognized you from yon grated turret as you passed in the area beneath! Let us haste for our lives! These sentences were uttered in the volubility of a breath, and the parties proceeded with a rapidity no longer unreasonable in Claudio's opinion; when he found that half a dozen servants were in chase of them. He was quite unarmed, but fears of detention made him desperate; and wielding a stake that he plucked from the earth, he aimed it so justly on the skull of him who first came up, that the fellow staggered, and flung his hands in the air to maintain him on his feet: but all in vain! he measured a deplorable length along the ground. His comrades being arrived on the spot, loudly upbraided the hastiness of Claudio; protesting their guiltlessness of any intention to injure him, and that

the object of their pursuit was old Geoffery, whom they wished to replace in the security from which his madness rendered it improper that he should be free. The ancient domestic nearly enraged himself to madness by his fervour of declaration that he were not so; and Claudio would not allow the accusation to exempt a second, who attempted to pass him, from being put aside by the same severity so successfully applied to his precursor. The rest, being exasperated by the foil of their fellows, prepared to beat down Claudio, who alertly obviated them in every passage to Geoffery; but the latter, being well acquainted with their venality, took an artful avail of it, by extricating a small purse of crowns from its concealment in his bosom, and shaking it in the faces of the assailants. The scattered crowns deterred the servants as much as the fruitage of gold did Ovid's Atalanta; meanwhile the

fugitives renewed the flight with their best speed, and, by shifting among the trees, at first deceived, and in the end evaded the observation of their adversaries. It was night, when, being arrived nearly to the borders of the Marquisate, they, for the first time, wholly discontinued to retire, and turning aside, stretched their weary limbs on the yielding grass beneath some branchy elms that embowered them from the gusts, which drove the waters of a contiguous pool, and dazzled their sight with the multiplied reflections of the moon and stars.

Claudio meditated with half closed eyes, while Geoffery fixed on him for some time a gaze swimming in tears, and, at length, essayed to speak; but his words were blown away by his sighs. A second attempt being ruined by his griefs, he struggled to quell them; but, being worsted in the contest, quivered convulsively, and fell.



at Claudio's feet. The Cavalier was much shocked lest his ailment were dangerous, and he raised him with tender gentleness. The venerable domestic drooped upon his breast, and sobbed and wept so copiously, that his full tears damped Claudio through his cloaths. The wonder of the latter assumed this utterance: "Near fifty times, Geoffery, as we hurried on, you did delay our progress to persecute me with the question—Had I learned aught of Camilla? Curiosity cannot avail to excuse the indelicate enquiry, yet I do really fear to condemn it, lest its motives prove to be in alliance with the sorrows you do now express."

"Ah me?" cried Geoffery, "those sorrows shall cease to be wholly mine when is heard what I can tell."

After a pathetic pause, Claudio besought him to dispense with all en-

deavours to prepare him for whatever evils he might be about to relate; saying, "As death is its own cure, so will the worst be mine!" His eyes skimmed over the vicinity till they were fixed by the pool; at view of which they rolled with a frantic restlessness that Geoffery shuddered at. He took the hand of Claudio and said, That he would no longer desist from imparting all that was come to his knowledge, could he be persuaded that his well beloved Lord would give audience with equanimity.

Claudio gave for answer, "You best can judge whether what you have to reveal may be borne with equanimity; so away with these impertinent preliminaries, and speak to the subject. I tell you that I do despair to hear of any thing good: worse than what I already know will have the recommendation of novelty."

"O God!" cried Geoffery, "these

jest is of the same nature as those laughs by which people are sometimes carried off." An interval of irresolution concluded in these words, " Then hearken, and tho' I shall give you cause to curse all the world, yet do not curse, but bless me, who at extreme hazard of a life which I love not less for its wasting away, acquired this intelligence which now is burning on my tongue. Lewis, my dear, dear master! I will not wrong you by a recapitulation of those upbraidings my heart rashly uttered, when I beheld Henri, your Brother, brought into the Chateau on a litter bathed in the life's blood, which, it was said, you had caused, either as principal or accomplice, to flow. I knew you could not be his executioner without making yourself a fratricide; and while I appeared to shed pity on the miserable end of the Marquis, I was really deploring that

you could have compassed that avengement which heaven so surely would have decreed. Soon as Henri recovered his senses, which had been suspended by the journey, he demanded an instant avowal of what would be the issue of his wound. On seeing the Surgeon falter, he repeated the demand with a fury perilous to his condition; and he heard how near he was to the grave with all those feelings natural to men who love life and dread death. When he became somewhat composed, he solicitously enquired for Father Hildebrand: we solved his wishes to be for Father Anselm; but, after a long council among ourselves, we decided that it would be unreasonable to acquaint him that that favorite Monk was missing, and that in the same cave where himself was wounded, a corpse was discovered which was thought to be his murdered remains. I was

not present at the answer, being momentarily absent from the chamber, whereto I returned in time to hear him express a great desire for a Priest. Servants were dispatched for one, and then it was that my mind gave being to a wish, at the temerity of which I now cannot help being appalled by the remembrance. I burnt to hear what could be the confessions of that bad young man. Oh, do not condemn me for daring to defraud heaven of the sinner's confidence. On your own account I did so ; and when you shall have heard—well this moment purifies me from all culpability. I was unable to control my inclination, having the power to gratify it, for I knew of certain privy passages hollowed in the walls of Henri's chamber : indeed, to all of a similar kind, of which there were many in the Chateau, I had been familiarized by my long residence there, and under

the old Marquis the keys appertaining to them were confided to my care. As Henri had intrusted them to the custody of another, I could not be guilty of abusing his confidence; a reflection that confirmed me in the act of disengaging the particular one I wanted from the massy bunch, when I was so sorely alarmed by the apprehension of being discovered in their repository, that I was on the point of retiring without effecting the purpose that brought me there. Once master of that important key, I penetrated the interior passage; and had abundance of time before the Priest arrived, to station myself most advantageously to overhear him. The confession began."

Geoffery's speech here was interrupted by his remembrance of the insanity visible in Claudio's eyes when they lately glared on the pool. He dreaded that his communication might

possess the Cavalier with the demon of suicide; and notwithstanding his objections he persisted to remove to another resting place before he would renew the narration.

[We will state the confessions of Henri in our own terms, as those of Geoffery were repeatedly drowned in tears; or rather we will found on those confessions a solution of all the mysteries wherein Henri, Hildebrand, and Camilla, were implicated.]

Henri was so lewdly depraved by Larina, that, although he did not at first feel any violent affection for Camilla, yet he encouraged that little mingled with his vanity in the interest she had manifested in his behalf, till it produced desires dishonorable to himself and his friend. In the inviting Claudio and Camilla to take up their abode in the Chateau, he was

actuated by something distantly akin to gratitude; but chiefly by an ambition to exhibit the magnificence of his family in such dazzling lights as should blind their memory of his disgraces. That magnificence so elated his ostentatious soul, that, in the idea of its being an irresistible temptation, he perverted it to the corrupting the wife of his guest. The jests of his acquaintance on his public familiarity with Camilla, were admitted with an air of his being no less so in private; a treachery that completely ruined the reputations of the pair. On the night of his birth-day, his scruples being drowned in wine, and his hopes fired by the distinction shown to him by Camilla, he allured her to the hermitage, and so far threw off the mask as to catch her in his arms and venture other liberties, at which her horror was speechless, until her husband's voice broke into the



retreat. Henri stifled her voice and resentment; the one by force, the other by a well affected contrition: he even threatened his own life would he refuse forgiveness to what he swore to be the effects of inebriation. She unwillingly promised silence on the subject, but withheld her pardon in reserve for the expiation of his crime; her feelings being really as much shocked as we have described under Claudio's reflections: indeed, much more! for her pupil's violation of her precepts was flagrantly aggravated by his addressing that violation to herself. Henri undertook the journey less out of deference to his father, who strenuously recommended it, than in submission to Camilla, who inexorably insisted on his departure or her own: an additional motive was his being much harassed by the officers, who were reasonably indignant at the inconsistency that would impose on them

for a commander one of whom he ever before had spoken with contempt. During his stay at the eastern Estate he was met by Hildebrand, who knew him by the confidential report of Claudio, and who joyed at his excesses in the hope to arm them against himself, whom he abhorred as the friend of the Cavalier. But very soon he crept so far into the favor of Henri, as to understand that he might be engaged as an auxiliary in his intended revenge on the Italian; and when with the most audacious frankness he revealed his denomination, order, former connections with Claudio, and present resentment against him, from that moment an unreserved confidence obtained between him and the youth. To the latter's despair of possessing himself of Camilla, Hildebrand opposed a flaming narrative of what he termed her African debaucheries. He protested that it were me-

ritorous to endeavor that connection with her which could purify her body from the lascivious uses made of it by the infidel Moor ; and that, without doubt, her opposition to his suit was merely affected in the hope of rebuilding a shattered delicacy : these were the genuine sentiments of Hildebrand's depravity, and Henri found them so comfortable to his heart, that he surrendered his mind to a belief of them. When the mandate of recall arrived from the Marquis, it was consulted in what manner Hildebrand could be introduced into the Chateau : at length it was decided that he should appear in his sacerdotal character, and brave detection from Claudio by a fictitious name, the badges of another order, and a mysterious deportment. They had some hopes that circumstances might be made to spring up by which he could be enabled to disclose himself to Camilla, and

subject her as submissly to his will as he before had done in Africa. With these schemes, into which were digested so much audacity and wickedness, they were approached within a very few leagues of the Chateau, when met by the information of the Marquis's illness. Immediately on hearing it, Hildebrand assumed much mock gravity, and homaged Henri as Marquis de Souvricour. Henri rebuked his misapprehension: My father is not dead,—an apopleptic fit has befallen him—a misfortune that never occurred to him before. I remember, said Hildebrand, being once at a banquet where Apoplexies were toasted on account of their friendliness to young heirs. Certainly they often act the pioneer in removing impediments to a brave fellow's glory, Henri observed. Ha! Hildebrand exclaimed, you have hit on the exact remark uttered by an eminent wit on the above occasion. I

remember too that the sprightliness with which the subject was at first treated, subsided into a grave discussion, whether the stabber of a person, who was in a fit of apoplexy, could be deemed a murderer. Could that question remain unsettled for more than a minute? said Henri. Hildebrand replied, My surprise was just like yours to find it so disputable a point. Some of the arguments were very ingenious; but that which obtained the most respect was delivered by a Civilian of some consequence; For, said he, is not an apoplexy a temporary death? well then, how can a man be said to murder him who does not live? Indeed, he subdued the most violent of his opponents unto the acquiescence, That, in such a case, the apoplexy is the principal in the destruction of the man, and the stabber, at worst, but an accomplice. All that I can say, adjoined

Henri, is, that the old Man is indisposed as opportunely as though we had contrived he should be so. Therefore do you pursue me at a more moderate rate, for he is not in a state to object to your admission into the Chateau, to which I hitherto have feared he would be invincibly obstinate, as it appeared in the letter of my recal, that he had received impressions in your disfavor. Henri preceded to the Chateau, on the way thither revolving the damnable sophistries just voided by Hildebrand. His desire to be left alone in the Marquis's chamber certainly was suggested by the devil. The Marquis, as Geoffery described to Claudio, was in a state, of which each minute left you in doubt whether he would live or die the next. Henri gave into the persuasion that the latter would be the case, until his imagination caught fire from his wishes, and invested him with the possession of the

Marquisate. In an evil moment he recollected the so-often expressed desire of his father to be decollated immediately it were certified that the breath was out of his body. Henri fought against his conscience, and drew his sword. For what he knew, the Marquis might already be dead! who was there to gainsay his affirmation that he was so? Notwithstanding the aid of this reasoning, his hand so wavered, that the blade fell with unintended gentleness on the neck of his father, and merely extracting blood, recovered him to his senses. He opened his eyes: In Henri's opinion it was a resurrection to usurp from him his newly acquired dominion. He shortened his sword, and stuck it into his father's throat. His retreat in terror, and Claudio's interference, have been set forth in detail. The Marquis, whose intellects were yet absorbed by his lethargy, was unable to identify the real perpetrator, in whom he

immediately suspected the marvellous Julian, and exclaimed accordingly. Hildebrand's opportune arrival renewed Henri's assurance. The artful Monk affected an extreme horror at the parricide in order to enhance the friendliness of his administering to the concealment of it. When their fears of discovery were entombed with the body of the Marquis, they began to revolve in what manner Henri should atchieve his amorous will on Camilla.

Her secluding herself within her own apartments inviolably as though she were cloistered in a nunnery, disconcerted all Henri's plots of attempts in person ; and discomforted him with a secret dread of Claudio becoming acquainted with the provocation of her unfociable reserve. Nothing but Claudio's confidential lamentations of it, could have caused him to exchange those apprehensions for resolutions of so audacious a nature as them that fol-



Damned be this foil, and sterile of all good, as was the soul of its late master ! O would that I could breathe tempestuous curses to overthrow that abominable mansion, whither virtue never came before Camilla, and with her departed. Fool, Ideot ! Barbarian, vile Barbarian, that I was, to strengthen her enemies with my credulity ! Where is she now ? tell me that ! Where is she now ? adrift, helpless, unprovided, unprotected. Where is she now ? who would comfort me, tell me that ! These frantic eruptions concluded more than once in deathlike swoons, from which Geoffery trembled to recover him, as the renewal of sense was the renewal of outrage. As the only way to pacify him, the good old man at length ventured to affect the placing Camilla's conduct in such doubtful lights as might be admitted by Claudio to excuse his severity towards her. With this intention he pleaded, That her detestation of

Henri when he became Marquis, was inconsistent with her specious reconciliation to him before his journey; and that her excommunicating him from her company, if meant for a decisive sign of her detestation, was, with worse inconsistency, extended to her husband. Then what could be alledged for the justification of her flight? No question could be more unanswerable, every kindred circumstance being yet in the womb of mystery: it likewise must be hinted, that the foregoing confession is much more explicit to the reader than the one repeated by Geoffery was to the Cavalier. The latter hearkened with gloomy silence, and then with a smile that dispelled all the shadows of impeachment conjured up by Geoffery against poor Camilla, said, I understand your reproof because I feel it. I thank you for bringing me to the conviction that I ought not to waste my time in empty lamentations, but appropriate it

to actions of atonement. That atonement is severe, since one of its first proofs must be my departure from a man, who can so far mistake me as to presume I can derive comfort from his profanation of the character of an angel, and that at the very time when he should be glorifying providence for having made him instrumental to its purification. My sweet Lord, do not leave me, cried Geoffery, and humbled himself: I was mad to speak as I did, but of madness I have been accused, and falsely till now. Hearken to what I have to tell, of which somewhat will touch you near, if you did blame me for disregarding your imprisonment. While I heard revealments so truly shocking, I several times was prompt to betray myself by exclamations of horror; but, in that case, I should have been superadded to the victims of Henri. Towards the conclusion, the agony of struggling against those emo-

tions threw me into an hysterical condition ; I was on the point of escaping from my dread of discovery by braving it, when happily I was wonderstruck into attentiveness by hearing the sinner attaint himself of having murdered you ; you, whom the servants had accused as I have fore**shown**. When I afterwards was apprized of your apprehension, I studied to avail myself of that wondrous knowledge so wondrously acquired. I am diffident to represent to you how often I compelled myself to adopt the bold resolution of charging all hazards through which your benefit could be atchieved ; nor can I without blushes confess, that terror of the Inquisition, with love of a life so providentially preserved through a youth of warfare—nay, my dear Lord, I yet might have been victor over these feelings, but, alas ! the secrets of which I was the depositary mutinied against your good in me. My constitution was disabled

and my brain fevered. Still, at intervals, I commissioned my fellow servants on your behalf; but they merely humored me by affecting acquiescence in what they inwardly despised. I could not solve whether the new Marquis were alarmed by the coherence of my transports, or by any particular words respecting the casket of jewels; but I found that by his order I was confined for a maniac, to which character all the dangerous expressions used during my illness, were ascribed. The curiosity of my keepers to behold you a prisoner, left me unguarded; an opportunity that I should have been wicked to neglect, since these are the fruits of it.

Claudio embraced him. The remainder of the night was spent in an awful stillness uninterrupted by further speech. Morning struck each with compassion at the other's woful appearance. After some conversation they de-

decided to separate, and pursue different tracks in search of Camilla ; with the stipulation that at the expiration of a fortnight, he, who should be unsuccessful, was to repair to a certain town in order to learn the fortune of his accomplice. At this juncture, Geoffery unclosed his waistcoats, and discovered the welcome spectacle of several bags of coin mysteriously adjusted about his body. He explained, That with the design of journeying from the Chateau to Thoulouse, where he learned the Cavalier was imprisoned, he so had disposed the profits of his long servitude in order to secure them from the mischances of the roads ; and in that concealment they since had rested. Claudio's thoughts were too entirely prepossessed by Camilla, to empower him to maintain his former scrupulosity at dividing the liberal Geoffery's hard-earned gains. He received the money with a mechanical hand and a thankless

tongue. After a warm embrace they turned their backs and disappeared by contrary ways.

At the period of that fortnight, Geoffery was faithful to the assignation, where he appeared with a heart dejected by his own unavailing inquiries, but with a countenance cheerful in the hope of welcoming good tidings from the Cavalier. The aspect of the latter spoke sooner his tongue ; and mutual failure was succeeded by mutual bewailings. They then purposed to journey towards the sea coast, and inquire at every maritime town in Provence, whether any female resemblant to Camilla, whose sex, solitariness, and dependency were so likely to provoke curiosity, had been known lately to embark for Spain or Italy. They parted, having previously fixed on a second rendezvous.

For three days Claudio indirectly approached the coast by roving from vil-

lage to village, but without gleaning the least of that intelligence so dear to his expectations. The fourth day was so far spent in incessant travel, that the west was losing the sun when he entered a country thickly sprinkled with rustic habitations; and being overcome by fatigue and fasting, sat down on a bank that served as a foundation to the fence of a cottage garden. Now that his body was at rest, by a natural alternity, his mind began to exert itself. He gazed on the conflagration lit up by the sinking sun, and remembered the poet's fancy, that our primitive parents deplored the first day as consumed in its own fire, and were hopeless of its re-appearance: but when they were rejoiced by the constant circulation of the sun, could they fail to venerate it as being symbolical of the eternity of its godly director? therefore, how natural it was in their ignorant successors to pay it worship! at length, by a familiar



deduction, he reflected on the nature of eternity itself. He knew it to be attributed to the Divinity, that he passed an eternity in mortal moments, and he felt that no one could dare to arraign that idea as one that was chimerical; for, if existence were measured by incident rather than time, men themselves were sometimes lifted towards the gods, by living whole years within the season of a month. Claudio derived a confirmation in this opinion from himself, who, in the nine months that were worn out since his venturing on the expedition to Africa, had undergone a series of occurrences superior in number and nature to all the experience of his former life. His infirmities instructed him that the prior and latter weeks in those months had been as dangerous to his constitution as so many years, for grief had brought age upon his youth, its days being long though few. He proceeded to

note the different stages of his misfortunes through the above time, while the shrill tones of a female disquieted the garden within the fence. The mild voice of the person whom she answered, made it doubtful what cause he had given her to be angry; but, as she went on, the passionate volubility of her retort marked her for a genuine shrew, who, most likely, was provoking provocation from one of those suffering husbands entitled henpecked.

I have made up my mind to tell you, that I wont tamely see our substance wasted upon chance people. And you! what right have you, I should like to know, to give of yourself a last week's crust to another? Are you to be reminded that house, furniture, money, all, ay, all on your back, or in your stomach, are of my bringing?

Of the husband's answer only these expressions were intelligible. Inclement weather—friendless wanderer—

condition challenging compassion—christian hospitality—Gentlewoman—could not expect such hard-heartedness in my dear Denise.

His dear Denise caught up other parts of his speech that were unheard, and published them with these comments. I must, must I? I must in duty attend to people who are too proud to excuse themselves when every appearance is against them? By the Mother of Christ! if I your lawful spouse, were in childbed, you could not be more earnest—

Why surely, Denise, your jealousy is not so conceited as to suspect me?

What, when we've been married these five long months, and nothing come of it? O no!

Only five months! sighed the husband; then redoubling his spirit, Perhaps, I am not in fault.

Scandalous man! I can prove to the contrary.

The devil! wife! what are you about to say?

That I can see through your scheme, which is to find a pretext for harbouring a strumpet, by ripping up the old scandal of my having—having—

To confess the truth, wife, that report did reach me during my first acquaintance with you, but, had I credited it, I never would have put you in an honest way to have one. Denise was silenced either by consternation at her husband's knowledge, or by his retiring into the house.

During this dispute Claudio was sunk in imperturbable meditations, from which he afterwards was recovered just as the flapping pinions of a night-bird perched on a branch overhead, gave warning of impending darkness. He proceeded on his uncertain way in the same moment that the husband re-issued from the house, and upbraidingly acquainted his wife, That

their guest, having heard her uncharitable sentiments, was resolute to offend them no longer.

What, she can interpret a hint, can she? I wish to Heaven she would have condescended to do so much before, when many times I have expressed how wonderstruck I was at her condition, and how curious I was to know all about it.

Ah, Denise! they buy assistance at a dear price, who pay for it with the publication of their secret miseries.

Pay, indeed! why the devil of a sous has she paid for any thing! she is more stingy of her words than a brother of la Trappe. I hate your dumb people; they always do the more for it. I am sure she has done the worst, for her brat is not born a Christian. I am uncharitable, am I? and she can find none other time to call me so, than at the end of her third week's subsistence at my expence. Marry come up! let her

away to the filthy father, if it be not an elve of the devil's begetting. I am astonished at your inhumanity in wishing to expose me to the longer sight of such a hideous creature, when you ought to dread its effects within me, if so be I am in a certain situation.

Prythee, Denise! speak, my love! is it so?

I can't say for certain; but, really, I have lately had a bitter hot tooth-ach.

The Cavalier was distant full a league, when he accidentally struck his foot against the trunk of a severed tree. The shock electrified his entire frame, and scattered his thoughts; it unlocked his ears like the bursting of bubbles that remain after bathing, and the discourse, to which he had been an inattentive auditor, entered his understanding. Memory adopted the accents of the man with so much interest, that, seeing the opposition made by night to his proceeding, he resolved to turn

back; which he did, and in a short time arrived at the cottage wicket. His hopes emboldened him to lift up the latch, and enter with confidence. The master was seated beside a hearth ~~not~~ with blazing faggots, which shone cheerfully on his features. Ercolani! said Claudio. The quondam Squire turned pale as ashes. Don't you remember me, Ercolani? I know that I am altered to your eyes, but cannot your heart identify me? Ercolani ceased to be incredulous to his own senses, but dashing every thing aside that stood in the way, caught his master in his arms, hugging, dancing, blubbering, singing, and kneeling, all in the same minute. Claudio was unable to make him quit the last submissive posture, to which he had recourse for the purpose of excusing his first familiarities, before Denise, whose ears were wonderfully susceptible of any unusual sound, appeared from an inner room.

Heyday! another beggar? and do you go down upon your knees and kiss his hand, to persuade him to accept what he would steal rather than go without?

Ha! exclaimed Ercolani; who is it, whom so often I have described to you, as the most magnanimous Cavalier in the universe? Who is it, whose service I ever regret quitting, although in that case I never could have beheld your face? Who is it, whom I would prefer to meet before any soul breathing?

O Jesus! the dolt raves to question me in this manner, when so well he knows, that that person is no other than Don Claudio de Santillana!

Then down upon your knees, foul-tongued woman! and kiss the hands of that Nobleman, to persuade him to accept what I would steal rather than he should go without.

Denise had no other idea of nobility than what she had derived from its



superficial attributes of pompous mien, attire, retinue, and the rest. The spectacle of a Nobleman in a homely garb, was so new to her eyes, that her mind was stupified by amazement; and she remained motionless, until a spasm of conscience seconded her husband's command, and humbled her upon her knees.

Ercolani would not pass over so exquisite an opportunity to rebuke her insolence; accordingly he importuned the Cavalier with much mock entreaty of pardon to it. I am aware, said Ercolani, that I implicate myself in her guiltiness, by being so audacious as to request you to be merciful to so horrid an offender; but then when I reflect how terribly the laws empower a Nobleman to avenge an injury done to his honour, especially if it come from an inferior; when I also reflect that the culprit is still my wife—O Signor! good Signor! pardon her, and me in her.

Oh! do, your Grace! Denise made shift to sob.

Ercolani continued to beseech as though he had to combat objections; which he did with so much art, that Denise was in this moment frozen by terror, in that moment thawed by hope. Claudio was soon disgusted with this farce, and he extended his hand to raise Denise from her position in it. The touch of a torpedo could not have had a greater effect; she stood a statue of wonder at the honour done to her by a Nobleman. The familiarity of Ercolani's whisper roused her to resent so ill-timed a presumption, by loudly answering, Yes, she is! thanks to me rather than to yourself, that she is gone so seasonably! Surely, it was something prophetic that willed me to rid the chamber of its occupant, since Providence hath sent us one so much more worthy! These words were accompanied by a courtesy at Claudio,

whose enquiring eyes Ercolani thought himself obliged to answer. He took the advantage of Denise's absence to relate, That a poor woman was taken in labour, while resting by chance in his dwelling, about three weeks back; that no pains had been spared to maintain and comfort her from that time until the present day, when her indignation at the discovery of his wife's dislike to her taciturnity and the complexion of her child, had overcome gratitude, and provoked her to withdraw. No remark from Claudio could intervene before the dispatchful Denise re-appeared, and endeavoured to console the Cavalier for the loss of her company by assuring him, That in the hope that he would deign to spend the night beneath her roof, she already had prepared a bed-chamber to receive him. Claudio gave for answer, " That he did not desire to be considered as an accomplice in the expulsion of their

guest, who was entitled by her condition to every excuse and assistance: such was his opinion." To the astonishment of Denise, who always having understood that greatness and selfishness were inseparable, felt her reverence of Claudio subside proportionably as it should have risen. Ercolani coloured like a man, his wife like a fury. She said, She was convinced that if his Excellency could know in whose cause he had spoke, he would be very glad to recall his words. Denise cried the zealous Ercolani, were it a man that uttered your words, my knuckles should drive them down his impudent throat, with half a dozen teeth beside to sink them from ever rising again. You say that the woman is gone: it being late in the evening, she cannot be gone far. Then go you I command, and use an hour in the endeavour to find where she makes her lodging for the night. Denise reluctantly obeyed.

Claudio and Ercolani being left together, the former imitated a cheerful air, and said, " So, Ercolani ! I find you married."

" If my being so can give you any pleasure, Signor, I will cease to lament it," said Ercolani.

" I am sorry to hear this," said Claudio.

" I am very sorry to say it," adjoined Ercolani.

Claudio remarked, " That marriage was spoken of as a blessed state."

" By priests, who are not allowed to speak of it from experience," said Ercolani. " Yet, Signor, to you it might have been a blessed state ; for many times I have heard you call out the name of Camilla, and bless her in your sleep ; and then I have said to myself, What a surety of happiness my dear master would possess in that woman of whom the mere imagination can rejoice his sleep ! But that that happiness hath

been denied you, I can plainly understand from the melancholy which still commands your countenance."

O God! Claudio ejaculated, and sighed a sigh, such an one as no passion beside despair can breathe. Ercolani noticed the thorough forlornness of his appearance, and felt his interest sharpened by each particular of distress in his visage, person, and habit; but the more he was instigated by curiosity, the more he tried to convince himself that it was his duty to subdue it: he succeeded; and so nobly respected the hidden sorrows of his master, as not to invade them with a single impertinence.

Denise returned before one-third of the hour was spent, and whispered the intelligence to Ercolani, Of the strumpet having had the audaciousness to alledge a fear of the rain as the reason for her going into their barn, and composing a bed of barley straw.

You did not drive her from where a dog is free to litter? said Ercolani.

Denise undeceived him with an Oh, no! I told her, that it was a pity she ever from the first had littered elsewhere, for that her delivery should have been like a dog's, since the issue was so far puppy-like as to deserve no better fate than drowning.

If you could swallow your own tongue, said Ercolani, you'd find it damnably bitter. Denise prevented his proceeding by pretending to be addressed by the Cavalier, to whom her knees were very flexible, while tuning her shrill voice, she asked, in a kind of recitative, If his Excellency chose to honour her with his commands? The uncommon accents recalled the musing Claudio to some degree of memory, and he said, Have you learned any thing more of her you were telling me of? Denise regretted her having brought him back to the subject, and

hesitated to answer; but Ercolani profited by her confusion, and told the Cavalier, That she was safely lodged whither he was then repairing for the purpose of improving her accommodation with a couple of blankets. It is well, adjoined Claudio; and let these two crowns accompany your blankets. Your Excellency is a master-piece of generosity, cried Denise. Poor wretch, how rejoiced she'll be! I would not miss the sight of her raptures on any account. I will carry them to her myself. Ercolani thwarted her sudden benevolence by a decisive command to stay within and prepare the supper during his absence.

Denise's culinary industry was of so bustling a nature, that it many times caused the Cavalier to alter his seat; which he did with the worse grace, as a tempest of apologies attended each removal. The garrulity of his hostess thundered away all meditation, and he



was in the last extreme of impatience when Ercolani re-entered. Lord! how the wind has reddened your eyes! Denise cried out immediately she saw him. Ah, it does blow very bleaky, answered Ercolani, and shaded himself from the light with his hand: a reason why my blankets were the more welcome. But, Signor, I have been obliged to defraud your charity of the thanks it deserved; for if I had told her that the money came from any one except myself, she would have declined it in disdain of any thing resembling alms. I wonder, Ercolani, that you would venture a falsehood! cried the mercenary Denise. Her husband replied, And I wonder, Denise! that your nose can be so senseless as not to scent how offensively that ragout is scorched! This alarm, though a false one, was effectual on Denise, whose pride in her cookery was manifest, when she placed the ragout on the supper table, and reproach-

fully protested that it was as perfect as her own organs for smelling.

Claudio's appetite was very ungrateful after the pains Denise had been at to entertain it. He was little disposed to eat, and less to converse; but as during his meal he found that Ercolani was resolute in reacting the duties of his former servitude, he, at the conclusion, invited him to a degree of familiarity by desiring to hear the history of his adventures on the night of the Genoese conspiracy and subsequently.

To judge by the prolixity Ercolani used, the theme was pleasant to his tongue. If he had been obliged to compress his story into a few words, he probably would have spoken thus: Well, Signor, I went on board soon after I had quitted you. I was told, and so were my comrades, that we should sail with the gale of that night; but when night was half gone by, the mode in which the vessel was unmoored

exceedingly surprised all, who, like myself, had engaged to fight the Africans. Suddenly we were ordered to assemble on deck. The name of our Admiral was Joseph Verrina; and a bolder heart never beat. He made a flaming speech, in which he contrived to exasperate us against the Dorias, whom, among many other trespasses, he accused of having projected the destruction of the Conte di Lavagna to take place that very night. The Conte has miraculously discovered their treachery, and he now asks through me, If you, whom he has clad and armed at his own expence; if you will tamely stand aloof, and abandon him to their butchery? Who can be that wretch? was the sentiment avowed by all, though variously expressed. Indeed, there were about half a dozen who, to disguise their cowardice, affected to suspect that all was not as it was related; but they only escaped being cast overboard

through the interference of him they had dared to call a liar. He commanded that they should be fettered down in the hold, whereto they were no sooner borne, than he directed a piece of ordnance to be discharged for the purpose of signifying our loyalty to the Conte. We did not lose a moment in forcing the lesser harbour, and mastering the fleet of the assassins, who, we feared, were at their bloody work, as the city seemed to be in a strange unseasonable commotion. At the time when we were rejoicing on account of our success, Verrina returned on board with several Cavaliers; all in great terror and haste. We were ordered to stand out to sea, and then we found how we had been inveigled to abet a conspiracy against the Government. In a few days we arrived at Marseilles, where I was set on shore, and abandoned to my destiny. For some time, Signor, I was in distress; for the cir-

cumstance of my being a foreigner caused me to be rejected by several French gentlemen to whom I offered my services. At length I conceived that marriage must be the best mode of naturalization. Signor, the consequence of that idea is that Denise is now mistress of him to whom you were master, and so kind a one that— Denise interrupted him by saying, It certainly is very irreverent in you, Ercolani, to monopolize all the talk to yourself, and not to profit by his Excellency's condescension to tell you what must have happened to him; which, considering his real nobility, and the dress he now wears, no doubt is exceedingly curious and uncommon to hear.

Ercolani took this reproof in good part; but fearful of seeming inquisitive, he only enquired If the Cavalier had ever learned what was the fate of that favourite horse which he left in the Marquis's stables? Claudio's reply was

very dissatisfactory ; and it was neither in the power of Denise with her hints, or Ereolani with his attentions, to preserve him from a depth of sorrowful meditation into which he suddenly sunk. After a long forgetfulness of where he was and with whom, he recovered for a moment, and desired to be conducted to rest ; when he dismissed his assiduous host, and replunged into thoughtfulness. Denise passed the night in visions of a most flattering nature, for she resigned herself to sleep with the credulity that nothing inferior to the perfecting her fortune could attend a Nobleman's lodging under her roof. Who can pretend to portray her disappointment when the Cavalier awoke, and expressing regret at the lateness of the hour, set forward on his journey in despite of all her husband's entreaties ; and without more exhibition of his money than the elemosynary two crowns of the night

before. Poor Ercolani's ears rung with the double violence of her tongue and her knuckles, to which she invented this accompaniment, These are marks of a different coin to those that I expected to receive from your niggardly master.

Meantime Claudio rejoiced at his enfranchisement from the officiousness of his host, and the impertinence of his hostess, and gave himself up to a complete liberty of thought. In that state he proceeded to where the houses thickened into the form of a village ; when the shout of a rustic, who just then issued from a hovel, caused him to raise his eyes, and to fix them on a melancholy female, who was at some distance before him, languishing under the burden of a child. Claudio truly guessed her to be the woman whom he had succeeded in the possession of Ercolani's bedchamber. His meditation on Camilla was jealous of another sub-

ject, so that he were about to relapse, when he could not avoid distinguishing these words: Behold! neighbours! neighbours! behold the woman and her blackamour bastard!

Behold the woman and her blackamour bastard! was an appeal to the curiosity of every one, for the dwellings were immediately emptied of their clownish stone-hearted tenants. They rudely increased around the unhappy object, to whom they addressed the most malevolent speeches.

So Dame Denise has at last come to her senses, and has shown your strumpetship the road out of her door. It is a sinful shame that she should have neglected to do it for so long.

Lord, do you see how closely she hugs that dingy miscreant? I warrant now that she thinks it as deserving of love as this fair little cherub which I hold in my arms.

A fringed mantelet! an embroi-



dered stomacher! a laced colffure! ruffles! slippers! were ejaculated by the younger females, who familiarly fingered each object as they named it with envious emphasis.

They were comforted by a Paralytical old beldam, who fluttered forth, Ay, my dears! any woman may gain a man to dizen her person, if so be she will agree to let him have the use of it afterwards.

The surrounding tumult, in which were mingled the vociferations of men and women, the wailings of their children, the yelpings of curs, and many local noises, agitated the woman to the sickliness of terror, and she feebly offered to make her way through them.

She is too good to walk, was cried by a spectatress, ironically.

Witches can sail on a straw, adjoined a boor of the other sex. I am sure, judging as I do by what I have heard, that were she to toss

that black monster up into the air, it would fly as naturally as a negro fwims."

A damnable superstition plagued the souls of his barbarous auditors: inflamed by one another, they buffled about the mother, spitting, bellowing, stamping, till wrought by these and other insults even more inhuman, to the shocking extreme of ferocity, they wrung the innocent babe from her arms. In an instant the poor little infant was handied throughout the concourse, each individual savagely fighting to brand it with his abhorrence; while the agonized parent sent after it a shriek which the pitying heavens echoed.

By that time Claudio was approached. He pierced with fierceness into the multitude; after many vain efforts he intercepted the child in its flight from one barbarian to the other; to the furious disappointment

of them who expected its career, he secured it with one arm, and into the other received the frantic mother: she was the ghost of Camilla.

Ill fated woman! who can conceive your grief, your distraction, your despair, when after a sometime residence at the Chateau, you found all your assurance of a blissful matrimony blasted by a pregnancy so premature, that you ascertained the creature of your womb not to be the legitimate offspring of your husband, but the bastard of your last intimacy with Oralmyn immediately before the expedition to Africa? Thence your affectation of invisible solitude, the silence of your indignation at the conduct of Henri, your defection from the bridal bed, and your subsequent flight when you thought it impossible longer to blind discovery.

This the imagery of the thrice horrible meeting! Here appeared Claudio

with faculties so distempered, that the universe whirled around him; in his arms poor Camilla, disfigured by every attribute of woe; at their feet the child: child no longer, but a shapeless mass of flesh, like to some abortion, boneless and undigested; so made by the christian brutes, whose barbarous hearts now wavered slow with wonder, which also animated their stupid eyes, while they beheld a scene in which themselves were actors.

It was a picture throughout the world incomparable: succeeding it all colours would shew dim, so here the pencil sleeps.

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It surely cannot be imputed to an Author as a serious fault, that at the age of nineteen (his age when he commenced this Romance) he should have neglected to model the circumstances of his work so as to make them pro-

ductive of one grand moral. Perhaps his first idea was not nobler than that of writing to entertain. But the improvement of two years and an half (the time employed in this performance) have made him presumptuous or ambitious to instruct. Therefore, after scattering much transient morality, he now endeavours to deduce from the incidents which he has feigned, these principles.

In words resembling those of the Friar, he will say, That it is both a folly and a vice to suppose, for a moment, that we are called into life to be the sport of evil adversities. But that a series of unforeseen evils may be attributed to a superior decree, is a conceit mercifully implanted in our minds by Him, who would have us rely on his providence, as the means of deriving comfort even from our misfortunes. Wherefore, neither ought we to give

ourselves despondently up to a current of adversity, as did Arnaud; nor madly strive to stem it when we feel it invincible, as did Claudio and Camilla. There is a point at which Fortitude should meek into Resignation. When to give battle, and when to give way, constitute the art of life's generalship. In this art Claudio and Camilla were most deplorably unskilled. They fought against fate with the same success the Spartans fought at Thermopylæ; the triumph of either consisted in perishing within the lines of the enemy: the Greeks fell amidst the countless multitude of their Persian invaders; Claudio and Camilla fell within espousals which they had entered in spite of many barriers fortified against them by delicacy, honour, and religion. The terrors of the last scene rooted in Camilla's brain, and caused a phrenetic illness to terminate in an idiotic melancholy that was incurable.

ble. In that condition she retained some shades of memory, but Claudio no otherwise could bring her to endure his presence, than by imbrowning his features with a curious liquid, and thereby seducing her into the misapprehension of his being Orasmyn. All the affection she manifested, was tendered to the fictitious father of her two children ; but Claudio resolutely restrained from consummating the fraud ; so that she lived the immaculate life of a virgin nun ; cloistered in his arms. He removed from infamy and France. In conjunction with Geoffery he engaged a cottage situated on the Pyrenees. His bodily labor procured them future sustenance.

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But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corness of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the Sphery chime;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heav'n herself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

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FINIS.

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T. BURTON, Printer, Little Queen-Street.

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